Liberty

AUG. 24, 1946
10c

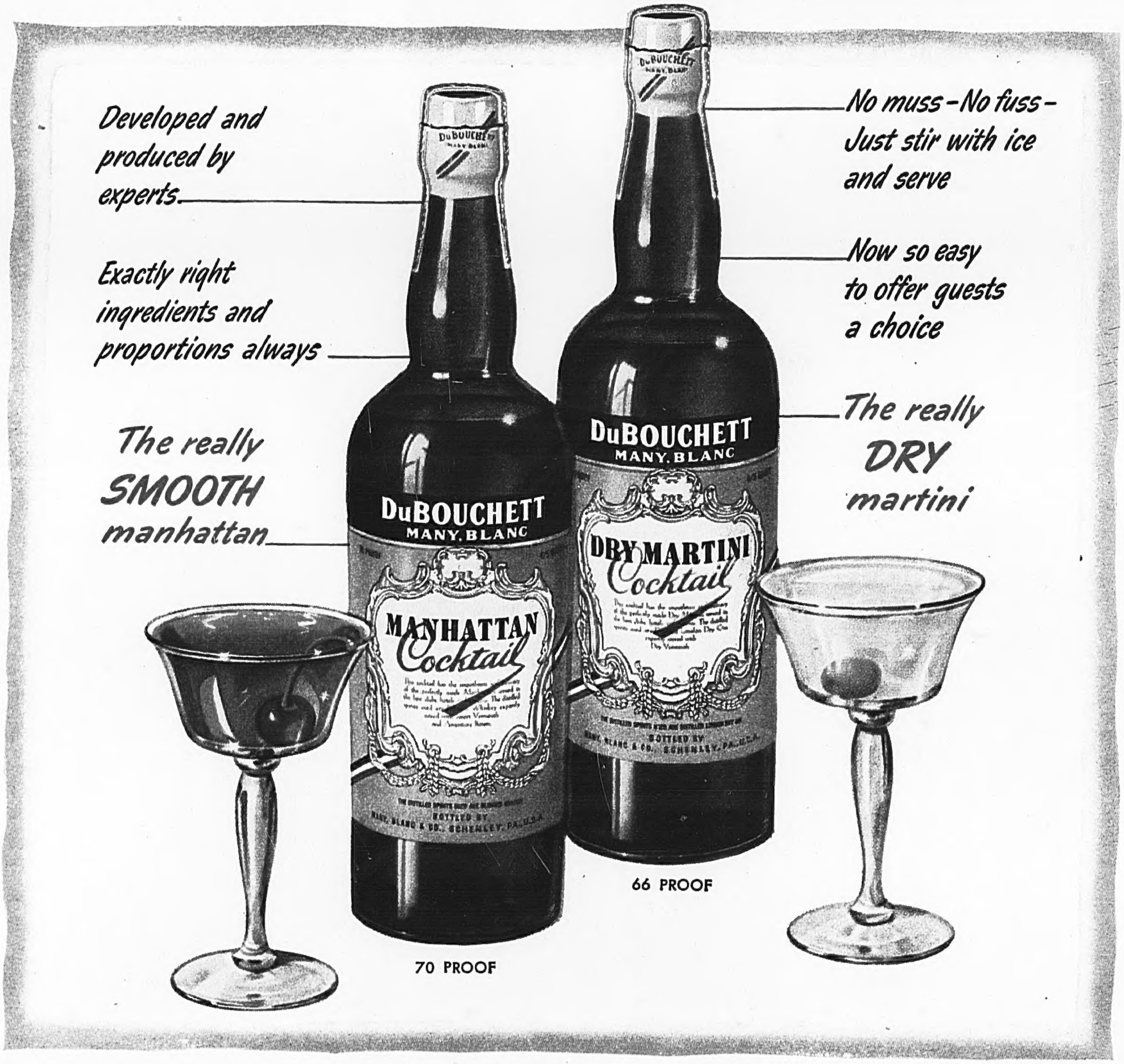
BOOK:
A HAUNTING LOVE STORY
The Pale Blonde of Sands Street

GERMANY WON THE WAR
By
WAVERLEY ROOT

Pat Holbrooke

Presenting professionally mixed cocktails by DuBOUCHETT

Many, Blanc


DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
DuBOUCHETT
MANY. BLANC
MANHATTAN
Cocktail
70 PROOF
DuBOUCHETT
MANY. BLANC
DRY MARTINI
Cocktail
66 PROOF

Developed and produced by experts.

Exactly right ingredients and proportions always

The really ***SMOOTH*** *manhattan*

No muss - No fuss - Just stir with ice and serve

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The really ***DRY*** *martini*

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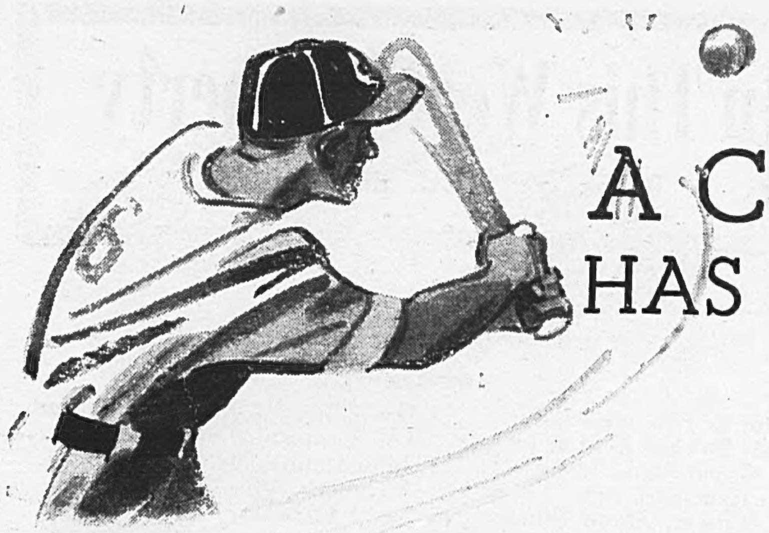

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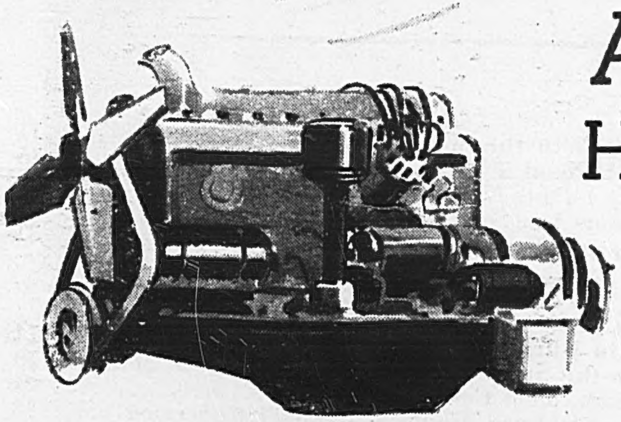

A CLEAN MOTOR HAS MORE POWER

A clean motor has more power. It runs smoother, lasts longer and gives better gasoline mileage. New Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil cleans your motor as it lubricates.

NET 1 QUART
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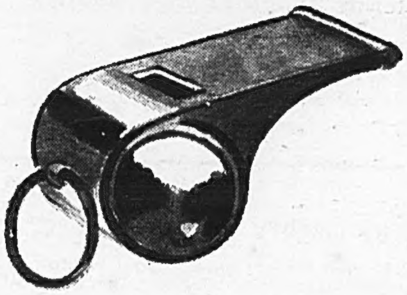
(Premium Grade)
SINCLAIR PRODUCT
MELLOWED 80 MILLION YEARS

THIS NEW PREMIUM OIL

New Sinclair Opaline is a premium grade oil. It contains special war-developed chemicals to keep your motor clean of carbon, sludge, lacquer and corrosive acids, which steal your power when you use ordinary oil.

KEEPS YOUR MOTOR CLEAN AS A WHISTLE



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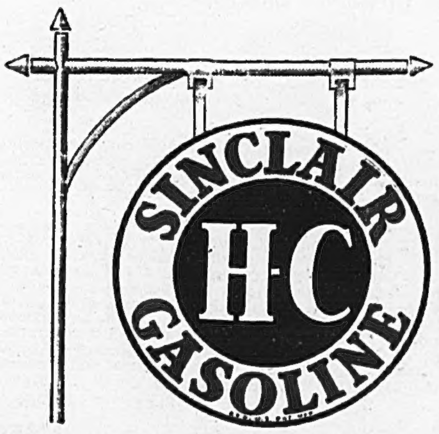
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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp
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CAN THIS BE the same man? Yes, and 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. A few drops a day and your hair regains that natural look. It's easy to comb . . . no more itchiness and loose dandruff. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic supplements the natural scalp oils . . . contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

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Painted by Pat Holbrooke

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OR

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AMALIE was a nobody, the daughter of a drunken tenant farmer. Alfred was rich, respectable. But he loved this ravishing, fascinating, red-mouthed woman, and married her despite his bitter knowledge that she did not, and probably never would, love *him.*

His half-brother Jerome, the devil-may-care wastrel, the man no woman had ever yet resisted, tried vainly to prevent the wedding. Jerome and Amalie hated each other on sight. He threatened her, tried to compromise her, tried to buy her off—and she laughed at him. Then, suddenly, caught in a passion as ruthless as themselves, they found they were deeply, recklessly in love. Did Amalie choose her loveless marriage—and security, or a lawless love—and disgrace?

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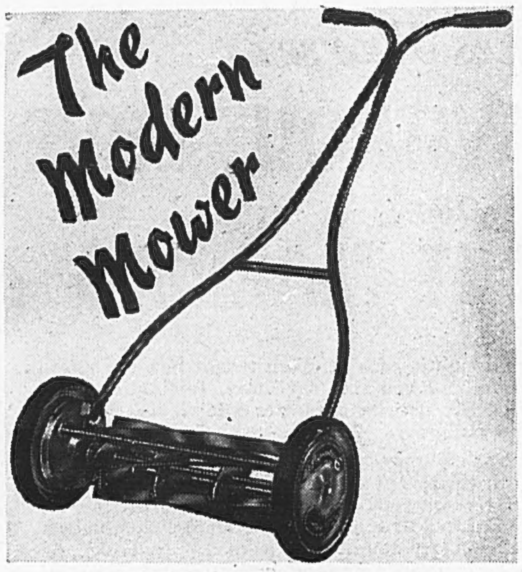

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NO MORE LAWN DRUDGERY

Mowing is easy exercise with this light, durable modern mower. Check these features.

STURDY—Accurately engineered of extreme pressure cast Zamac No. 5 and aluminum alloys. Tubular steel cross braced handle. Six precision ground hi-alloy steel blades set in four pressed steel (not cast iron) supports. Patented non-slip clutch, precision ball bearings, self adjusting. Heavy cutter bar. Rubber roller.

HI-LO HANDLE—For comfort; snap adjusts to two positions. Low position eliminates lawn ribbing on hard to cut lawns.

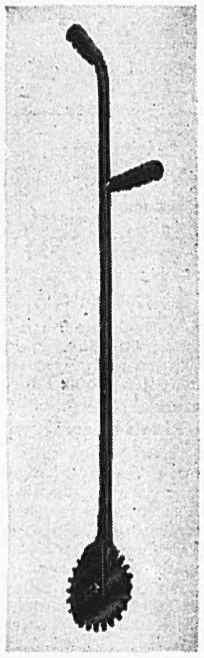
SIMPLICITY—Minimum of parts—few easy to make adjustments.

LIGHT WEIGHT—VERSATILE—Weighs a mere 33 pounds complete. Close cutting—roller adjustment permits cut from 9/32" to 1½". Cuts full 17" swath; spreads grass evenly in catcher.

BEAUTIFUL—Finish is natural aluminum, with red baked enamel handle and reel, trimmed in blue. Rubber tires—blue rubber hand formed grips.

NEW LAWN EDGER

Makes trimming of unsightly edges easy. Scientifically designed double hand grips for sure alignment and positive pressure control. Light but durable—red enamelled tubular steel body, rust proofed hi-alloy steel cutter sprocket, blue rubber hand fitting grips. Solid rubber drive disc with steel bushing gives positive traction with little effort.



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If he doesn't stock them, write for full information.

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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WHY EMBARRASSED?

Laconia, N. H.—I read with much interest and pleasure Take This, You Rat!—Alfred H. Sinks' article on ANTU (June 8). However, you state in the final paragraph that rodenticide containing ANTU will *soon* be available to the public, and we find that this is causing a bit of question in the minds of some of our customers because we have been selling a rodenticide containing ANTU since the latter part of November, 1945.

We now find that some of our customers, after having read your article, are wondering whether or not our rodenticide actually contains ANTU—much to my embarrassment. *—B. A. Young, Jr.*

Mr. Young's customers evidently got in on the ground floor. What author Sinks said was that this rodenticide would soon be available *nationally*.—Vox Pop Editor.

POWER BEHIND THE THRONE

Manchester, N. H.—I agree that American men had better take stock of themselves, especially American men like J. E. K., who says in Vox Pop (July 6) that men should band together to save the world from the control of women. The worthy gentleman seems to forget the most salient facts of human existence. Where would J. E. K., and all others like him, be if they had not depended on a woman to bear (in both senses of the word), to guide, and to mold them? Did you ever hear of the oft-quoted phrase, J. E. K.: "Men rule the world, but women rule men."*—L. B. B.*

NO MOTORS ON CABLE CARS

Los Angeles, Calif.—In California's Got It (June 29), Dickson Hartwell advises visitors to San Francisco to ride the cable cars and sit beside the motorman to see how he does it. For Mr. Hartwell's information, these cable cars have no motorman, because they have no motor or power plant of any kind. They are operated by a man, known as a gripman, because he handles the device that grips hold of the underground traveling cable when the car starts. The power that keeps the endless cable continually traveling comes from a central powerhouse, sometimes miles away from the car. *—Sidney W. Persons.*

CONTROL UNION DICTATORS

Salinas, Calif.—As a union member of long standing I very heartily agree with Paul Hunter's premise in his editorial, The American Way to Control Strikes (June 29). Union dictatorship IS bad.

The remedy, however, does not lie in legislation; it cannot be forced by law. It must come by and through the rank-and-file members. The actions of the leaders should be approved by a referendum vote of all members in good standing.

Furthermore, I believe that union leaders should be permitted only two years in high office, then back to the overalls of the rank and file. Otherwise he loses the viewpoint of the average working citizen and develops a desire to perpetuate himself in power.*—Mr. S.*

Aren't referendums and two-year tenures in the nature of laws?—Vox Pop Editor.

FANCY NAME-CALLING

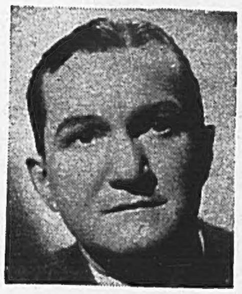
Jamestown, N. Y.—Why must authors befuddle readers with such lengthy and screwy names as Vail d'Alvery, Aunt Cresside, Riccardo Tramonte? I'm talking about the condensation of The River Road, by Frances Parkinson Keyes (June 15). Even the horses are called Nostar and Twinkle instead of Babe or Jennie.*—D. Danberg.*

PERMANENT PLATES

Boston, Mass.—Every year large sums of money are wasted in every state on the manufacture of new license plates for automobiles. Why not issue permanent plates, good for the lifetime of a car or driver? The owner would still have to pay a registration fee annually or be divested of his license plates.*—L. R.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

VERSATILE TOM



TOM POWERS is one of those amazingly versatile gentlemen with a Midas touch. He started out as an actor in stock, vaudeville, and silent pictures; graduated to the big time with Eva Le Gallienne; left a starring role in a Jerome Kern musical to become a pilot in the Royal Air Force, and came back to it in England after crashing on the coast of Scotland; later he returned to the American stage and eventually signed up with the Theater Guild. He is now in Hollywood, playing major parts in films. Along the way he wrote plays, novels, radio programs, and several volumes of poetry; exhibited in the fields of painting and sculpture. His latest short story, NAKED AT NOON, is on page 24.

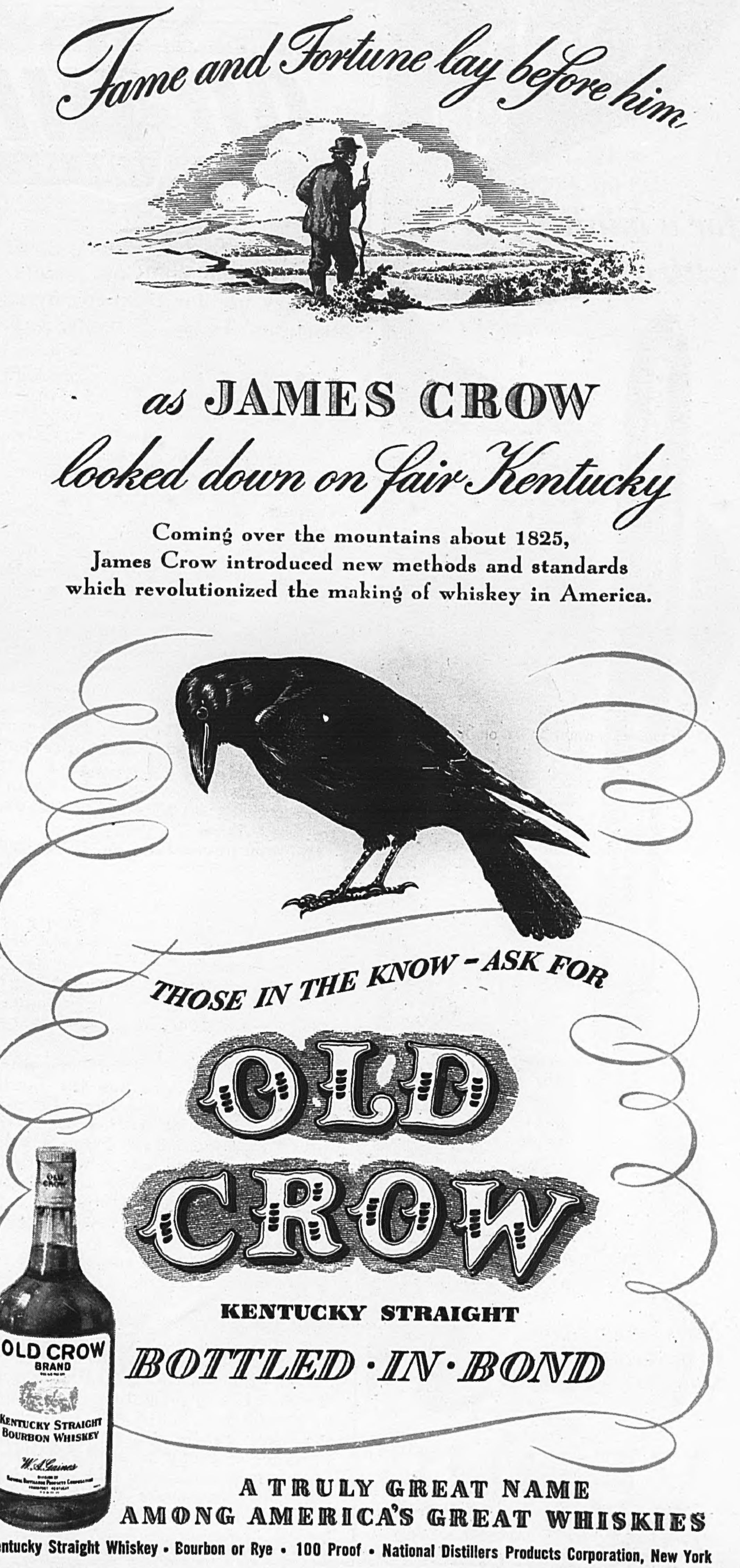
BEHIND THE PAINTBRUSH

FEW people have any idea of what goes into fiction illustration. Take Ralph Crawley's artwork for A NICKEL FOR THE SUBWAY (page 20). Mr. Crawley made two trips to the Bowery for that, went into the local dives, and talked with the bums there firsthand. Among them, he even came across an ex-champion prizefighter. He took candid-camera shots and posed models in his studio. Mr. Crawley, who has been an outstanding commercial artist for many years, likes illustrating stories because it's personal. "You can put some of yourself into it." Mr. Crawley did not project himself in the picture on page 20, however.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
AUG. 31, 1946
Book: DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN
SHOULD HOUSEWIVES BE PAID?

IF TROUBLE'S GOT YOU and you need a psychiatrist, beware of quacks. Henry D. Steinmetz tells about their phony treatment and helps you to distinguish the reputable practitioner from the army of fakers. . . . SHOULD HOUSEWIVES BE PAID? That's only one of the burning questions British women are asking, according to James E. Payne and Albert A. Brandt. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, DETROIT IS MY OWN HOME TOWN, by Malcolm W. Bingay, is a biography of the great industrial city and the fabulous men who put a nation on wheels.



Fame and Fortune lay before him

as JAMES CROW
looked down on fair Kentucky

Coming over the mountains about 1825,
James Crow introduced new methods and standards
which revolutionized the making of whiskey in America.

THOSE IN THE KNOW – ASK FOR

OLD CROW

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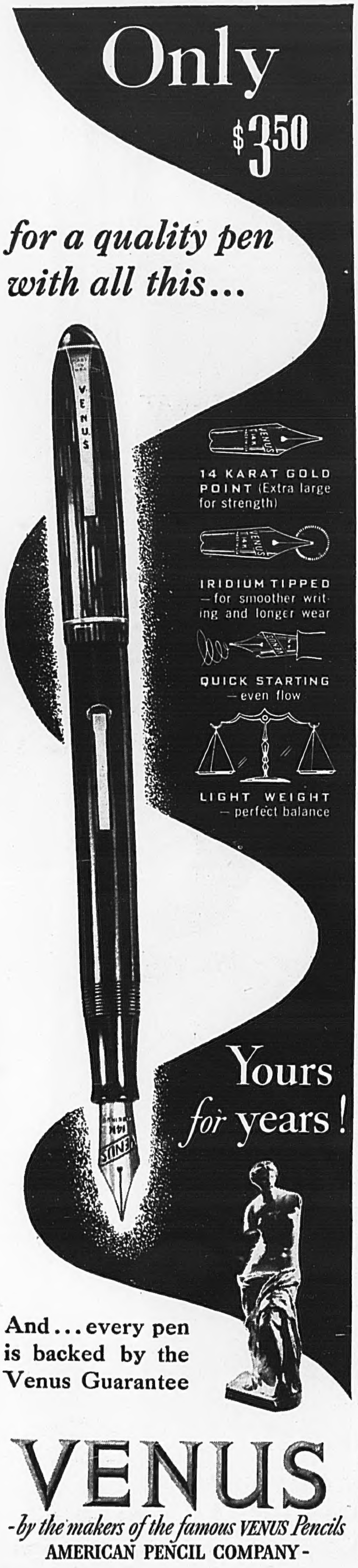
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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Back in '07 it was a new three-man Division studying possible military use for the new 'flying machine.' Today it's the A. A. F.

AUGUST 1 is a very important day to the Army Air Forces, and if you saw Army airplanes flying through the skies on that date you can be assured that it was in proud celebration of the thirty-ninth anniversary of the A.A.F.

The Army Air Forces had its birth on August 1, 1907. It was then called just simply the "Aeronautical Division" of the Signal Corps. It had no airplanes. Its personnel consisted of one officer and two enlisted men. Its instructions were "to study the flying machine and the possibility of adapting it to military purposes."

Public opinion in those days branded the newly invented flying machine as not only a dangerous experiment but also an extremely impractical one. There was a hue and cry about "extravagant waste" when the Division requested operating funds.

But with the modest appropriation which it obtained, it asked for bids for an airplane that could fly for 60 minutes, reach a top speed of 40 miles an hour, and carry two men whose combined weight did not exceed 350 pounds.

The Wright brothers produced the required craft and the Army signed a contract with them for one plane early in 1908.

JUST a few weeks ago the latest Army bomber, the Consolidated Vultee six-engined B-36, was moved out of the factory at Fort Worth, Texas. The B-36 has a wing span measuring almost twice the length of the Wright brothers' first 120-foot flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903.

That's a lot of progress.

From its original complement of three men and one airplane, the A.A.F. grew to its wartime peak of March, 1944, with 2,383,000 officers and men and 64,591 airplanes, of which 41,848 were combat craft.

Now that the war is well over and the A.A.F.'s organization is reduced to 400,000 men, the A.A.F. is anxious that the public shall realize the importance of adequate air defense and of research for faster and more potent aerial weapons. On Air Force Day, on every August 1, there will be an endeavor to keep the work of the A.A.F. before the nation.

The revolution going on today in aerodynamics is as great as the revolution which brought the airplane into existence.

Vast armadas of military airplanes are obsolete in today's thinking for tomorrow's defense. Indicative of this change of thinking was the statement made not long ago by Commanding General H. H. Arnold, now retired:

"The great aerial armadas of World War II are as outmoded as the Macedonian phalanx."

The aircraft-manufacturing industry is busy today on military orders—but military airplane production is insignificant. The orders are not for production-type airplanes, but for research of all kinds and for experimental models. Supersonic planes and missiles are the order of the day.

THE A.A.F. axiom in this postwar era is "Air power is peace power." The Commanding General, Carl Spaatz, has explained that "the peacetime mission is to develop and maintain a military air force capable of immediate, sustained, and expanding application of the accepted American doctrine of military power. America's best insurance against a future war is an adequate, alert air force."

Today the A.A.F. is reorganized into three major fighting machines: the Strategic Air Command, located at Andrew Field, Maryland; the Tactical Air Command, at Langley Field, Virginia; and the Air Defense Command, at Mitchel Field, Long Island. Scattered from Florida to Ohio are the supporting organizations of Matériel, Testing, and Training.

All these are in addition to the organization air forces in Europe and Japan.

Last year on Air Force Day the A.A.F. was still engaged in combat over Japan, although in Europe more than 900 planes took part in a forty-mile aerial parade which flew over Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, and Germany to celebrate the occasion.

On that day last year, too, the Air Transport Command flew more than 5,000 tons of supplies over the "Hump" to China.

The big job was finished last year, and the big bombers of which the United States was rightfully proud are now being put aside for startling new developments. The research and development must continue.

ALL OR NOTHING! In gambling... In love!

When a girl who never gambles meets a man who always wins–WHO GIVES IN? See the amazing, amusing answers in this grand romantic comedy, set in that famous city of gaiety—Las Vegas.

RKO
PRESENTS

ROBERT YOUNG
BARBARA HALE · FRANK MORGAN
in

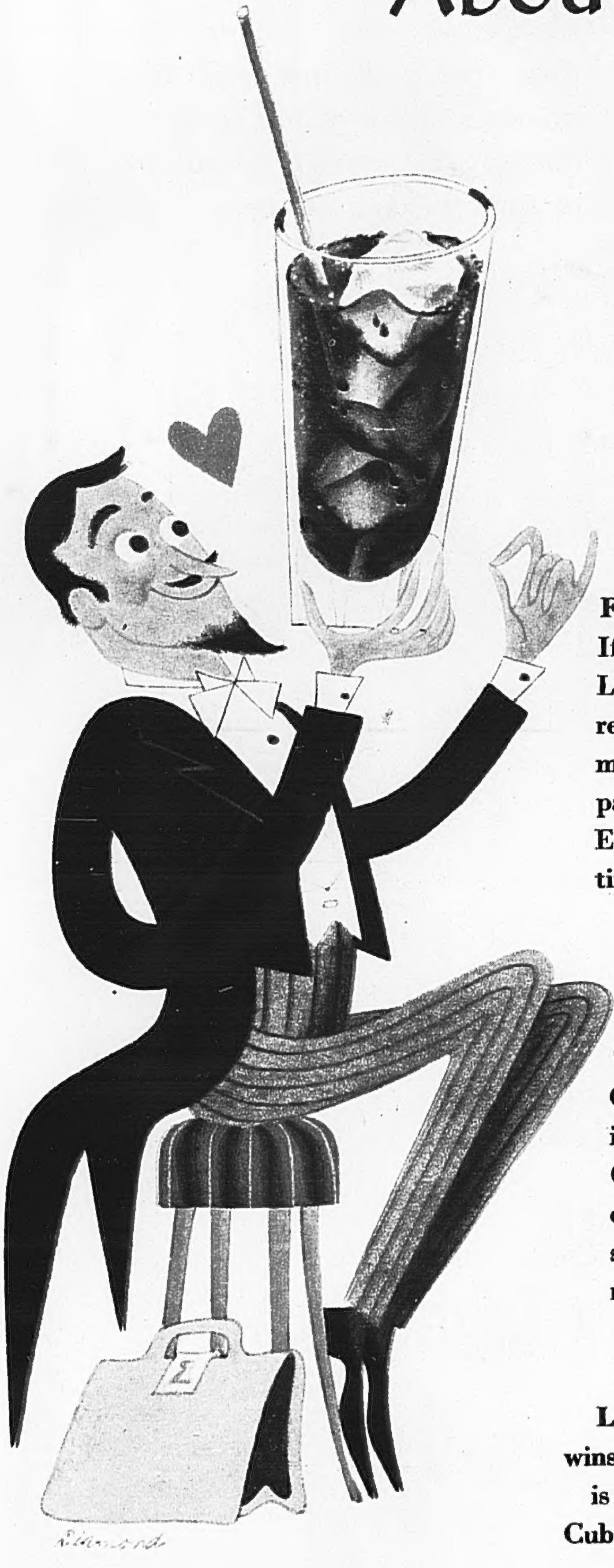
Lady Luck

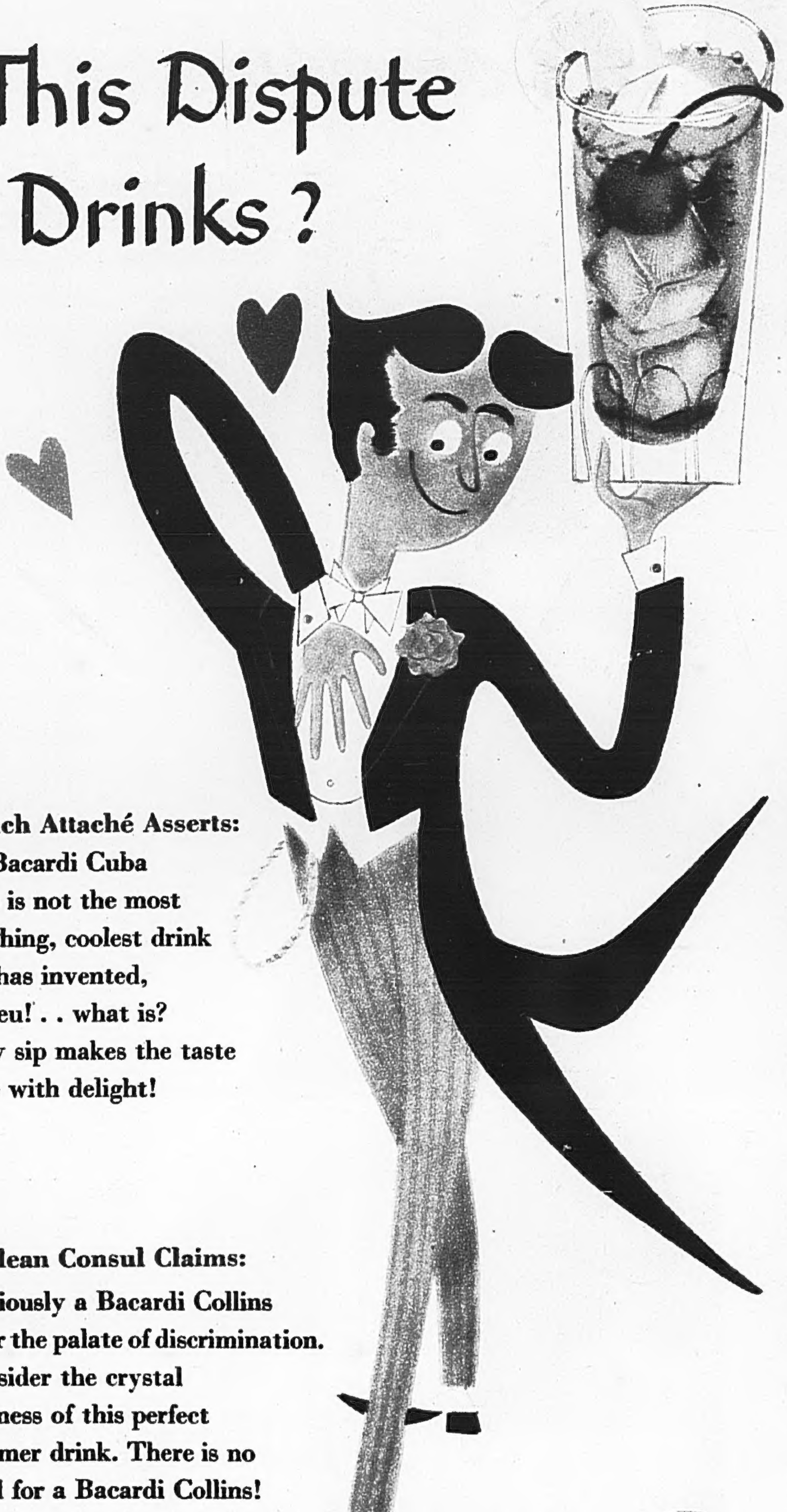
with
JAMES GLEASON · DON RICE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Produced by WARREN DUFF
Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN • Screen Play by LYNN ROOT and FRANK FENTON

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Can You Settle This Dispute About Drinks?





French Attaché Asserts:
If a Bacardi Cuba Libre is not the most refreshing, coolest drink man has invented, parbleu! . . what is? Every sip makes the taste tingle with delight!

Chilean Consul Claims:
Obviously a Bacardi Collins is for the palate of discrimination. Consider the crystal coolness of this perfect summer drink. There is no rival for a Bacardi Collins!

Looking at the subject coolly, we'd say Bacardi wins in either case! Bacardi and Bacardi alone is the perfect answer for *both* a tingling Cuba Libre . . . and a long, frosty Collins!

PUERTO RICAN RUM
BACARDI

all nations agree—BACARDI

RUM . . . 89 Proof. Bacardi Imports, Inc., New York

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

According to the German master planners, they have won the war in Europe. Ridiculous? A noted historian lays the disconcerting facts on the line

By

WAVERLEY ROOT

Did GERMANY Win the War?

MONKMEYER PHOTO

How soon will he shout, *"Deutschland Über Alles"*?

NOT many years from now, historians and analysts, poring over the results of the fighting which ended last year, may well be putting to themselves this question: "Who won the war?" But you will cry, "That's ridiculous! *We* won the war!" Did we?

From a long-range viewpoint, the victor of a war is the nation which emerges from it with the most food, the most natural resources, the strongest industry, the largest population, and, in short, the best situation as compared with that of her neighbors. In all these respects, Germany today is better off than the countries who surround her. In other words, *Germany won the war.*

Or, more exactly, Germany won one of the two wars she fought. The first was her attempt to dominate the world, which she came perilously close to winning. But in 1943, when defeat at Stalingrad and the Allied invasion of North Africa convinced her that it was most unlikely that she could achieve her maximum objectives, she shifted to minimum objectives. She concentrated on winning the *European* war. Resigning herself to the probability that the weight of the two great non-European powers—the United States and Russia—would defeat her on the field of battle, she set to work to create a situation which would leave her, after her military collapse, the strongest potentially of the European powers.

If she has won the European campaign, it may be that she can still win the global campaign. For it is the victor of the *last* battle who is the victor of a war. And if the position she may hope to attain in Europe will permit her in the future to reopen the World War which has already passed through two phases, it is not impossible that in the third phase she may win that last battle.

Her chances of doing so depend on the answer to one question, still difficult to answer: "Did Germany win the European war?"

To answer that question, let us examine the goals Germany set for herself in 1943 and see if she has attained them, or is in the process of attaining them. In the first chapter of my recent book, Casablanca to Katyn, I reported, in the words of German leaders themselves, the objectives they had set in order to wring ultimate victory from the anticipated imminent military defeat. The plan they established then is being worked out today—and, it seems, worked out successfully.

Suppose we look at what they said then and compare it with what they have achieved now.

One of the first means which the German master planners foresaw was that of tipping the balance of population in their favor—in other words, of making sure that in a future war Germany would have more soldiers than her neighbors. In a memorandum which he was commissioned to prepare on methods for turning defeat into final victory, General Otto von Stülpnagel, German military commander in France, asked:

"What does a provisional defeat matter to us if, because of the de-

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

They are innocent, but it's hard to reconcile these sturdy German children at Berlin's "Coney Island" with the rest of Europe's children.

Above: Robust Hitler Youth, who once shouted, "*Sieg heil!*" have now returned to their folk singing. This photo was taken recently in Leipzig.

Below: Chic frauleins model the latest styles at Berlin's first fashion show this summer. German women are among the best clothed in Europe.

struction of manpower . . . which we will have been able to inflict on our enemies and neighboring territories, we have obtained a margin of . . . demographic superiority greater than before 1939?"

Obtaining a margin of demographic superiority was a nice way of saying that the Germans proposed to kill off as many persons of other nationalities as they could while they were still able to do so. But how many were to be killed off? Marshal von Rundstedt provided the figures in an address before the Imperial War Academy in Berlin on the occasion of the founding of the Bureau of Economic War.

"One of the great mistakes of 1918," he said, "was to spare the civil life of the enemy countries, for it is necessary for us Germans to be always at least double the number of the peoples of contiguous countries. We are therefore obliged to destroy at least a third of their inhabitants. The only means is organized underfeeding, which in this case is better than machine guns."

Victory for Germany in this phase of her campaign, therefore, measured by the standards of the Germans themselves, consisted in killing one third of their neighbors—that is, some 25,000,000 persons—and retaining, themselves, enough persons to make their numbers twice the population of surrounding countries. On last April 13, the International Committee for the Study of European Questions issued in London a fourteen-page report based on official Allied documents and captured German files which concluded that Hitler had been "entirely successful" in his scheme for achieving "demographic superiority."

According to the same London report, Germany, despite a loss of 3,600,000 lives in the war, has increased her population 9 per cent since 1939. She now has a population of 73,000,000, compared to 69,000,000 in 1939. Her neighbors have dropped from 65,000,000 to 40,000,000 at the most (France alone had a population of 42,000,000 before the war). It may be that Germany has not yet attained double the population of her neighbors, but her chances are good.

TURN now to the question of food. It could certainly be maintained that the side which is eating better after the war won in that respect at least. It has a bearing on the battle for population also; for if Germany, with unimpaired health in the fall of 1945, according to the London report, continues to eat better than her victims, undernourished for five years of Nazi occupation, she will obviously widen the margin of numbers which separates her from them.

Moreover, if Germany eats better than her neighbors, she will have won a skirmish also on the psychological battlefield. For Germany's food policy toward her victims was based partly on the theory that because of racial superiority, Germans had a *right* to eat better than others. Therefore, even when plenty of food was available, rations for non-Germans were deliberately kept below those of Germans. As an officer of the German Kommandantur in Paris put it for the case of the French:

"Hunger is a necessity and a just punishment for the French. *We want the standard of living of the Frenchman to be inferior to that of the German.*"

What Frenchman conscious of that German attitude during the war can feel that Germany's defeat was complete when Germans still eat better than Frenchmen today?

Yet France is not an extreme example. On the contrary, except for Denmark, Belgium and, less certainly, Holland, France is the best-fed of the formerly occupied countries. Conditions in Poland and Greece, for example, are infinitely worse.

VICTORIOUS ALLIES

Again and again American statements have been made to assure the world that it is not the policy of the Allies that Germany should eat better than her former victims. But at the same time, the occupation forces of the Allies are in Germany. They are responsible for the government of the country and for feeding it, while the liberated nations are left to their own devices. It is perhaps inevitable that the occupation forces should have a tendency to see to Germany's needs first. American military authorities not long ago insisted that Germany must have more food, because otherwise disorder and disease would make trouble for the occupiers. Disorder and disease may occur in other European countries as well; but there they cause no trouble to the chief supplier of food for the world, the United States. As a result, there is a strong inclination to feed Germany first.

There is a similar inclination, largely for the same reason, to restore German economy first. This development was foreseen by the Germans and formed part of their wartime plan. Das Schwarze Korps, the official newspaper of the SS forces, said on October 17, 1943:

"It is necessary that the Anglo-Saxons, who after our magnificently organized bankruptcy of 1923 were faced with the dilemma of transfer, should be faced this time with the dilemma of reconstruction—whether Europe shall be reconstructed and cannot be reconstructed without us or whether chaos shall be eternal and lead to definite ruin. *We should destroy in the occupied countries more than can be destroyed in Germany.*"

THIS also the Germans succeeded in doing. Outside of her cities, Germany has been comparatively untouched by war. Even the destruction done in the German cities has been vastly overrated by enthusiasts for aerial bombardment. The actual picture was given by Henry H. Fowler, director of the Enemy Branch of the late Foreign Economic Administration, in a report in which he noted that "the industrial base of [German] aggression—the base which it built up over the last 25 years and which enabled her nearly to conquer the world—is virtually untouched."

Of course the Allies propose to take away much of Germany's industrial potential. But how much? In 1932, Germany consumed only 3,500,000 tons of steel. With Hitler's advent, steel production was pushed for war purposes and Germany worked up to 22,000,000 tons. No one except the Russians advocates today reducing Germany's steel capacity to the 1932 mark. American suggestions have varied from 5,000,000 to 8,000,000 tons, and the British have suggested as much as 11,000,000. The figure accepted by the Allies at present is 7,500,000 tons, more than twice the pre-Hitler production. But even assuming that a cut were made to the 1932 figure, experience has shown that it would only require another Hitler to work back from this beginning to the level which would again make it possible for Germany to arm for a new aggression.

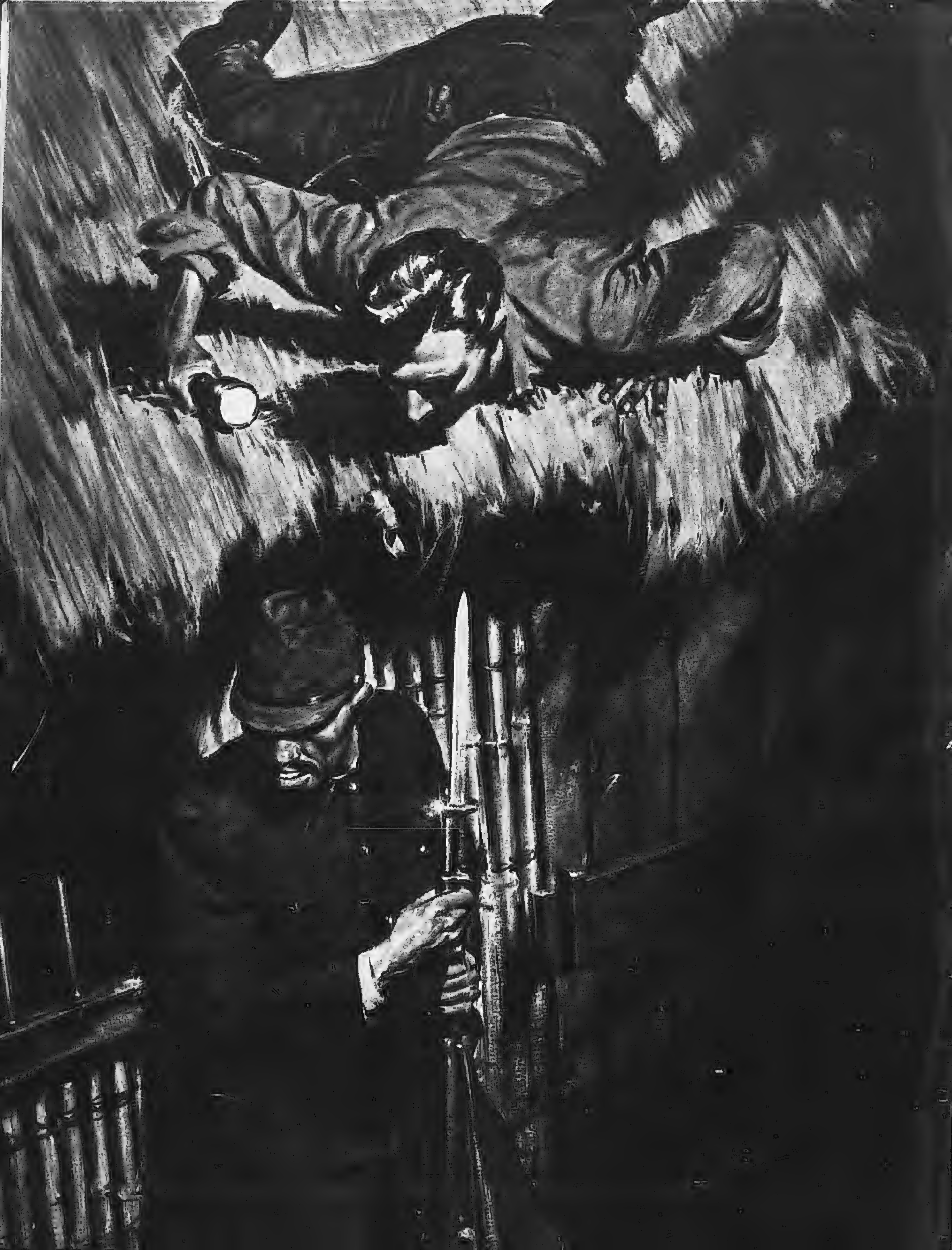
That is why the French want the Ruhr separated from Germany. In their eyes, the important matter is not the figure to which German steel capacity is reduced *today*, but keeping Germany from possessing the resources which will permit her to increase that capacity *tomorrow*. The British, for reasons both economic and political, have consistently opposed this separation (a policy in which they have been backed by the United States, though the Foreign Economic Administration recommended exactly the opposite course) and have also advocated a much higher level of industrialization for *(Continued on page 50)*

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Yugoslav children crouch animal-like on the earthen floor around their meal of mash. To millions of Europe's children victory is just a word.

Above: Allied victims of the Nazi plan to blot out whole populations. In a future war Germany would then have more soldiers than her neighbors.

Below: Rags are the style for these aged survivors of the Nazi occupation of the Island of Rhodes, still starving over a year after their liberation.



Blind Trail in Burma

The war was over for everyone but Dave. He had escaped a Jap prison camp only to discover someone was impersonating him so well that even his girl was fooled—for what sinister design he could not know

BY EDISON MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THE solid wall of rain between earth and sky had dissolved as quickly as it had formed, and only a few warm drops leaked off the coconut palms. A temple bell tinkled cheerfully across the Sittang River. Buffaloes grunted and dogs barked in the native village and children shrieked at their play. To Dave Enrude, these were friendly sounds, reminding him of his childhood. Now he listened to them in captivity, but soon he would hear them as a free man.

This was the 27th of July, 1945. British armies forged through Lower Burma; Toungoo and the surrounding plains comprised a mere pocket of Japanese resistance in a land already lost to them. News had come of prodigious Allied victories on land and sea. It stood to reason that he and Alex Thorton and the handful of other prisoners would soon be liberated.

That was in the cards; but for him personally the cards had been running mighty queer. Bad luck had decreed that he spend two years in backwoods camps mainly with Asiatic prisoners, and lately he had been receiving what appeared to be special attention from the Nips, as though he were an American general instead of an unknown, unimportant son of a medical missionary. It worried him. As though something was about to happen. . . .

Even Alex Thorton, his only white companion, had noticed it.

"Pretty good supper this evening," Alex remarked.

Alex's cot stood next to his in the thatch-roofed *bashi*. In the month since Dave had been marched here—to this tiny camp stuck strangely across the river from the big one at Toungoo—they had become inseparable companions. The only other prisoners were four Chinese who could speak no English or Burmese. Indeed, a hissing, grinning Jap officer had pointed out the pleasant coincidence of two Americans, both sergeants, both with face wounds, being thrown together. Actually, Dave had never set foot in the land of his fathers, and Alex, although speaking often of a childhood in western New York, had spent most of his life in the Dutch East Indies.

"You mus' be vay good friend," the Japs said. "By gold, you look same brother."

Dave was twenty-four but looked two years older; Alex gave his age as twenty-eight but appeared younger. Both were tall and limber; Alex's hair and eyes were only a shade darker than Dave's; their features had the same general cast. Dave had the more serious wound, caused by an almost spent shell fragment striking him in the face. However, a Japanese surgeon had done a satisfactory job of rebuilding his nose and patching his upper lip. Alex had got off with two not very noticeable scars across his left cheek.

HE was a cheerful fellow and took the most lively interest in every detail of Dave's past life.

"It *was* a good meal," Dave had replied to his companion. "All have been good in this camp for no apparent reason. I'm almost back to normal weight and strength. But it can't last."

"I don't know. The Nips must realize they've lost the war. I imagine the treatment of American prisoners is getting better everywhere."

"Not this good. Good food—no more hard work or abuse—practically a private camp—*sake* and cigarettes—you and I allowed to bat the breeze at all hours. Something's going to pop."

Alex gave him a startled glance. "How's that?"

"It's in the air. The damned sweet expressions on those Nip pans. If either of us had any influence, it might make sense. But you a Batavia bank clerk and me as ordinary a guy as ever shouldered a musket—"

Alex was starting to answer when Moung Ting wandered into the *bashi* with a dead bird in his hand. Undersized even for a Burmese, apparently with no more courage than a *pi* dog, he had come from upcountry soon after Dave's transfer here, sought menial service of the commandant, and was allowed the run of the camp. Only Dave knew he had once been headman of a hill village near Doctor Enrude's mission and that his ears were as keen and his memory as long as a wild elephant's. Nobody—not even Alex—knew that Moung Ting and Dave were old friends.

"WHAT is it?" Dave asked in the Burmese tongue when Moung Ting approached his cot.

"It is a bird of a new kind that the children have killed with their slings," the little man answered. "The captive white man knows much of birds. Will he look at it at his leisure and tell us its name?"

He held out what appeared to be a common ringed-neck parakeet, under no consideration a "new kind" to Moung Ting.

"It is a pity they killed the pretty thing," Dave said.

"Truly, but perhaps it will be born again as a son of a king." That would be considerable progress for any of Lord Buddha's creatures. Moung Ting was telling him that the bird had not died in vain.

"Perhaps when you die, you will be reborn as a *poonghie* [priest]."

"True, the Enlightened One promised reward for those who die for good deeds done. But I do not think my time is yet. Otherwise I would tonight go on a pilgrimage to *Shwe Dagon*. I will serve my master here at least a few more days. If he goes hunting deer in the jungle—for he is a great *shikari*—he may need me to show the trails."

"It is good and long-remembered service—to show trails in the jungle. I will look well at the bird."

Moung Ting bowed and withdrew.

"What was the little beggar telling

(*Continued on page 61*)

Seconds counted now, but not so much as silence. Below him stood the short solid figure of a Jap called Samito, mean as they came, fond of knocking the Chinese about.

ACME PHOTO

Robert Murphy, organizer of the American Baseball Guild, attempts to drum up a strike of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He just missed when a poll revealed that the two-thirds majority required to walk out failed by only four votes.

Does Baseball Need a Union?

BY STANLEY FRANK

A sports authority tells what's behind all the hollering about Bob Murphy and his American Baseball Guild

CASUAL readers of the nation's sport pages probably were startled to learn on June 8 that a nefarious plot to sabotage the foundations of the republic had been balked the previous evening in Pittsburgh. With a whoop and an exultant holler, the papers reported that one Robert Murphy, represented as a wild-eyed radical out of Boston and the villain in the piece, had been repudiated in his attempt to foment a strike against the Pittsburgh ball club. The decision made by the players opposing the strike was, the papers commented on a rising note of triumph, a stirring testimonial to lofty, unidentified American principles and the death kiss to Murphy's crazy idea of organizing major-league ballplayers in a labor union.

Fully a day later, almost as an afterthought, it was revealed that the secret vote had been 20-16 in favor of a strike. The first strike threat since the World Series of 1918 was averted by four votes only because the Pirates had decided in advance that a two-thirds majority would be required to walk out on the management. And most papers neglected to inform the readers that 16,884 fans in Forbes Field had booed when Rip Sewell and Jimmy Brown, the most articulate opponents of Murphy's union, had appeared on the field.

Realizing that the Pirates' vote had been more of a reprieve than a repudiation, the owners began to put the boots to Murphy, founder and sole prop. of the American Baseball Guild, via their public-sounding board, the baseball writers. They ridiculed Murphy, thirty-five-year-old Harvard graduate, as an opportunist on the make for a job that would support him in style to which he had been unaccustomed in recent years. That much probably is true. Murphy has been looking for a desirable spot ever since his graduation in 1932; he literally was broke when he first made the headlines in April. This opening blast against the entrenched baseball "interests" is his first shot in a personal build-up which, he wistfully hopes, will set him up in business as the bargaining agent for all professional athletes—baseball, football, hockey players, and boxers.

The most violent denunciation of Murphy has been provoked by the fact that he is an "outsider" in baseball, and that if there has to be a players' union, it should be led by a man who has been produced by the game.

The answer to that one is obvious. Certain abuses—there are not many—in the player-owner relationship are rooted in the practices of seventy years and, save for a few short-lived attempts to combat them, no player has appeared to act as the champion and spokesman for the men who make their living from baseball. Until Murphy came along, no attempt to organize the players had been made since 1918. Maybe he is looking to create a job for himself, but it is a necessary job.

THE significance of Murphy's movement, though, is that the alarmed owners and apologists for baseball are conceding that an organization to represent the players in their grievances is inevitable and may even be a good thing. This tacit recognition that the sweaty slaves have legitimate gripes against the men who control their careers is a tremendous advance in the attitudes of the owners and the status quo boys. It means, quite definitely, that a strong, vigorous players' body will be formed before the opening of the 1947 season.

Whether Murphy leads it is a matter of importance only to R. Murphy himself. It should be mentioned that he is better qualified to steer the new group through the intricacies of labor legislation than anyone who has yet appeared. He attended Harvard Law School for two years and put in two more years of law study at Northeastern University night school. On top of that preparation he was a field examiner for the National Labor Relations Board for nearly three years and then represented management—not unions—as a labor relations counsel.

ACME PHOTO

Murphy puts it on the line to the Pirate officials. Last April, when Murphy organized the Guild, the club owners laughed, but they obviously find nothing hilarious here.

PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

Baseball's would-be John L. Lewis looks on with contempt as Al Lopez, Pirate catcher, says, "Pardon my back" as he leaves for the field after the players voted no strike.

The big boys laughed in April when Murphy sat down in a borrowed office in Boston and announced the American Baseball Guild had been registered as a labor organization in Suffolk County, Mass. They snickered out loud when Murphy said 90 per cent of the Pirates were enrolled in the Guild and that he had a majority on five other teams. They since have ceased to view the Guild with tolerant amusement. The close call on the strike vote in Pittsburgh and the attentive ears bent toward Mexico indicate that ballplayers, like all other working citizens caught in the upheaval of the postwar period, are determined to get a square shake. The heroes, as a class, are not overly bright, but they no longer are falling for the old line, dutifully repeated by Clark Griffith recently, that collective bargaining is impractical in baseball because the game is "a matter of individual ability." Actors and writers also are engaged in highly individualistic trades and they have derived important benefits from organizations designed to protect the interests of the entire group.

MURPHY, an impulsive, stubborn gent, has pulled boners and made omissions of policy that have resulted in something less than a mob rush to the bandwagon he anticipated, yet his smart moves and the basic soundness of his venture have kept the fuse burning in the time bomb he has planted on baseball's doorstep.

Sincere advocates of a labor organization for ballplayers have been disappointed by his failure to outline his program for minor leaguers, whose need of a bargaining agent is much more immediate than in the plush big leagues. Conditions in the

(*Continued on page 53*)

BAKA

The strange story of the Japs who took a lot of convincing almost a year after V-J Day

BY LT. (J. G.) PAUL J. SHERMAN, U. S. N. R.

FRANK GODWIN

EIGHT months had elapsed since the surrender of Japan, and on a particularly dull hot afternoon last April it appeared that nothing of consequence would ever happen again on Guam. And then they brought the Jap prisoner to the G-2 language hut. He looked scared to death.

"Where did you find him?" I asked the Marine lieutenant in charge of the detail.

"We didn't. He found us. Came right out and surrendered to the patrol. He was carrying one of the surrender leaflets and waving a white flag. Almost got himself shot, too. Luckily someone grabbed the pistol in time. The boys are mighty sore about Manibusan.

"We sent heavy patrols out just south of the spot in the Mount Santa Rosa area where Manibusan [a Guaman patrolman] was killed last week," he explained, "and we've had traps set all through the area. I think this gook was flushed out of his hole. The surrender leaflet he had looks like it's been folded in his pocket for a helluva long time."

The paper also indicated to us that our new arrival was a full-fledged member in the clan of "*baka*" Japs.

The Japanese word *baka*, meaning fool or idiot, was a term we used in referring to the Nips still holding out in the jungle-covered recesses of Guam and the other islands where American forces had long since taken over and settled down. This group of *baka* Japs, cut off from all outside communication and scattered about singly or in small groups, was either unaware or not fully convinced that the war was over. Leaflets and broadcasts proclaiming the imperial surrender edict were generally dismissed by them as merely another brand of American propaganda or trickery.

House, the Marine lieutenant, said that he and his men were almost positive that the Jap prisoner belonged to that group of five *bakas* that had been causing all the trouble. He also gave me the details about the shooting of Manibusan, the patrolman, who with a squad of four men went out to investigate the disappearance of some cattle and farm products in the rough Mount Santa Rosa region.

The Nips got Manibusan through the heart from a range of no more than five yards. The other men said there was a volley of about four or five shots. It looked like an ambush, so they got out fast after one of them crawled to where Manibusan lay sprawled out and made sure he wasn't still breathing.

The next day they went back in strength to get the body. Of course they didn't find a trace of the Nips. Later, however, they picked up some Jap cartridges and some other gear. Everything pointed to there being about five Nips in the group. And, as House said, it looked as though our prisoner had been one of them.

Then I turned to the Jap. He was bare to the waist. His only piece of clothing was an incredibly dirty pair of patched canvas trousers. Straw sandals completed the scanty attire.

It was his hair, however, that caught my attention. Unlike most of the Japs who spent long stretches alone in the jungle, his hair was cut very low and, what was even more amazing, it was trimmed evenly on all sides. His explanation was going to be interesting.

In a voice that was barely above a whisper he said he was "Yumoto, Kozo . . . Navy . . . petty officer first class."

He'd been in the jungle since the middle of October, 1944.

As he got a little more sure of himself, he told me he had lived "mostly on bananas and toads. Sometimes I caught fish with a spear. But not often."

He first learned the war had ended last September, when he picked up a leaflet in the jungle.

"What did you think, after reading the leaflet?"

"I thought it must be propaganda," he said. "Perhaps some sort of trick. I put it away, but thoughts that the war might possibly be over kept coming into my mind. I noticed the airplanes in the sky were becoming fewer. Even the ships along the coast had their lights shining at night. This was never done before. I thought it was very strange."

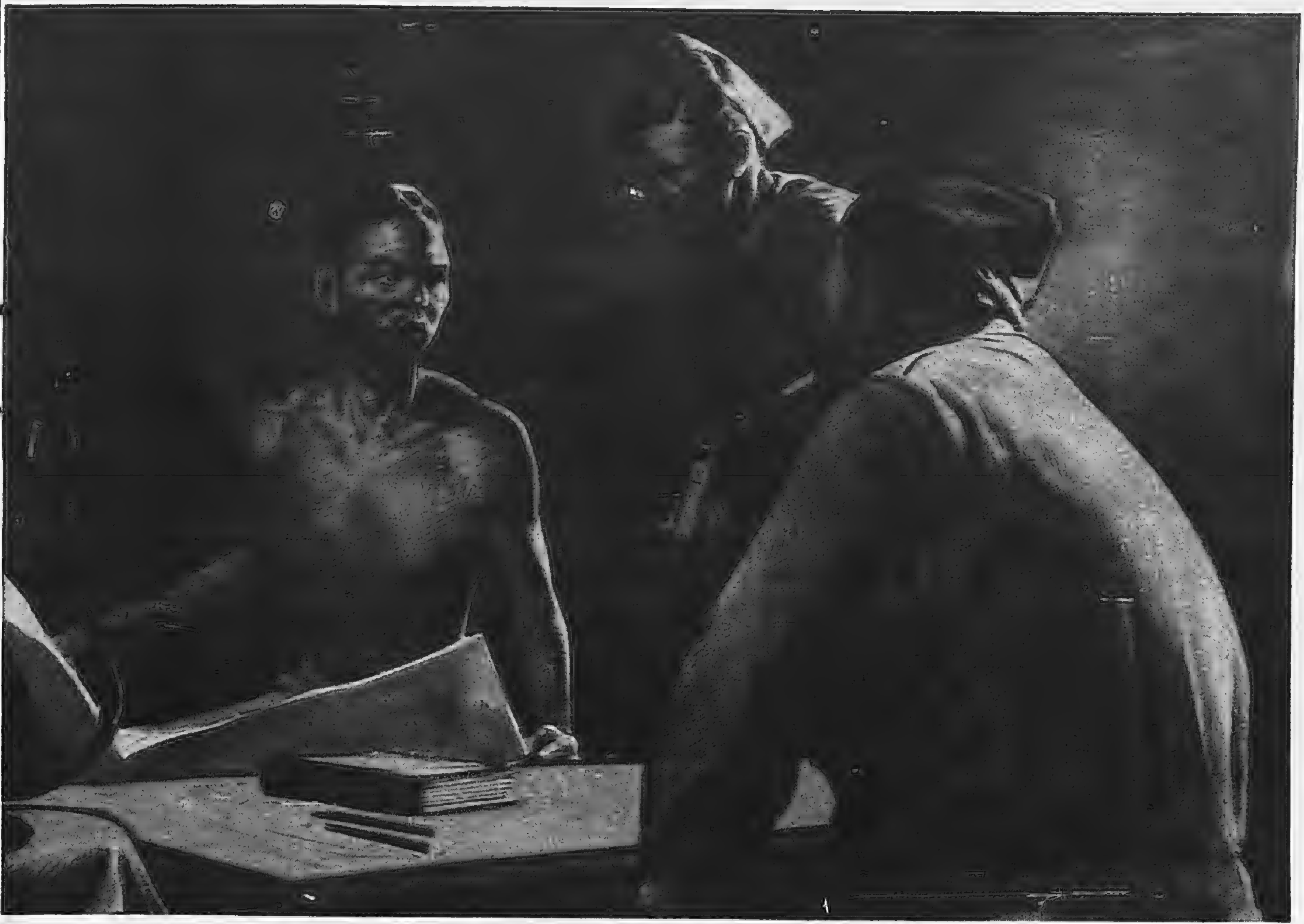
He lost the first leaflet, but picked up another last January. He still wasn't certain. Then, as he says, "I read that the emperor had ordered all Japanese military to cease resistance and give themselves up. Since it was an order, I knew it was my duty to do so. Yet if it was not true, I would be put to death, and that, too, would suit me."

I was hearing Japanese rationalization at its best. Still I could see the specter of doubt with which he had wrestled for months in the jungle. I could also see that the heavily armed patrol of Guamans systematically hacking their way through the brush had done much to hasten his decision.

"Until the middle of March, 1945, I was together with one other—an Army man," he said; "but he died. After that, I encountered others of our forces. However, these people did not wish to stay in large groups and so they departed into various parts of the jungle. I think many of these have died. From August, 1945, on I lived alone."

"How is it, then," I said, leveling an accusing finger at the top of his

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



In a newspaper that was unmistakably Japanese he had read of the startling transformation taking place in the Japanese homeland. It was time now to follow with psychological body blow number two.

head, "that your hair is cut so neatly, if you lived alone?"

He ran his fingers over his closely cropped scalp as if to verify my statement. An apologetic smile appeared at the corners of his mouth.

"You see," he explained, "I had with me a scissors and a small piece of looking glass. I grew accustomed to cutting my hair quite often. There was not much else for me to do in the jungle."

SO far I hadn't gotten anything of value out of him, so I tried another approach. "Tell me, Yumoto-san," I said, "where is your home?"

His face brightened. "Saitama prefecture, not far from Tokyo."

"I suppose you wish to return there?"

"Yes," he replied, his voice expressing considerable hope.

Then I told him how we had already repatriated all of the Japanese civilians from the Pacific area, a great many soldiers too.

Finally I handed him a Japanese newspaper. He was like a hungry man devouring a loaf of bread. His eyes roamed feverishly over the pages as if he were afraid he might be cut short at any moment. I noticed his eyes dwelt long on a picture of some G.I.s in Tokyo and the story attached to it. Other articles gave accounts of preparations for the approaching elections, spoke of increasing nation-wide reforms, and announced new edicts emanating from General MacArthur's headquarters. He read them all.

When at last he put down the paper and looked up at me, I felt sure the impression upon him had been profound. In a newspaper that was unmistakably Japanese he had read of the startling transformation taking place in the Japanese homeland. It was time now to follow with psychological body blow number two. I pulled out an album of photos I had taken during my recent tour of duty in Tokyo and Yokosuka. The latter was the vaunted Jap naval base where few white men had ever entered prior to the initial occupation landing.

Again the effect was great. Silently he glanced at the scenes of devastation, the pictures of Americans mixing freely with shabbily dressed Japanese. Time and again his eyes lit up when he recognized a familiar landmark or building in Tokyo. Each picture seemed to have a particular message for him. Finally he turned the last page and handed back the book. I knew, then, that any doubts still lingering in his mind when the patrol brought him in must certainly have been swept away in those few moments.

THE test was now at hand. I began talking. It was probably the longest speech I had ever made in Japanese. This is the substance of what I told him:

"We know that four or five Japanese are still holding out in the Mountain Santa Rosa section. Tomorrow morning a heavily armed patrol, including dogs, will enter that area to track them down. Those people will most certainly be shot, or if by some remote chance they escape, eventually they will perish of disease and malnutrition. Women and children are arriving here on Guam from the United States. It is our duty to make this island safe.

"Perhaps those Japanese in the jungle do not realize the war is over. Perhaps they are merely waiting for definite information. Further delay, however, will mean that they are doomed never to return to their

(*Continued on page 77*)

A NICKEL for the SUBWAY

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

The bum had never known security, and John had never been without it. Only once in a lifetime would two such men meet—pursuing a common goal

BY JOHN G. STOTT

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

JOHN GARLAND paid the bartender and stepped out into the warm summer evening. He wandered aimlessly into a movie theater to kill a couple of hours before going back to his hotel. He'd still get a good night's sleep before his appointment the next day.

On an impulse that morning, John had called Robert Jameson and had been amazed that the great novelist remembered him. After all, he'd only met Jameson for ten or fifteen minutes after the lecture in his home town, and he'd felt then that the man's interest in his writing aspirations was merely something for the crowd. But when John called Jameson, he had received the impression that Jameson was really interested in talking to him, and John had readily accepted the invitation to spend Sunday at the novelist's home.

At the ticket booth he fished his pockets for some change but found them empty. Searching through his wallet, he found no bills; only an uncashed pay check and several blank personal checks of his own. Why hadn't he cashed a check at the hotel?

Turning back to the ticket booth, he asked the girl, "How far am I from Times Square?"

"Up this street two blocks," she said.

In Times Square, he hurried to the nearest pharmacy.

"Would you cash this check for me, please?" he asked, nonchalantly tossing his pay check and identification card to the cashier.

"We cash no checks, sir," the cashier said.

He looked at the cashier in surprise, started to say something, and then snatched up his check and identification card and left the store. Slightly ruffled but not defeated, he hurried to another store and another.

All had the same standard answer—"We cash no checks."

As a last resort, it seemed logical that he could prevail on the desk clerk of a hotel to cash his check. It didn't take long to find a hotel. "Would you cash this check for me, please?" he said, presenting the pay check and identification card.

"Are you a guest at the hotel, sir?" the clerk asked.

"No, but I'm registered at the Argus Hotel in Brooklyn. See, here's my room key."

"I'm sorry, sir, but we cash checks only for hotel guests."

"Well, look. I'm in a jam. I came to Manhattan and spent more money than I had planned, and now I don't have even a nickel for subway fare. You can get a reference on me by calling the Argus Hotel."

"I'm sorry, sir, but those are our rules."

"Well, dammit, how about cashing my own personal check for a nickel so I can get back to Brooklyn?"

"I'm sorry, sir," the clerk said icily.

"What kind of cold-blooded people are you New Yorkers anyway? Do I look like a bum?" John said as he turned from the desk.

AS he stormed out of the hotel a man stepped from the shadows and whispered, "Say, doc, do you got twenty cents? I got five cents and need twenty more to make me a flop for the night."

"Man, if I had a *nickel* I'd have a flop for the night!" John blurted over his shoulder, walking on.

"Cut it out, doc. You don't look like you'd miss twenty cents," the man persisted, trotting beside him.

"Hell, no. I've got a small fortune on me, but everybody in this damned town thinks I'm a bum!"

The man slowed while his expression hardened, and falling behind a couple of steps, he said, "That's the difference, doc, I *am* a bum."

John stopped. "Oh, I'm sorry, feller. I didn't mean anything by what I said."

The bum merely grunted.

"Look, feller. I've got an uncashed pay check here. Look." He drew the check from his wallet. "And here's a bunch of blank personal checks of my own. My checking account has well over five hundred dollars in it."

"All these checks and no loose dough?" asked the bum.

"Right. I came up to Manhattan today and spent more money than I realized. I felt sure I had enough cash, but I was planning to cash a check at my hotel before I left, and I forgot. Now all I want is a nickel to get back to my hotel."

"Where're you staying, doc?"

"In Brooklyn—Hotel Argus."

The bum eyed him and finally said, "C'm'on, doc. I'll get one of those checks cashed for you."

THEY walked for several blocks until the bum turned suddenly, opened a street-level door. He motioned John in with a twist of his head and together they walked down two dimly lighted flights of stairs. A door at the bottom of the stairway opened into an equally dim room with a few chairs in it and a makeshift bar at one end. There was an odor of stale sweat. Six men in undershirts were drinking a colorless liquid from large kitchen-variety tumblers.

One of the men sitting back in a corner began to whistle Melancholy Day so far off key that the tune was almost unidentifiable. The memories brought to life by the song made John shudder and he thought of Louise. If she could only see him now, she'd be more convinced than ever that he'd end up in a dive like this if he went through with this writing notion.

The bum approached the proprietor and engaged him in conversation for several minutes. The proprietor shifted his glance restlessly from the bum to John and responded with the usual answer, "Nope."

When they reached the street again, John savored the fresh air. "We didn't do too well, did we?" he said.

"I only went there because it was the closest. We'll do better at another place I know. The boss and I are just like this," the bum promised, crossing two fingers.

During the next half hour John was introduced to three more establishments of slightly more than dubious reputation. The company was getting progressively worse, and still nobody had agreed to cash a check for even a nickel.

"Look, feller. I've got no choice on this now. I've got to hike it," John finally decided.

"Don't give up too easy, doc. It's a long walk to Brooklyn. I've got another place to try."

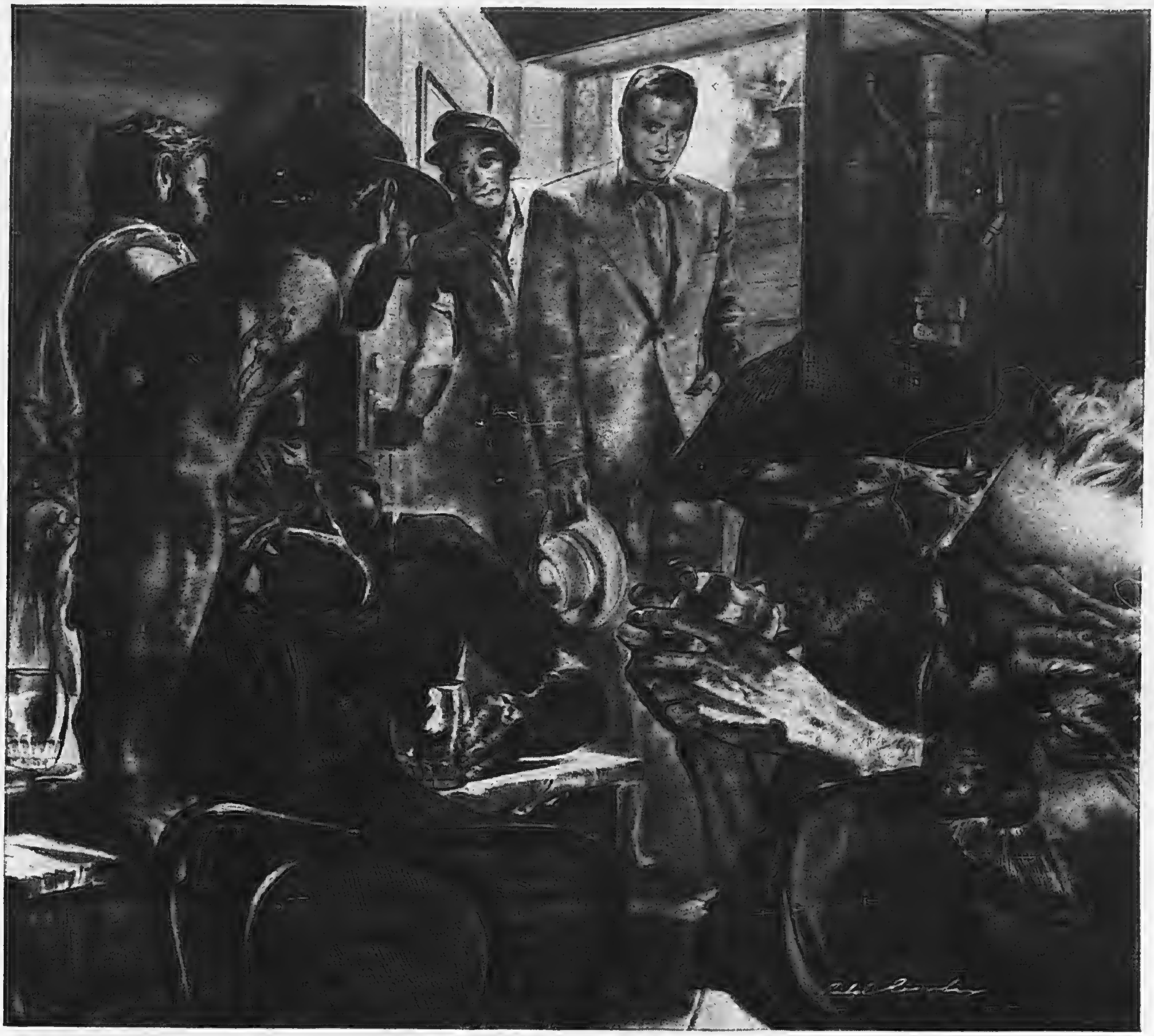
"Nothing doing. I've got a very important engagement at nine o'clock tomorrow morning. I've got to get to that hotel and get some sleep," John said.

"What made you go way to Brooklyn for a room?" the bum asked.

"Well, I came from out of town on business for my company. I was sent unexpectedly, and my company wired several hotels before they found me a room. Even at that, the best they could do was a hotel out in Brooklyn."

"You mean to tell me that your company will telegraph ahead to get you a hotel room?" the bum asked incredulously.

"Why, certainly. They'd never



If Louise could see him now she'd be convinced that he'd end up in a dive like this if he went through with this writing notion.

have sent me if they didn't have a place for me to stay for the night," John said smoothly. "I never have to worry about such things."

"Huh. That's certainly something." And then, after a moment's hesitation, the bum said, "Say, doc, I'll tell you what. You take this nickel I've got and scramble yourself into a subway and get back to your hotel."

John stopped short and turned to look at the bum. "Would you give me your last nickel so I could get to bed for the night?"

"Sure. I can bum a quarter as easy as a couple of dimes," the bum responded with a broad grin.

"I couldn't take it from you. I'd feel like a louse."

"Don't be a damned fool. Here, take it," and he handed John the grimy coin.

"You're sure some guy. Could I give you a check or something?"

"You saw how good I am at cashing checks," the bum laughed. "No, you take it and I'll write it off as my good deed for the day."

"I hate to do this, but I'm certainly grateful for it. You're saving my life. That engagement I've got in the morning means an awful lot to me," John said sincerely.

"That's O.K. Your subway is right over there."

"Yeah, that's right. Thanks a lot, feller. What are *you* going to do for the night?"

"Don't worry about me. I'll find me a flop."

"Well, O.K. Thanks an awful lot. S'long, feller."

"S'long, doc."

John walked slowly to the subway entrance and before going down the stairs turned to see if his benefactor had gone. The bum was standing on the opposite street corner with his hands in his pockets watching him closely. John waved good-by and the bum responded with a dignified nod of his head. As he walked down the stairs and carefully dropped the coin in the slot, John thought of the reaction of the bum to his plight. "The poor guy gave up his last nickel so I could go to bed for the night. And I'm worried about insecurity if I take a flyer on this writing deal. If he doesn't worry about having no money in his pockets and no place to sleep tonight, why should I worry when I already have so much more than he has? When I get back home I'm going to give the boss my notice and take a crack at it! I'll be a writer or know the reason why!"

The bum watched him walk to the subway entrance. "So there's what I've been missing for all these years," the bum muttered softly. "One of his week's pay checks looks like a fortune to me, and his company telegraphs to get him a flop for the night! And me, I louse around bumming quarters for a flop. Oh, hell, I'm going to get me a job!"

THE END

Uncle Sam Lets Go

BY STACY V. JONES

ATLANTIC
OCEAN
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PHOTO BY EMIL HERMAN

The country's top real-estate salesman—Brig. General John J. O'Brien, director of real-property disposal for the War Assets Administration.

In the past nine years the federal government has acquired enough land to cover more than all New England. Now, tax-hungry communities can smile again, as the biggest real-estate sale in history begins

UNCLE SAM is the nation's No. 1 landholder. In the last nine years alone he has bought, condemned, and otherwise acquired enough acreage to cover a map of the six New England states and all of New York State east of Utica. His holdings are particularly extensive in the West. For example, three quarters of Nevada is government owned. Arizona and Utah are almost in the same fix, and more than 50 per cent of Idaho, Oregon, and Wyoming have fallen into the federal land kitty. California and New Mexico are close behind.

Federal landholdings have grown tremendously in spite of efforts in Congress to put on the brakes. Impoverished communities have long clamored against excessive government realty holdings, and with good reason. They've had to kiss good-by to revenues from properties large and small, city and rural. For only in certain special cases can they tax federally owned property.

But for tax-hungry communities there is a ray of hope. It shines from the office of the War Assets Administration, successor to the Surplus Property Board. The WAA has the enormous task of disposing promptly of all the federal landholdings that the government departments will let go.

To do this job, a vigorous brigadier general, John J. O'Brien, has been drafted from the War Department. General O'Brien had acquired for the Army a total area bigger than England and Scotland combined. The bulk of it he borrowed from other departments for bombing, gunnery, and maneuvers in the Southwest and West. But he bought about 6,000,000 acres outright, by negotiation or condemnation.

This turned the life of many a farmer topsy-turvy. While his boys went off to war, his land was invaded by his own government. Under the Second War Powers Act his property could be taken almost overnight, and often was. He and his family had to move out pronto to make way for a landing strip or a powder factory.

Now General O'Brien is reversing the program, getting the farmer back onto the land and back onto the assessor's rolls. Former owners have first priority to repurchase their places, if federal and local governments don't claim them. The price is the market or the owner's sale price, adjusted for changes made by the government—whichever is lower.

Take the case of the Dolansky family, probably typical of many displaced Americans. In January, 1942, Joseph Dolansky sold his 107-acre fruit farm at Youngstown, New York, to the War Department to form part of the Lake Ontario Ordnance Works. The Dolanskys received $17,800, and moved to another farm. Now Joseph Dolansky's widow and their sons have bought it back for $9,500. But the difference isn't war profit for them. The Farm Credit Administration cut the price because of a drainage ditch about thirty feet deep and forty feet wide built by the government. It isolated part of the farm and the Dolanskys will have to bridge it.

Again, at Marion, Ohio, the Irvine R. Monette family has moved back into the modern eight-room house on the eighty-acre farm which it sold to the government for part of the Scioto Ordnance Plant. The government paid $11,000 for it and knocked off $500 on the resale because of changes in the buildings, windmill, and fence. At this writing two of the Monette boys have been discharged and one is still in uniform.

Most of the good earth released to General O'Brien as surplus has been bought back by its former owners. But about a quarter of the War Department's 6,000,000 acres wouldn't raise anything but mortgages, in the general's opinion, and will be turned into the public domain as submarginal.

Maybe you didn't know we had war-torn areas in this country other than the juke joints in war-boom towns. But before O'Brien can put them on the market or open them for any use, vast areas have to be cleared of duds. By spring, Army engineers had reduced 8,000,000 dangerous acres to a mere 2,500,000.

MILLIONS of dud practice bombs which our airmen left scattered now have to be spotted and made harmless. The practice bomb weighs 100 pounds and has in its tail three pounds of black powder, enough to make a bang and a puff of smoke so the aviator can score his results. It's easy enough to take the sting out of these by stacking and burning them or by splitting them open to let water in. Not so with the more dangerous bombs and artillery shells. There's a nasty 1,000-pound high-explosive bomb, for instance, which the engineers have to blow up with fifteen pounds of TNT and a blasting cap.

The desert area has already been cleared up by a unit of some 200 men from the Ninth Service Command at Salt Lake City. Elsewhere a half dozen bomb-disposal crews now move from range to range dedudding. For searchers they have used German prisoners, troops, and even high-school boys. A private contractor with a crew of ex-servicemen has cleaned up a number of ranges in the Southwest.

Their perpetual Fourth of July becomes a bore eventually, and the engineers, who are mostly young fellows, welcome variety. At the Fort Fisher bombing range they found a three-inch conical mortar shell fired during the Civil War when the fort guarded Wilmington, North Carolina, last open port of the Confederacy. They dutifully tried to detonate the eighty-year-old shell. It didn't go off, but there were still traces of powder in it.

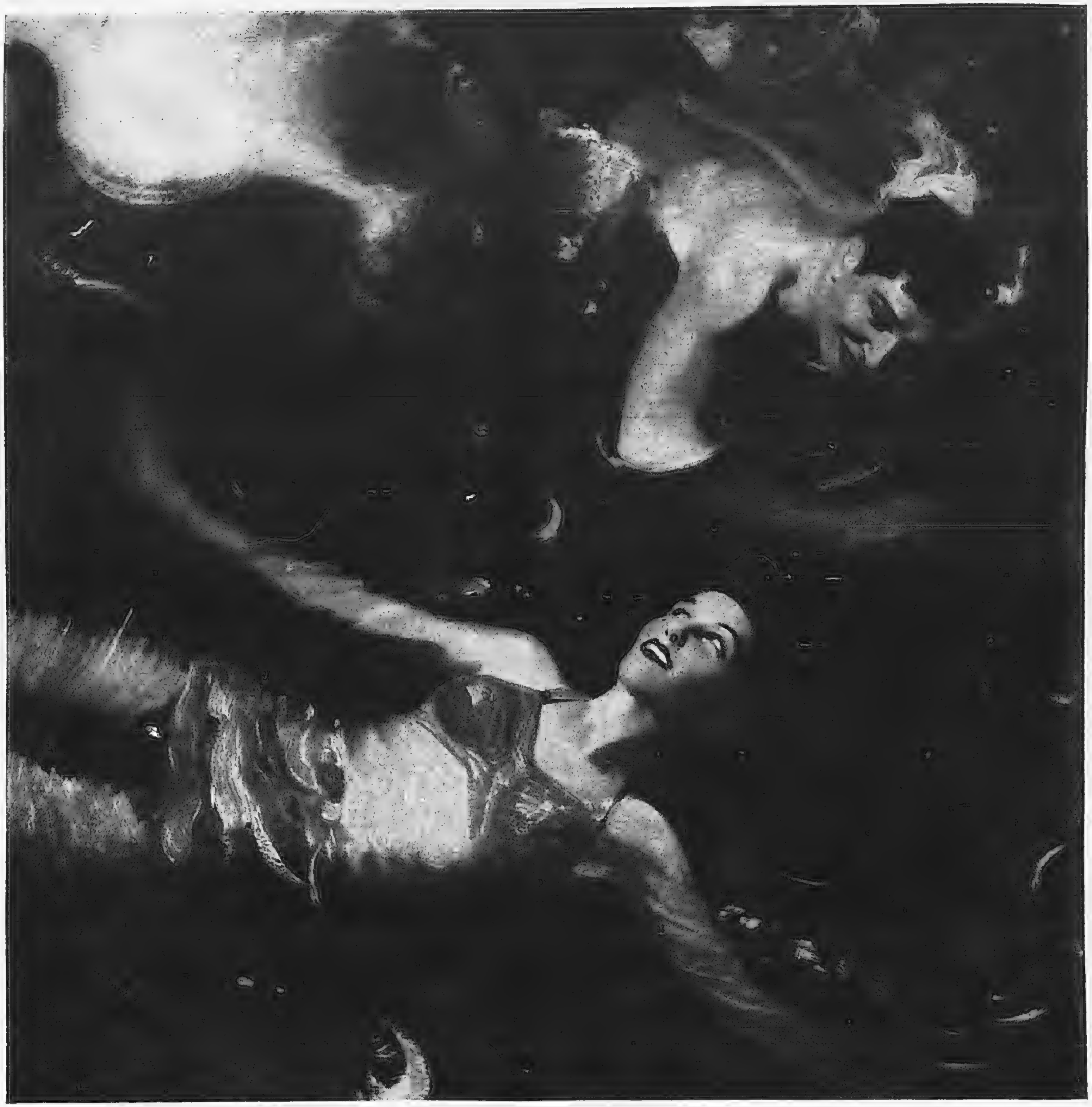
From an army airfield in Florida a party solemnly reported to the War Department having destroyed as dangerous items 46 burster tubes, 20 fuses, 4 black-powder spotting charges, and 1 six-foot rattlesnake. "In the opinion of the detachment commander," wrote that officer, Captain Paul Little, "the land on this range is now suitable for public use of any kind."

(*Continued on page 58*)

Vast areas of desert land were used for practice bombing. Before this land can be put to any use, millions of dud bombs must be made harmless.

DEPT. OF INTERIOR PHOTOS

Most of the good earth released to Gen. O'Brien as war surplus has been bought back by its former owners, who have first priority to repurchase their places. . .



"I'll meet you under the third breaker at eight," she had said. Next morning we met, but on the top of the third breaker.

The doctor had prescribed a deserted island for Bob's jangled nerves. He said nothing about sharing it with a lovely barefooted girl. Yet somehow that, too, turned out to be just what the doctor ordered

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

Naked at Noon

BY TOM POWERS

I WAS sitting in a train with Captain Thad Braun, my best army crony, coming East again. We were conquering heroes, rolling homeward.

Thad's father was an estimable brewer in Brooklyn. Thad said he lived with his parents in an architectural nightmare on the Heights. He also told me about his family's island off South Carolina.

"Look, Bob," he said. "It's going to be hard for you to get used to New York again. So when you go berserk, as you will, skip out. Here's a note. Go to this address and give it to the colored man whose name it bears. He'll put you in a sailboat and take you to the most restful place on God's slightly battered earth."

I looked at the envelope: "Venusville, South Carolina," and pocketed the letter, little dreaming how soon I would use it.

The New York platform slid by us and stopped. Thad and I said good-by. There was Helen's mother's old chauffeur looking for me. And there was Helen's mother looking cool and beautiful. And there was Helen, my fiancée, looking warm and beautiful. I was home. I was a civilian again, on Manhattan Island! And in two days I couldn't stand it. I'd have traded it for Attu.

Everything was climaxed when I blew up at an exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. I grabbed Helen by her slender beautiful hand and led her, quite precipitately to the elevator. I didn't really *drag* her, but our descent to Fifty-third Street could not have been called slow.

She didn't speak to me until I got her home. Then we had what might be called our first completely frank conversation. I tried to explain how I felt.

"I know," she said, so calmly. "I've been thoughtless. I've taken you to too many things. I'm so sorry. I'll try not to upset you again."

I told her what Thad had said. I showed her the envelope. "His family owns a place they call The Shack. It's off South Carolina, on an island called the Porcupine—because it's the shape of a porcupine. That's where I want to go, if there's time before the wedding."

"I want you to do what you think best," she said. "But there's something I want you to do for me."

"What is it, Helen?"

"Go to Dr. Raphael. Tell him everything and ask his advice. Will you do that?"

I went to Dr. Raphael and he was a nice guy. He said, sure, that island was the perfect place for me to work out my problem for a week or two. He also recommended that I lie naked in the sun for at least two hours each midday and sleep, if possible. He said to see no one, good-by, and he envied the hell out of me.

THE train drew into Venusville. A Tobacco Road taxi driver took me to the colored man. His name was Bope Zands. He lived in a tumbledown house on the shore.

Bope was a smiling, friendly man. He got in the cab and we bought about a ton of supplies. We loaded the stuff into his sailboat.

The sail across the sheltered water was an idyl. The island was bigger than I had expected. At the lower end, a big rock made the flat head of the porcupine. As we rounded the rock, I saw the Shack, and anything less like a shack I couldn't imagine. It was a little house out of a child's storybook, green roof, brown walls, yellow door and shutters. Pine trees rose up back of it.

Inside, the house was what you might pray for: big stone fireplace, around the walls padded seats that could be used for bunks, bookshelves, wood carvings. Just that one big room and a kitchen.

Bope went down to his boat, yanked on the tiller, and the wind filled the sail.

"Like I say," he grinned as he glided past me, "make yo'self at home. And if you don't want no company, jest you stay down here on your own end of the Porcupine. Good day, Mister Robert."

Toward twilight it began to rain, hard. I lit a fire and felt that snug indoors feeling. Rain on the roof, smell of hamburger in the frying pan, coffee bubbling in the percolator.

I ate and lay relaxed on the cushioned bunk, listening to the last drops from the tall trees. The house got warm and I opened the door. I stretched lazy legs and watched the dark sea until it all became a blur, and I slept.

SOMETHING moved. I didn't know what it was. I knew I had been asleep for a long time. Everything was quiet, but I felt that something had moved. Then, through the window, I saw it. A glow of some sort was moving stealthily away in the dark. It moved into a clearing between tree trunks and I saw it clearly. It was a bucket or a pot with a handle, and inside it was something burning. The glow showed a forearm and a hand on the handle carrying it away, carrying some of my fire in a bucket. I watched, fascinated, until it moved off and disappeared.

Next morning I was awakened by the sun. I went outside. On the rock before the door was a note, held down by a stone. It was written in pencil on ordinary typewriter paper in a definitely female hand.

It said: "Afraid you saw me stealing White Man's fire from under your nose. Damned rain soaked my matches. Will not disturb you again unless I think of something else I want to steal. God bless our solitude. Let's respect it, shall we?"

There was no signature.

While I was eating breakfast I found myself looking back up into the woods. The sun got hot. About noon I took a plank from the driftwood on the beach and made a signboard which I set up between two stakes driven into the ground. On it I printed with charcoal the following notice:

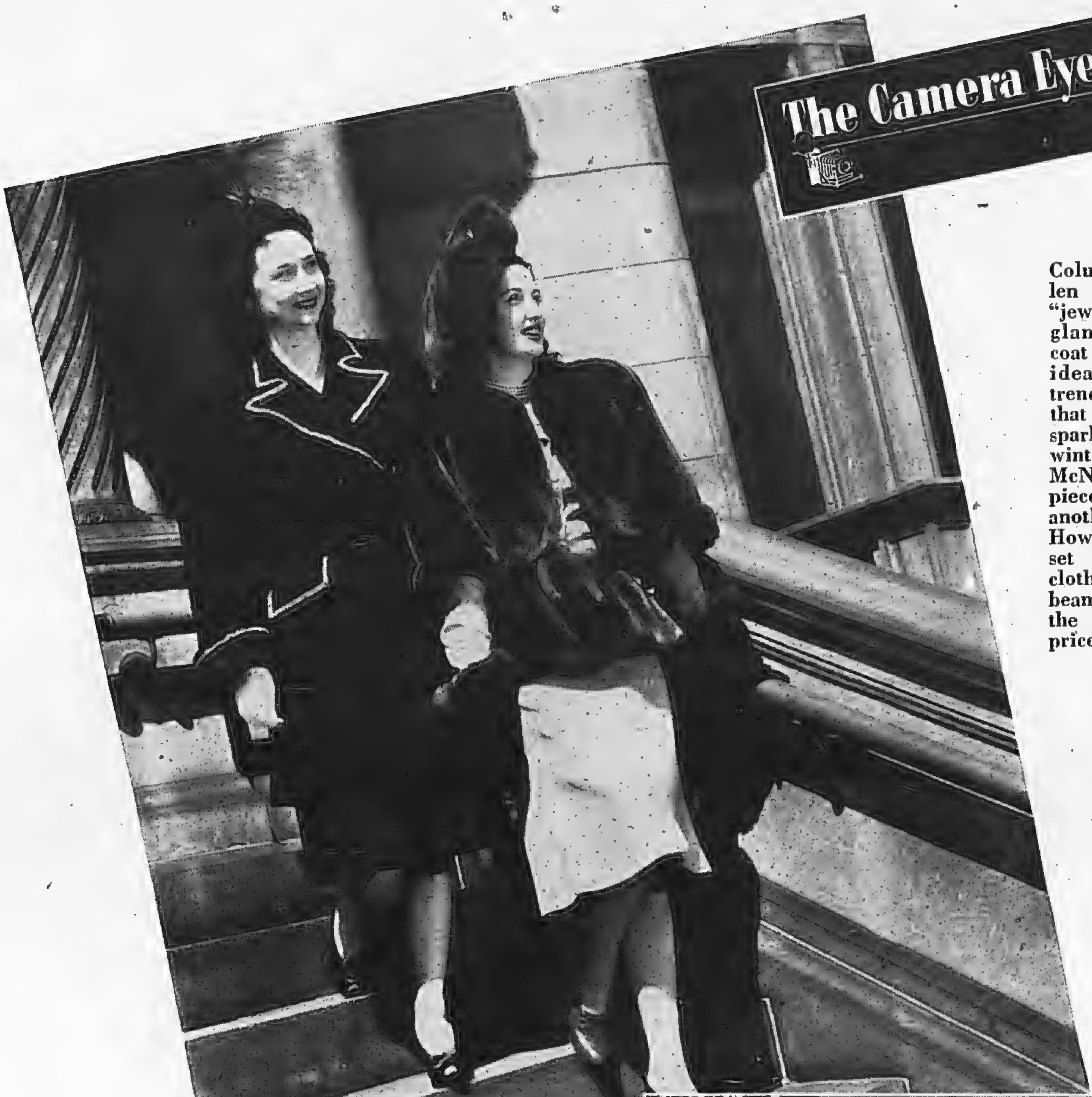
> Here I sleep at noon each day.
> Take advice and keep away.

I left my clothes indoors, spread a towel on the rock, and started following the doctor's orders.

I must have slept the prescribed two hours, for I woke feeling sore from the hard rock, but refreshed and warm with sunburn, which meant little to me after blazing months in the Pacific. I dragged myself up toward the house and looked back at the sparkling water. My eye

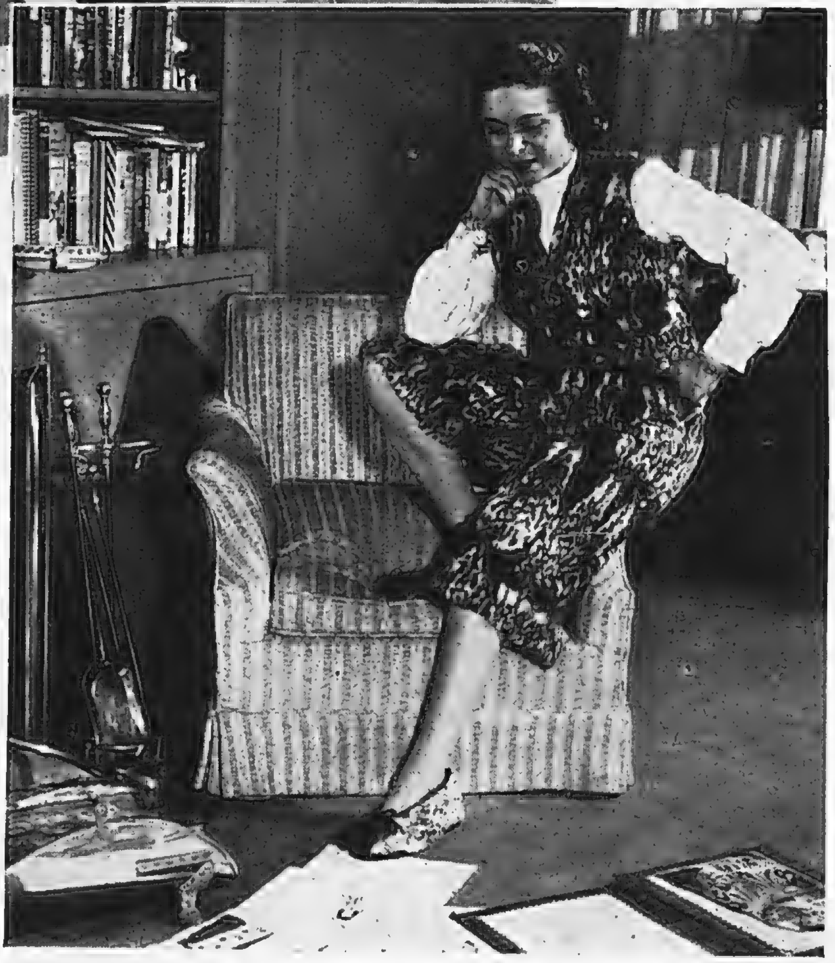
(*Continued on page 70*)

The Camera Eye



Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen (left). The mirror "jewels" that outline this glamorous Persian-lamb coat introduce a brand-new idea in furs—the glitter trend. It is safe to suppose that even $250 caraculs will sparkle with sequins this winter. Songstress Maggi McNellis (right). Her four-piece nutria ensemble shows another new fur trend. However, a matched fur set added to last year's cloth coat will look on the beam of fashion. And if the fur were mouton, the price could be under $75.

Working at home with her sketches, designer Emily Wilkens wears this amusing ensemble of shorts, vest, and slippers. It was first shown by Esther Dorothy at her fashion show at the Ritz, mainly to add some spice. It's made of Periwitzki, a kind of sable.



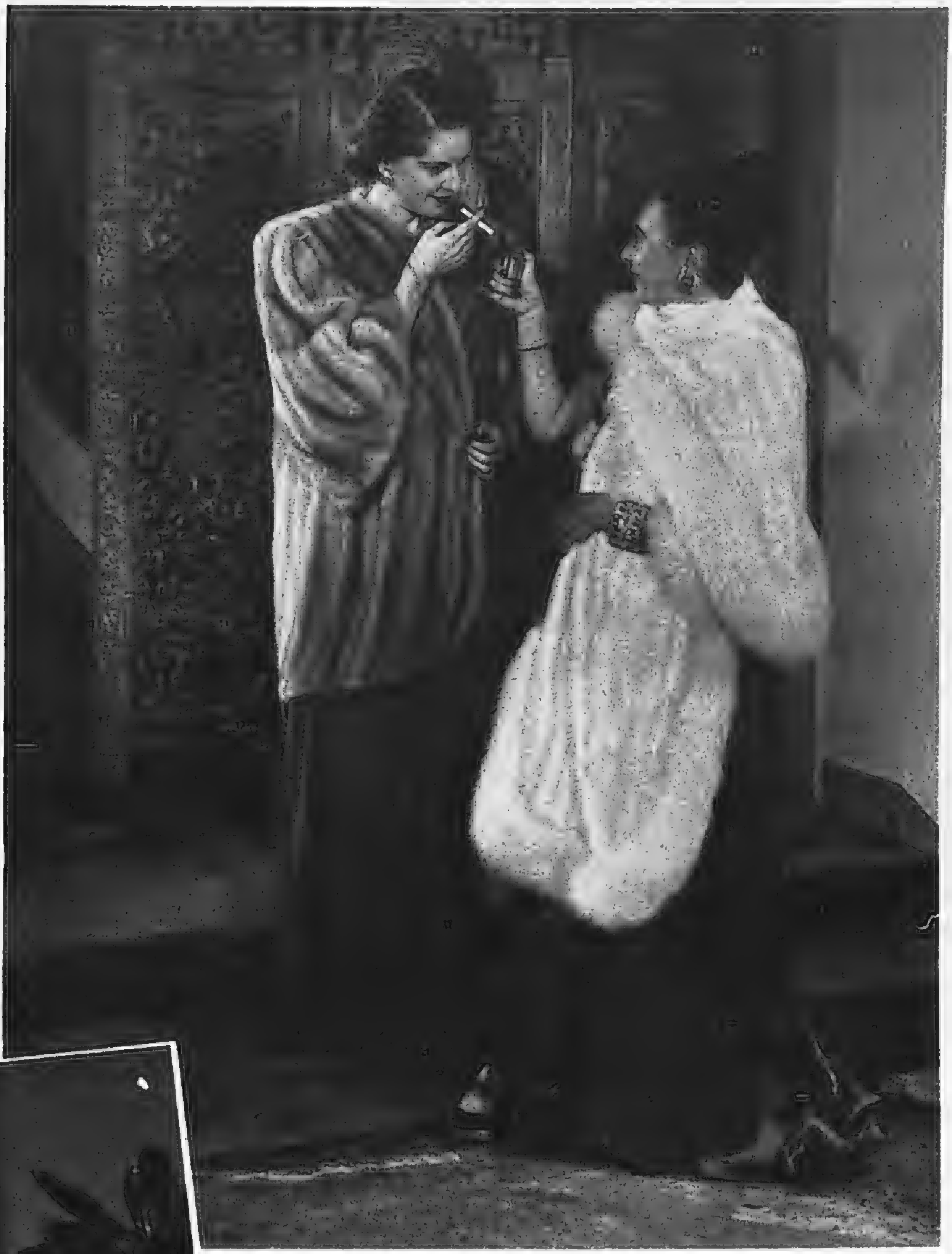
That Park Avenue Look at Main Street Prices

BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

ONLY a handful of Americans can pay the prices of the original luxury furs shown on these pages. But chances are that any girl with four or five hundred dollars to spend, or less, can wear furs this winter with equally smart lines and last-minute styling.

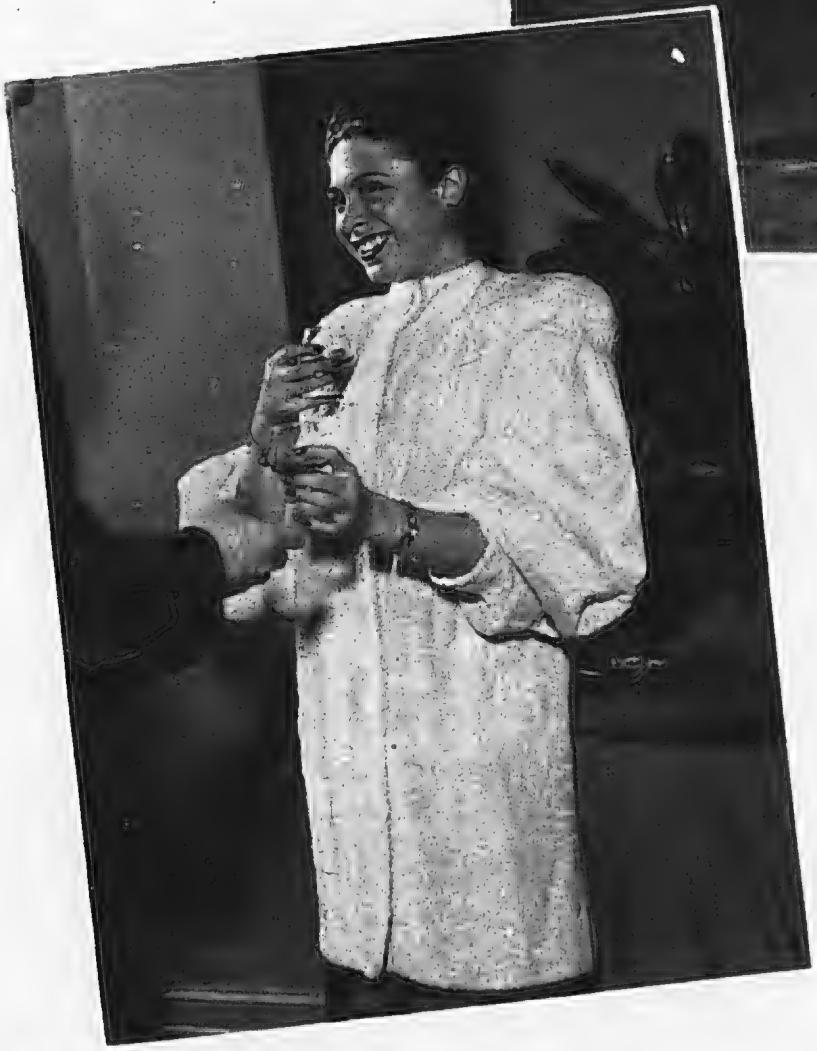
It's fun to dream of mink, but it's warmer to *wear* muskrat. And these days better muskrats are often hard to distinguish from lower-priced minks. Likewise, South American lamb sheared down flat at $350 a short coat passes many a sharp eye for its aristocratic cousin, Russian broadtail, a $2,000 item.

The trick is in the styling. The furs modeled on these pages by some of America's outstanding women are the product of Esther Dorothy, a noted New York fur designer. Because she designs for the ultra-smart woman, Dorothy's fashions are always lavish and dramatic. Yet they are wearable, not faddish. Furriers everywhere can adapt the main features at prices within the average woman's reach. That's why, this winter, Main Street and Park Avenue will both be wearing new cutaways, new stoles, new dropped shoulders and push-up sleeves.



Author Isabel Leighton (left). This cut-away hemline is not limited to honey-toned mink worth a king's ransom such as shown here. It will have just the same Cavalier air on a "let-out" (striped like mink) muskrat. Designer Esther Dorothy (right). Presenting the "stole," a combination of a cape and a scarf. For the average girl, white rabbit can substitute for this costly ermine. Every kind of fur will be made into stoles if that new fashion catches on as predicted.

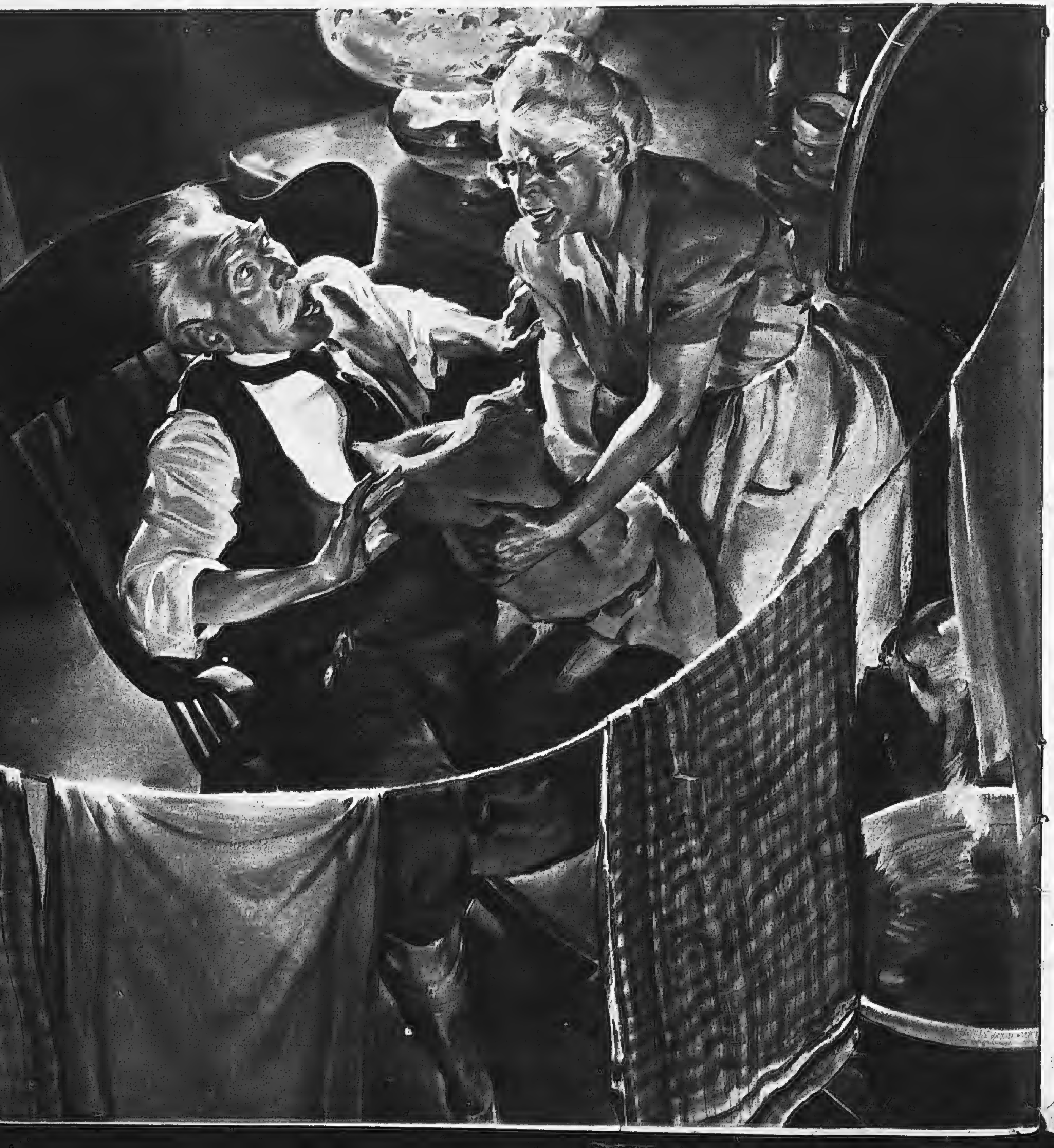
PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN



This sleek sumptuous broadtail coat Miss Wilkens wears is a treasure chest of style trends in its fish-tail back, its dropped shoulder line, and those prodigious push-up sleeves that will be popular for cloth coats, raincoats, and even for house coats.

The Old Blunderbuss

The frantic judge tried to slide away. "Hey!" he yelled. "I won't do it! Hold a fresh baby by myself? Take it away!"



Nobody had ever told Grandpa off, so why wouldn't he be flabbergasted to discover that even at his age there can still be a first time?

BY GEORGIA MAXWELL ROBERTSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

THE day stretched emptily ahead as a day sometimes stretches when one is a visitor in a small town. Judge Ward was bored. The judge needed people to differ with; his coachman to engage and defeat on matters of speed and routes and the condition of his matched chestnuts; his office to march through, looking neither to right nor left, yet seeing the scared lifted face of each stenographer and the anxious countenance of Baily, the chief clerk, as he bent over ledgers of matchless Spencerian penmanship.

But here, in his daughter's home, the judge had none of these stimulating contacts. Here was only a family to absorb irritation and, he remembered hopefully, Mamie, the hired girl.

But Mamie's usual high humor and raucous laugh vanished the minute the judge stepped through the front door. She scurried from any room he entered and telephoned the livery stable the instant her work was done, for Horace, her husband, to come with the buckboard and take her home across the tracks. For now that Mamie was going to have a baby, she gave only part-time service.

So Judge Ward stood thinking up new and amusing ways to intimidate Mamie, who at that moment appeared on the porch, broom in hand.

"What're you going to name it?" he shot at her.

She let out a squeak. "Oh, I didn't see you here, Judge Ward!"

She balanced her ungainly body preparatory to ducking back into the house. "I—I'm going to name him Horace, of course—after his father."

"Prob'ly be a girl," he said.

"Horace wants it to be a son."

"To take over his livery stable—be a veterinarian, I suppose," the judge grunted, feeling the happy glow inside him that always came as contention began.

Mamie shot an anguished look at the old man and fled into the house. Judge Ward chuckled.

This McNeal household was always uneasy at his coming. Edith, his lovely dark-haired daughter, brought a harried face to the depot when meeting him; James, her husband, had little to say; but Jeanie couldn't be reached by any stab of her grandfather's anger, any more than could her brother Richy. The little blind boy's amused outlook on life included his grandfather and twisted every savage mood of the old man into a shout of "Why, grandfather's just fooling! Can't you see he is?"

The judge stomped through the house to the dining room. His irritation flared as he saw the family sitting at the breakfast table.

"Well!" the judge snapped. "Why wasn't I called to breakfast! Fine thing! A guest has to watch out or the family is finished with a meal before he's even told it's ready!"

Edith's hands flew up in dismay. "Why, father! I told Jeanie to go up and call you—we were sitting here waiting for you."

Judge Ward sat down. "Fine thing!" he repeated. "Makes me feel welcome indeed. Jeanie!" he turned on her. "If I wasn't in my room when you were sent to call me, why didn't you look for me—and find me?"

The little girl smiled sunnily at him, lifted the cream pitcher and poured slowly while the rich yellow lumps plopped into her oatmeal. "I don't go into a gentleman's room when he's in bed or dressing," she told him primly. "Anyhow, you know we have breakfast at eight. Why didn't you look at your big gold watch and chain, then come when it's eight?"

The judge snapped, "Your daughter is getting saucy. That's either lack of training or inheritance—or both!" He cooled his coffee by pouring it into his saucer and blowing on it—which irritated Edith so much that he never failed to do it. He looked under his shaggy brows at his son-in-law. "I'm going down to the store with you this morning, James. I want to look over the books with old Tom. Since Thad and Helda left to go into Kirk's Chicago store, I suspect that old Tom's way behind—"

"Oh, father, I wish you wouldn't!" Edith remonstrated. "Old Tom's nervous about criticism and—"

Her father with one stroke sliced off the top of his egg in its eggcup. "So you pamper him. Well, I'm not afraid to hurt his feelings!" He glanced at Jeanie, who was quietly slipping down from her chair, to the kitchen for more milk.

PUSHING open the kitchen door, she saw Mamie with face buried in the roller towel, crying.

Jeanie ran to her. "Why, Mamie! Do grown-ups cry, too?"

Mamie sniffed, pulled the towel around to a fresh spot and mopped her eyes. "I'm just an old silly, honey, but he makes me so mad!"

"Grandfather? Oh, don't mind him. He makes everyone mad. He likes to. Inside, he's soft as oatmeal. Likes to scare folks, but when he can't, he folds up just like an umbrella. Always!"

Mamie sniffed again. "Wouldn't I like to fold him up! He ain't got no business to be mean to a body that can't answer back. A hired girl can't."

Jeanie's eyes fastened on Mamie's face. A hired girl couldn't answer back! But that was mean of grandfather! She'd tell him so!

SHE rushed back to the breakfast table. "You better look out!" She glowered at her grandfather. "You just better look out! Mother, will you tie my hair ribbons?" She backed up to her mother.

Edith tied the ribbons, drew Jeanie against her in a swift caress, then pointed at Jeanie's feet. "You've buttoned your right shoe up crooked," she said. "And pull your stockings straight and neat."

Jeanie straightened her long black stockings, then wagged her head at her grandfather. "Yes, sir," she said severely, "you just better look out! Lots of times you're wrong, like when our store didn't fail 'cause father advertised like you said he shouldn't, and now our store has lots of money. It's not that you don't know a lot," she explained kindly to the senior partner of Chicago's great law firm, "but you're just not up to snuff!" She went to throw her arms about her grandfather's neck. "But I love you anyway." She gave him a sounding kiss, then with his napkin removed a bit of egg from his white mustache. She danced off to the hall. The front door banged.

Her grandfather cringed. "Should think the glass in that door would be shivered to bits the way that tomboy— I'd like another piece of toast." Happy to see there was none, he roared, "Mamie—toast!" When he saw the harried anxiety on her broad face as she scooted through the door, his satisfaction in the day returned. It could still be a good day, filled with masculine power and fury.

"Edith," he said, "seems to me when I'm a guest here only a few days, you needn't have that Mrs. Judson, the seamstress, here. Bolts of cloth, bastings—"

James sighed. "Spring and fall we have to endure having the house a tangle of nainsook, Valenciennes laces for corset covers, brush braids—"

"Well," the judge snorted, "I'll get out this morning and leave you, Edith, with your pins and your gussets. I'm going with James."

When the two men drove up to the store, James jerked the hitching strap tight on the bar that flanked the plank sidewalk. "I wish you wouldn't bother old Tom with his books," he said. "Why not help in the storeroom? Benny's unpacking a shipment of cotton-flannel nightshirts."

The old man agreed. "I'll see to Benny—see to old Tom too." He put one elastic-sided shoe on the buggy step, braced himself with his gold-headed cane, and slipped down to the road.

It was a tough morning to endure. Old Tom, proud of his neat entries, became confused under the judge's prying; his explanation of his system became incoherent when his results were challenged. By noon he was speechless, and the new boy, Benny, was ready to bawl.

Judge Ward climbed into the buggy beside James with the agility of a young man. "Only noon," he said happily; "only dinnertime, and I've got things straightened out in the office and storeroom so well I won't need to go back."

"No," James agreed wearily. "No, I think you can take the afternoon off."

After dinner the judge drove Edith and Jeanie down to the dentist. On his way back he squinted at the sky. "Looks queer," he muttered. "Unseasonably hot—greenish color on that cloud coming up in the north. I'll hitch Dexter in front, then go out in the kitchen and check supplies."

IN the kitchen, he found Mamie slipping a pie from the oven. The odor of hot apple and cinnamon filled the room. "I can't eat such hot pie," he complained, noting the panic on Mamie's face. "But I'd like another wedge of that chocolate cake we had this noon—with milk. You needn't get the milk," he added hastily. "I'll get it."

He went into the cold pantry, then with the skimmer he deftly lifted the entire thick yellow crust of cream from the shallow pan of milk. He laid it carefully across the top of his wedge of cake. "H'm," he commented. "Mamie—too much soda in this cake!"

"There ain't none in it." She said brokenly, "I feel—very queer. I never felt so queer. I want to go home to Horace. Now!" A tear started down her round cheek. "After all, sir, it is my afternoon off!"

"Afternoon off!" he snorted. "All a hired girl thinks of these days is her afternoon off, and you getting three dollars a week. Well, go on, then. But there's a bad storm coming up—a bad one."

"You could maybe drive me home, sir," she quavered, her eyes round with the enormity of this request. "I feel terrible!"

He put down his empty plate, carefully wiped his mustache, then took a mighty chew of his Climax plug, rammed it back in his pocket. "Of all the tarnation— Well, I'll drive you home, then." He squinted out the window. "Ink black in the west—yellow underneath. I don't like it. Oh, stop blubbering! I'll drive you home."

The storm struck before they reached the reservoir outside town.

"It's a cyclone!" Mamie screamed. "Coming right at us!"

The judge said savagely, "It isn't coming at us—it's veering to the north of town. But here comes the rain! I should have buttoned on the side curtains!" He cut Dexter with the whip. The horse leaped, jerking the buggy through the slanting deluge that drove in on them.

"Afternoon off!" panted the judge, his eyeglasses riding high on his thin old nose, his eyes gleaming coldly out at the storm as if daring that writhing funnel to cross his path.

Above the thunder, Mamie shouted, "We've—we've got to stop—right now!" She grabbed his arm. "Unless you want my baby to be born right here in this buggy. I tell you we've got to stop—right now!"

Very frequently a fight for what is right degenerates into a quarrel for what is left.—*Wit & Wisdom.*

He glared. "What do you mean! Don't you dare to—"

"There's a house! Stop there! It's Miz Tennen's. Oh, I hope she's home!" Mamie was beside herself.

"Of all the messes to drag me into!" he groaned, reining Dexter into the driveway. "If I ever get rid of you, Mamie— Well, stop bellering!"

With averted face he helped Mamie down, took her arm and steered the terrified girl into the slashing storm up to the porch. He looked at her. "Good Lord! Is it as bad as that, girl?"

She nodded, said between white lips, "Suppose she isn't home!"

"She'd better be home!" he thundered, pushing Mamie up the broken steps. He kicked at the unpainted door, kicked again, then turned the knob. The door gave, the wind roared in with them. He finally got it closed again.

A BRITTLE-LOOKING old lady ran in from the kitchen. "Land sakes!" she cried, "if it isn't Mamie Klofield—and Judge Ward!"

"A pretty kettle of fish!" stormed the old man, shaking rain from his shoulders, snatching off his glasses to wipe them. "The storm drove us in here. Mamie's going to have her baby."

Mrs. Tennen, with a terrified glance at the judge, hustled Mamie into the bedroom.

The judge rumbled with satisfaction in their rout. Now he'd get the hell out of here, drive home, get into a hot bath beside the kitchen stove. He sighed with the thought of that luxury. As Mrs. Tennen emerged timidly from the bedroom he snapped, "Get a doctor, woman, and be damned quick about it!"

HE saw Mrs. Tennen cringe as if from a blow. He allowed his eyeglasses to drop from his high old nose into his hand, swung the glasses gently on their chain. Somehow the pendulous motion never had failed to complete the intimidation of his victim. He smiled now as her eyes glassily followed the motion. Then, at a smothered outcry from the bedroom, she jerked erect. A red flush came into her sallow cheeks. She faced the judge, arms akimbo, head wagging defiantly. "Get a doctor!" she mimicked. "A cyclone about to unroof my house, a baby beginning to be born in there, and he says 'Get a doctor' as if doctors could be plucked off every bush." Her eyes snapped. "You and I'll be all the doctor this girl gets, my man."

"What do you mean!" he shouted.

"Mamie—get your clothes off and get into that bed," the old lady shouted over her shoulder. "Stop crying! You aren't the only girl that ever had a baby. And you!" She turned back to the judge. "You get out to the kitchen, fill the big kettles, then build up such a fire as you haven't built up ever. Get going, mister—that's your job!"

He stood there, outraged. "Do you know who I am?" he inquired icily.

"I don't care if you're St. Peter with a coupla trumpets going full blast! You get going, mister. Scoot!" She hurried into the bedroom.

The old man stood there chewing furiously, spitting expertly at the painted china spittoon that stood by the hearth.

He furtively eyed the front door, took a step toward it, then at a sharp outcry from the bedroom, he moved to the kitchen. He found a knife and shaved kindlings from shingles in the wood box. He crumpled a newspaper, dropped it in the stove, added his shavings and rosin-filled pieces of stovewood. He smiled as flame roared up; dusted his thin hands. "You never forget how," he said, "never."

Driven by sounds of anguish, he found kettles, settled them on the stove, pumping water from the cistern pump. He angrily watched Mrs. Tennen bring things and put them in the oven.

"Don't let that cloth burn!" she directed. "Watch it!"

"I'm going home now," he told her. "I've made your fire and filled your kettles. I'm through!"

"You're not going home!" Her mouth looked like a sprung trap. "You watch those cloths in the oven, keep that fire up and the water boiling. I'll need you later," she said ominously. "There's a new life at

(*Continued on page 76*)

HORRORS!

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Some 75,000,000 people find amusement in ghouls, vampires, haunted castles, mad scientists, and the like. To please them, Hollywood has developed the fine art of spine-chilling

A CHEERFUL, funny gentleman named Val Lewton, one of Hollywood's major horror experts, has presented the nation's approximately 75,000,000 horror-picture fans with such choice terror tidbits as The Cat People, The Curse of the Cat People, The Seventh Victim, Leopard Man, I Walked with a Zombie, The Body Snatcher, Ghost Ship, The Isle of the Dead, and the recently released Bedlam. His pictures cost around $100,000 and gross up to a million. Horror has become Big Business.

Boris Karloff at work in a scene from The Body Snatcher. The latest Val Lewton chiller-diller based on Robert Louis Stevenson's story concerning a murderous grave robber.

Val Lewton, Hollywood's low-budget maker of pictures with a high horror rating.

Val Lewton heads what historians of the Film Age will call School of Gentle Horror, as distinguished from the School of Satanic Horror, which produced Frankenstein, The Mummy, Dracula, The Mad Ghoul, The Wolf Man. His disciples sneer at the sledge-hammer approach to horror and scorn frightful make-up, werewolves, blood-sucking vampires, torture chambers, and mad scientists.

His horror assembly line is greased with good spirits. Some time ago an RKO executive passing by Val Lewton's office heard Homeric laughter.

"What's going on in there?" the executive asked. "They prepping a new comedy for Leon Errol?"

"No," said the secretary. "Mr. Lewton's working on The Body Snatcher."

The Body Snatcher is based on a story by Robert Louis Stevenson, "set against the anatomy rooms in Edinburgh's medical school in 1832, and the mysterious hide-out of the city's leading grave robber." It involves a famous surgeon who has to deal with a murderous grave robber in order to get the corpses which he needs for dissection and study. The surgeon's servant (played by Bela "Dracula" Lugosi) is murdered by the grave robber (played by Boris "Frankenstein" Karloff). Then the surgeon has to kill Karloff, who dies only after he's whispered, "You won't get rid of me." Later Karloff's face reappears on the body of a buried old woman, and the terrified surgeon dies a horrible death. Get the idea?

"We had a hell of a time making the picture," Lewton remembers. "It was great fun."

Lewton, like most other bogeymen, loves a good joke. Not long ago he came upon the word "yaddo" in a story by that great horror writer, Edgar Allan Poe, who used the word to describe the dappled effect of sunlight and shadow on the ground of a forest. Lewton made sure that the word was not in Webster's International Dictionary, and promptly wrote into his next script, "The yaddo creeps slowly through the forest." This created quite a stir among the prop and the research departments. After calling up everybody else in town, the research people contacted the Selznick studio, where Lewton had worked formerly as story editor and head of research. Finally the Selznick people in turn called up Lewton in great excitement.

"We're having an unusual request. Can you tell us what a yaddo is?"

Another time there was an unimpressionable executive at RKO—there is one in every studio—who would say after each preview of one of Lewton's chiller-dillers, "It's swell, Val. But it ain't horror."

"People could have collapsed with fright right and left," Lewton remembers. "It was never horror to him."

When they previewed Bedlam, Lewton sat behind the unexcitable executive, waiting for a scene in which a man walks through a long, dark corridor. Suddenly a white hand comes out of the darkness, reaching—for its victim. At that moment Lewton lightly touched the executive's shoulder. The man emitted a scream that was heard all over the lot.

FOR years Universal's monsters, mummies, and mad ghouls were dominating the horror market. Universal chiller-dillers had a pseudo-scientific premise, the action was often laid in the "legendary" past, there was a believable hero and a phony monster, and in the end the hero would meet with a terrible death and have a resurrection. One of the problems was to make the hero die a horrifying death. In the different Frankenstein pictures he was crushed by falling timbers, was blown to bits, was thrown into molten lava, fell into a burning inferno.

Dyed-in-the-wool horror fans have their definite likes. For instance, they refuse Alfred Hitchcock's mysteries because those are "too real." They have a mania for weird, visionary, unreal goings-on. In The Wolf Man, an innocent, gentle fellow is changed "by the ghostly moonlight" into a four-legged beast. Dracula sleeps in his coffin all day and becomes a vampire at night. In The Mad Ghoul, a kind of "ancient" poison gas causes a state of "death in life" in which head and body function normally but the mind remains without a will of its own. In Man-Made Monster, a man "absorbs" electricity in the electric chair by wearing a rubber suit, but "bleeds to death" when he tears his suit on a barbed wire and the "current leaks out."

Nothing of that sort ever happens in a "Lewton," as the trade has come to call his specific blend of suspense and horror. The idea is to convey horror by suggestion, indicating that such things *could* perhaps happen.

Back in 1931, the first of the Frankenstein pictures gave the horror addicts well-timed, carefully calculated shudders at the rate of one each forty-five seconds. You couldn't do that today. Horror audiences have grown up. They like to laugh at themselves when the mood of a tense scene is broken by a false alarm. In one of Lewton's pictures there is a tense, frightful scene in a dark barn. The audience expects something terrible to happen. Suddenly a horse begins to whinny. The audience relaxes happily and breaks into laughter.

But laughter may become the deadly sin of horror pictures when it comes at a wrong moment. A couple of skeptical people can ruin the effect of a well-conceived horror scene. Lewton and his associates go to a great deal of trouble to keep people from bursting into untimely laughter. They break a tense scene by showing its impact in the wide-open eyes of a frightened child, which is never funny. Or they switch to a beautiful exterior—mountains, trees, the stormy sea. Even hard-boiled audiences can't help being impressed by nature.

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A harassed supervisor handling emergency calls during the telephone strike a few months ago could not figure this one:

"I want to call my mother at Mrs. Kelly's house," a little boy said.

"What is the nature of the emergency?" the supervisor asked.

"I'm scared," the youngster answered.

The call was put through.—*N. Y. Times.*

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Val Lewton's horror pictures open in a leisurely way, lulling the audience into a false sense of security. Then, when people least expect it, comes a sudden shock. Lewton calls that shock a "bus." He's used the term ever since The Cat People, where in one scene a man is shown walking in a dark street. Suddenly a bus roars by, and the audience, already worked up into a high state of tension, lets out a terrific shriek.

To find ever new "buses," or horror spots, is a horror expert's most difficult problem. Horror spots must be well planned and there should be no more than four or five in a picture. Most of them are caused by the fundamental fears: sudden sound, wild animals, darkness. The horror addicts will populate the darkness with more horrors than all the horror writers in Hollywood could think of.

Boris Karloff, the Grand Old Man of Horror, says, "In every horror production the audience is the best actor. In the play, The Criminal Code, I was shown committing a murder on the stage. There are many ways of showing a murder; it was decided that I would face backstage while I was committing the murder in the dark. All the audience could see of me was my vicious upholstered back, dramatically spotlighted, swaying back and forth. It created more horror in the imagination of the audience than my face would ever have caused."

Such subtlety has paid off in Lewton's picures. So does the element of sincerity which he is trying to inject. There are moving love stories, realistic settings. And when foreign locales are used, the natives are never made to appear ridiculous.

Of late Lewton has put a slight "message" into his pictures. After a troubled story conference, he received a memo from one of his bosses that read, "No message, *please.* P. S. Only permissible message: Death Is Good."

"He was the guy who once offered a helpful suggestion when we got stuck with a story," Lewton remembers. "He said, 'Why don't you create a ghoul by the perfectly natural process of premature burial?' "

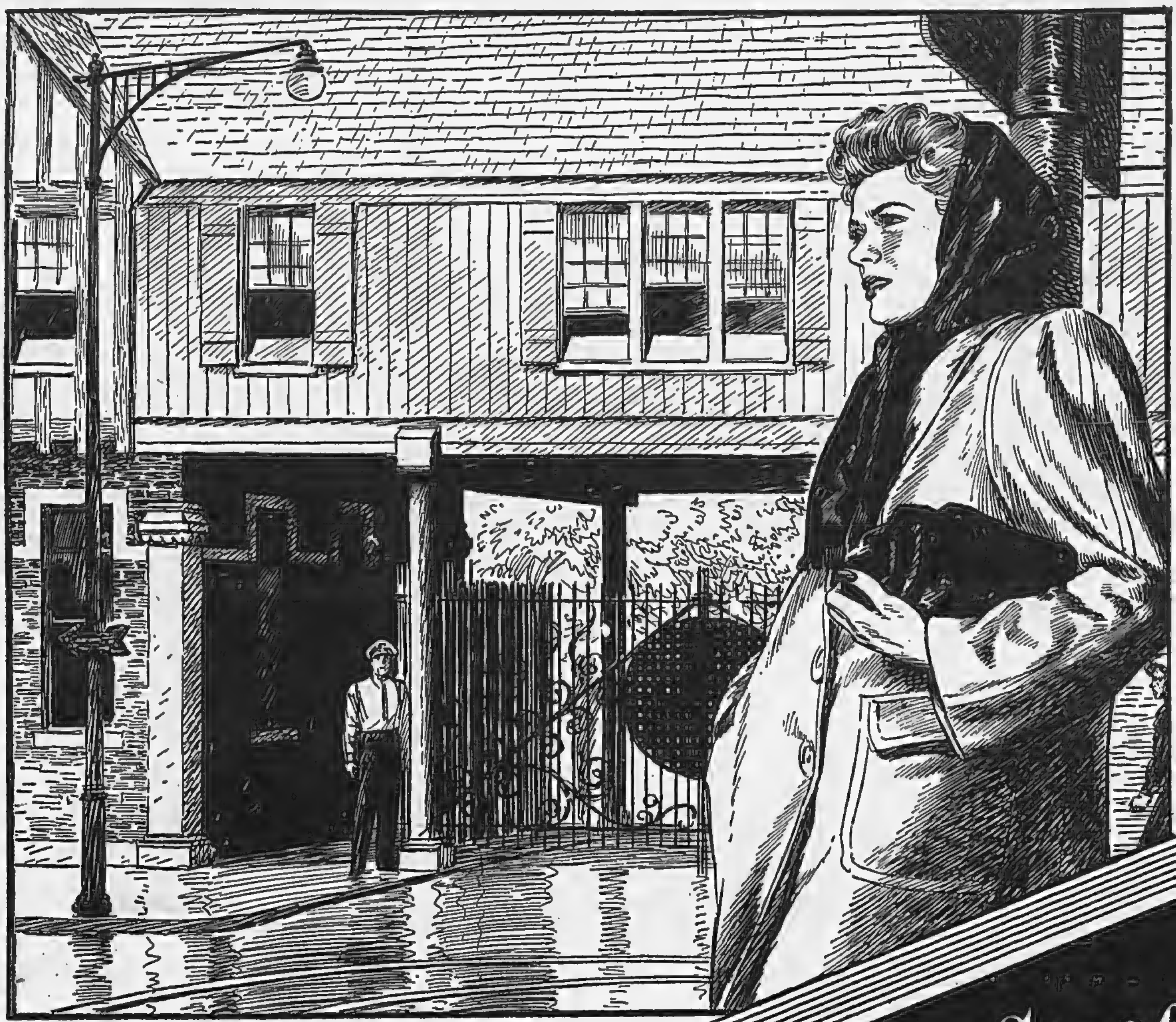
Horror pictures depend on technical perfection, startling sound and photography effects. The photography of chiller-dillers is done by the best low-key specialists among Hollywood's cameramen. Sequences in graveyards, dark laboratories, voodoo dancing places, torture chambers, insane asylums are not easy to shoot. The camera has to seek out black spaces. Surprising light sources must be found. Brilliant black and white contrasts, dramatic side lights, silhouette effects, weird shadows, fog sequences, people walking through dark rooms with candles in their hands are the stuff that horror is made of.

THE studio's sound department plays an equally important part. Muffled footsteps, overturned chairs, strange whispers, subtly eerie sounds create a lot of spine chilling. At Universal it took them many months of research to find that the hair-raising yowl emitted by the Wolf Man had to be a sound cocktail of one third genuine wolf, one third coyote plus dog barking, with a bitter dash of nails scratching on a glass plate. Sneering laughter, the cries of loonies, creaking doors and rusty hinges are, of course, dull routine.

To break a neck acoustically, the soundmen use stalks of celery. For bones to be broken they take carrots. Hands are cut off by using a cabbage head and a cleaver. One of the most horrifying effects—that of stabbing out an eye—is produced by a hot iron that is jabbed into a ripe grapefruit, with the juice running out.

At Universal they have a famed make-up man, Jack Pierce, who has probably been responsible for more man-made monsters than any other living man, in Hollywood or elsewhere. It took Pierce four months to create Frankenstein's monster. For the monster's backbone he used a steel rod. Toughest problem of all was to "open the monster's head." Pierce finally did it by replacing

(Continued on page 52)



The Pale Blonde of Sands Street

BY WILLIAM CHAPMAN WHITE

Katie Morrison walked down drab Sands Street, Brooklyn, every morning at dawn on her way to work. And one morning she met sailor Johnny Smith who had five wishes to fulfill in his twelve hours ashore

ILLUSTRATED BY
LAWRENCE BUTCHER

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SANDS STREET runs through lower Brooklyn like a varicose vein. It leads from the main gate of the Navy Yard to the subway station. It is a tough, knotted street of saloons, tattoo parlors, dry cleaners, Coffee Pots, and lodgings. Its stores sell clothes, trinkets, photographs, and anything else to snatch at a sailor's dollar. Every service is marked "While you wait."

It is the first touch of America for many sailors when they hurry out on shore after months at sea. As they rush for the subway and Manhattan, it is a long street. For others who walk it back to the Yard, hand in hand with a girl for the last time, it is the shortest street in the world.

Most of the time it has little beauty. But on some summer mornings the soft mist slips in from the harbor and folds the street in gray silver. Then it is a place fit for miracles and strange high wonders.

On such a morning, so early that the stars were still over her, Katie came along the street, walking as light as breath.

Out of the fog came a sailor, hurrying as they all do when leaving the Yard. He was built slim and tall, hipless as a young poplar.

As he passed Katie he said pleasantly, "Hiya!"

"Hello, sailor!" Katie's voice was low and throaty.

"Well!" He sounded surprised that anyone should answer. "Where you going?"

"To work," Katie said.

"At this time of the morning?"

"I work in a restaurant. People have to eat early."

"What's your name?"

"Katie Morrison. What's yours?"

"Johnny, Johnny Smith." He stood swinging on his heels, not sure what to do next. Then he laughed softly. "Anyway, it's a miracle."

"What's a miracle."

"We just docked and I got twelve hours' liberty. The first thing I wanted to do on shore was to talk to a girl. Baby, you don't know what that means to a sailor." He rubbed his hands on the sleeves of his jumper. "I'm cold. Come on and have a drink."

"I have to be at the restaurant at six."

"You have time for a cup of coffee," Johnny said in the manner of a man accustomed to taking over.

In the poor light his face was not clear but his voice was boyishly warm and friendly. Katie said, "It's a funny time to be taking a girl to breakfast."

"Sailors are always doing funny things." And Johnny took her arm with great sureness.

AT the corner ahead was an all-night coffee shop. The lone attendant was reading a newspaper, making notes at the same time on a scratch pad. Johnny greeted him but got no answer.

"You don't seem awful glad to see us," Johnny said.

"Customers ain't no treat these days."

Katie said, "He wouldn't last long in Lushman's Restaurant, Branch Eighty-two, where I work."

"Bring us coffee, eggs, and bacon," Johnny ordered.

"Too early for eggs. Haven't come yet. Too late for bacon. All gone."

Johnny grinned at Katie. "We better fill up on coffee and buns."

"Anything, Johnny." It had been a long time since she had breakfasted anywhere except behind the counter at Lushman's.

He lit a cigarette and smiled. "I could tell from your voice out there on the street that you were pretty. You got nice eyes and hair too. I never saw hair that color."

Katie said, "I'm Irish."

"I was in Ireland and never saw anyone like you. Lots of guys must have told you you're pretty."

"If you say it, no one else ever needs to," Katie assured him. She was eager to store away deep in her mind the imprint of his face. It was young, almost unbearded. Its strength shone in it. His eyes were gray and almost too soft for the stolidity of jaw and for the firmness of his forehead. His mouth was soft, and its smile could light his face.

"You don't seem old."

"I'm twenty-four," said Johnny.

"That's not so old. I'm twenty myself."

"In the Navy, baby, you age fast."

The attendant brought the coffee and buns. "Hey, Mac, you interested in horses?"

"Huh?" Johnny looked up surprised. "Say, how many horses do you think I see in the Navy?"

"You don't see many women either, but what else do you talk about? Take my advice, Mac, horses are better than women. You know horses'll let you down and then you ain't surprised when they do. But you never expect women to let you down and then they do and how do you feel? That's why women are worse than horses."

Katie snorted. "And what about men?"

"Men! Do you really want me to tell you about men?"

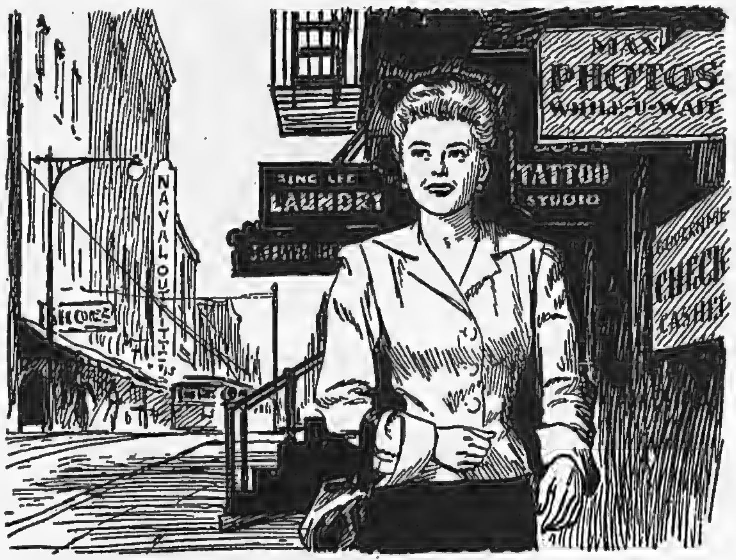
"No, thanks," Katie snapped. The counterman retreated, rebuffed.

Katie's glance followed him. "These restaurant guys are all alike. Horses and women, that's all they know. And whether it's horses or women, they're always looking for what they call sleepers."

The attendant called from the counter, "I know a lot more than horses and women, sister."

Katie asked sharply, "Would you be feeling put upon if I said mind your own business?"

Johnny glanced at her with admiration. "You certainly know how to talk to him. And if you want to know anything about men, ask me. Women too. Boy, we sailors know our women."



"I like sailors," Katie answered.

"I could tell that." He was pleased. "There's two kinds of women in the world, those who know how to handle sailors and those who don't." He spoke with great sureness. "I was down in Trinidad once. They got beautiful girls there—Spanish, Chinese, Negro, and Hindoo, all mixed together. There was one little one I knew, mostly Chinese. I took her away from a soldier after a hell of a fight. I got so banged up she took me to her place to fix me up and damn if everything in her house hadn't come off American ships—things sailors brought to her. I had a hunch when I saw her she was a sailor's girl."

Katie looked at him closely, trying hard to make that story fit a face like his. "The trouble with sailors," she said, "is that you go with them to the Sands Street gate and then you never see them again."

"That's the way sailors are," Johnny agreed. Then he noticed the clock on the wall. "Only five-thirty and I got a whole day's liberty. Well, twelve hours anyway."

Katie had been barely holding back the thought that she would have to leave him shortly. She had hoped that perhaps this evening they could meet, but this day would have no evening. Then she heard herself say, "It's time I was going."

"You can stay for one more cup of coffee."

Katie hesitated for a moment, then agreed. For so many mornings she had walked to work and imagined a man coming along and him saying, "Miss Katie Morrison, the captain presents his compliments and would you be breakfasting on his yacht?" That never happened, but if it had, Lushman's Eighty-two would have had to operate without one of its countergirls. Coffee now with Johnny was better than any breakfast any captain of any yacht anywhere could provide.

JOHNNY let his chair rear on its hind legs. He smiled at Katie. "Boy, this is nice. After five months at sea it's even nice to sit with a girl in a dump like this. That's what you do in the Navy, dream about what you're going to do when you're on shore again."

"What do you dream about?"

"This time I came ashore to do five things."

"What are they?"

"Oh, various sorts of things," Johnny said, pleased at possessing a bit of mystery. "Meeting a girl was the first, but I didn't expect to do it so soon. A shipmate of mine, Lardlips—"

"What's his name?"

"A foreign name, something like Lardlips, so that's what we call him. He said you couldn't find a girl in New York before noon. That's probably when the kind of dames he knows get up. There's another thing I dreamed about on shipboard, but you'll think it's funny."

"No, I won't," Katie said.

"It's awful kid stuff. Grass."

"Grass?"

"That's what I dream about sometimes," Johnny said, lowering his voice. "Where I was raised on a farm it was all around like water."

"I never was on a farm," Katie admitted.

"I never want to be on another one. I used to hate having nothing but fields and grass, but not having them made me think about them, I guess."

Katie nodded. "That's just like Lushman's Eighty-two. I took three days off once because I was fed up, but I spent most of the time wondering about what was going on there." She looked at the clock. "I'm awful sorry, but I have to go."

Johnny promptly left his side of the table and sat beside her. "I never saw a girl with eyes like yours. They're like a match when you light it in the dark."

Katie smiled, then quickly looked unhappy.

"Your eyes must be gray."

"Sort of gray," she admitted, then said firmly, "Indeed, I must be going."

"Your hair's wavy, isn't it?"

Katie nodded. "If you have nothing to do, you could walk with me to Lushman's. It isn't so far."

"What would happen if you didn't go?"

"Nothing much, I guess."

"You wouldn't get fired?"

"Who gets fired in these days when they can't find any help anywhere?"

"If you go now, I won't see you again."

Hearing in words what she had been thinking made it more grim. Katie said, "I know." Then, smiling, "Sometimes I play a game on my way to work. I call it 'If.'"

"I never played it. I never even heard of it."

"Of course not. I made it up. You pretend at a street corner that instead of going the way you have to go you just turn and go another way, so you can see what would happen if you didn't go where you had to."

"And what does happen?" Johnny asked, following with difficulty.

"You never find out," Katie explained, "because you never go that way. You just imagine what would have happened. You keep going the way you have to go."

Johnny shook his head. "I don't know much about games. All I know is I've got to be back at five."

"Would you like me to be with you today?"

"More than anything," Johnny answered with a rush.

Katie made a quick decision. "Then I'll pretend to go to work, and not go."

"Honest?" His smile was warm with gratitude. "Then we can be together all day and go anywhere."

"Anywhere," Katie said happily.

THE fog had lifted outside and the streaks of the day showed gold. On the street were a few cars, a few people, a screeching trolley.

"It'll be a nice day sure," Katie said.

Johnny sniffed the air. "Clear weather too."

They were walking up the street, toward the subways.

Almost to herself Katie said, "The whole shining world and twelve hours belong to us."

"Eleven hours," Johnny insisted. "The first thing I wanted to do ashore was meet a girl and that's done, but there are four things more. Maybe we can do those together."

"Anything." Katie's face shone with an open smile.

"Maybe it's because you're the first girl I've talked to in months, but it seems like I never met one I could talk to so easily before." When she only smiled he asked, "What are you thinking about?"

"About how wonderful it must be to be a sailor and see the ocean," Katie said simply.

"I come from South Dakota. Until I left there all I saw was plows and grass and sometimes fields so dry the dust came down like dirty snow."

"I'd even like to see South Dakota," Katie said dreamily. "My folks brought me from Ireland when I was a little girl. If you don't count that, I've never been anywhere except New York and Brooklyn."

"I always said if I could get away from that South Dakota dust I'd never leave the sea again," Johnny said fiercely. "And I won't, never."

"Don't you want a home and kids?"

"What! Ab-so-lutely not!" He swung around so that he could face her. "What can a wife or a home or kids do for a sailor?" When he saw the twisted look on her face, his voice softened. "Later, maybe, when I'm old, I'll find a wife and home and kids somewhere."

"Oh, sure, sure, Johnny," Katie said with awkward carelessness, "a sailor can't have any worries."

"I guessed you'd understand."

They went along in the freshening air eagerly, sure that each succeeding step would bring them to something gay, new, and wonderful.

"There was once a dame in Norfolk," Johnny said, "who was crazy about me. Her name was Nellie. She was always asking me, 'What about a home and kids?' Then one night she invited me to her place and right then her husband walked in. Can you tie that?" His face showed his disgust. "You know what I did? I remembered her address and I told every sailor I knew, 'If you want a hell of a good time in Norfolk, go to 232 Boron Street and ask for Nellie.'" Johnny laughed. "I bet she and her husband haven't had any peace since."

Katie winced. "How could you do a thing like that?"

"In the Navy you got to be tough," Johnny said loftily. Then he took her hand and squeezed it to reassure her. "Served the dame right, didn't it, when she had one husband already. How many of those does one dame want?"

Katie still felt the story just did not go with that pleasant face and that boyish smile.

"I'll tell you the second thing I want to do today. I once saw a movie with a fancy hotel, with everything swell, with a million waiters and awful fancy food. Well, since I won't be ashore long enough for dinner I want to eat breakfast at a joint like that. You know a place like that?"

"The Waldorf's like that. I was a chambermaid there once. I even cleaned up a bedroom after two movie stars were in it. It was a mess."

"No kidding?" Johnny was impressed. "Let's go there." He noticed some doubt on Katie's face and said hastily, "And don't worry about the cost. I got five months' pay in my pocket."

"It's not that. I'm not quite dressed—"

"The clothes I wear are good enough for any place," Johnny said carelessly, "and if they won't let you in, you hide under my collar."

Katie laughed. "All right, let's go to the Waldorf."

A sailor and his girl passed by, walking hand in hand in slow step toward the gate at the end of the street.

Johnny frowned. "That'll be us, this afternoon."

"It's a long way off yet," Katie assured him.

AROUND the next corner was the subway entrance, with a long flight of steps to the platform below.

Johnny stopped at the mirror on a slot machine. He took a comb from his pocket to run through his hair. Then he replaced his hat, balancing it carefully on the dark wave over his forehead. Then he pulled down his blue jumper and straightened his tie.

The roar of a train filled the station. They got on. At Eighth Avenue and Forty-second Street Katie said, "Here's where we get out."

They came up to the street, now crude and dirty in the morning light.

"Is Times Square around here?" Johnny asked, sounding ready for any disappointment.

"Right over there."

Johnny looked. "Can't see much there to dream about," he said. "Most sailors I know are always saying, 'Boy, I dreamed I was in Times Square last night.' "

"It looks better at night," Katie said.

Across the street was the white front of a chain restaurant. When Katie noticed it she felt a twinge of conscience. At Lushman's Eighty-two Joe would be pretty busy now and probably cursing all women for Katie's absence. She told Johnny, "There's one of the restaurants like I work in."

"You'll forget the joint when we're eating in a swell hotel. How do we get there from here?"

"Walk or take a cab."

In answer Johnny stopped a cab. Katie told the driver, "To the Waldorf."

The driver turned halfway to grunt, "Huh! You sure they'll take you in, sister? You and the sailor'd have better luck trying a hotel I know on Ninth Avenue."

Her temper went up. "Listen, John Jerk Anthony, who'd be wanting advice from the likes of you?"

"Okeh, sister," the driver agreed, starting his motor.

Johnny grinned proudly at her. "You certainly handled him all right."

"Fresh men aren't so hard," Katie said, unveiling a great truth. "It's the ones who get slinky without first getting fresh that need handling."

WITH a firm hold on her arm Johnny led Katie into the large lobby of the Waldorf. Near by they saw several scrubwomen busy with mops and buckets.

One of the women, the largest and the fattest, saw Katie. Her mouth dropped, then she came waddling forward.

"Katie Morrison!" Mrs. O'Geoghan smiled a full gold-toothed smile. "A soft sight for blistering sore eyes. And would this fine lad be your husband?"

Katie looked proud. "This is my friend Johnny."

"A finer husband than a sailor no one'll be wanting," Mrs. O'Geoghan insisted, grinning at him. "They're always away, which is where husbands are better off."

Katie told Johnny, "Mrs. O'Geoghan was married three times."

"And three times widowed by the kindness of a beneficent God!" She added reverently, "And five sons, all in the Navy, God guard them." Then to Johnny, "Perhaps you'd be knowing Dennis, Patrick, Michael, Francis, and Liffey O'Geoghan?"

Johnny shook his head. "What was that last name?"

"Liffey, and like his old man, no one his equal for his eloquence. He can talk the ears off a bawdy goat. I named him Liffey after the river his old man drowned in. I felt I should do something to honor his passing, God rest his soul, and I wouldn't have said that at the time, which only shows how life has broadened my mind as well as my bottom." She turned to Katie. "You promised to come calling on me, and me having all the gossip of this whole bloody hotel stored up for years to tell you, and living only around the corner from you in Brooklyn."

"I know, Mrs. O'Geoghan."

Mrs. O'Geoghan lowered her voice. "When you step up to register, be sure to tell them you're married. They won't ask you to prove it but they're awful strict in this dump. That's the world, always inconvenient for lovers."

Katie smiled. "We just came in for breakfast."

Mrs. O'Geoghan looked skeptical. "Only breakfast, with a fine-looking young man like that?" She saw that Johnny was slightly impatient. "I'll be getting back to my scrubbing. Young man, you'll not be finding any finer girls than the Irish, so don't be looking. And there's no finer than Katie Morrison you'd find among them if you searched through County Clare, County Limerick, and along Third Avenue here, which is where all the folk from Clare and Limerick have come."

Katie looked flustered. "Johnny and me are only friends."

"You come and tell me about him and I'll tell you how to change that," Mrs. O'Geoghan said. "Remember he'll be gone like all sailors and leave you desolated. And when sailors are gone it's only to other women their women can turn in their bottomless misery."

Katie thought of the evening of this very day, when Johnny would be gone, and of the emptiness unbearable. "If you're home tonight, I might come then."

"Come when you will, Katie, and God bless you both." She took Johnny by the arm and whispered, "If you don't know anything about the Irish, let me tell you something—when they say 'No,' what they usually mean then is that they're open to persuasion and hoping for it."

THE dining room was open but without customers. One waiter was setting tables. Johnny stopped at the doorway. "Looks like the hangar deck on a carrier."

The waiter came to them, bowing and smiling.

Johnny said, "We want the swellest breakfast you can toss up."

"Certainly," the waiter smiled. "This way, madam."

"Did you hear what he just called you—madam?" Johnny asked in an angry whisper.

"He's just being awful polite."

"It isn't a polite word in Norfolk."

They were seated at a table. Johnny carefully inspected ceiling, walls, fixtures, curtains, and carpets. They satisfied him. "This is just the way I dreamed about it."

The waiter brought menus. Johnny took one look and whistled. "This place has a lot of grub. Must have ice boxes like a battleship's." He ran a finger down the menu. "Bring everything that's on here."

"Johnny! We can't eat all that," Katie said sternly.

"But I said I wanted the biggest breakfast—"

"Then order everything you wouldn't get on shipboard."

That made sense. "Let's see—chicken liver omelette, Virginia ham, popovers—what are they?—creamed kidneys— Does that come to thirteen dollars?"

"It's nearer fifteen," said the waiter.

"Good! That's swell!" Johnny grinned.

"If you don't mind my suggesting," the waiter began, "for a wedding breakfast—"

"Who said this was a wedding breakfast?" Johnny snapped. He even glared at Katie. "Why does everybody think we're married?"

"Must be the time of day."

The waiter agreed. "And the look on your faces."

"Well, we're not married," Johnny said petulantly. "And I'll tell you something—any time you see a sailor with a girl the chances are they aren't married."

The waiter went to the kitchen. Johnny lit a cigarette. And for a long time he said nothing, but took in luxury and novelty in pore and breath.

Katie looked at him and caught the warmth that was in him. One thing she already knew: this was the sort of man she could spend a life with, a life measured by short days and years too brief. This was the sort of man she could wait for at dark and rouse in the morning, the man for whom she was willing to cook and sew, and watch and worry over, work for, work with, and be jealous of. For such a man she could bear children gladly, sweat, and drive her nails into her palms. Now, for the first time in her life, Katie knew what she wanted, knew that she wanted it, and she was grateful to Johnny for the knowing. With that came sudden hunger for things she never knew before that she wanted.

Johnny was looking hard at her. "You're awful pretty, Katie. You don't look twenty."

Katie said, "All Irish women look young for a while.

Then, all at once, they look old." She smiled. "Look, I'm glad I don't have to carry trays like this one."

The waiter arrived with a tray heaped with dishes topped with heavy silver covers. He began to take off the covers. "Shall I serve the dishes separately?"

"All together," Johnny commanded.

The way he ate left no chance for conversation. The only thing Katie said was, "It's wonderful not to have to smell all this food being cooked."

As Johnny scraped the dish of chicken livers clean, he said proudly, "I got the record on our ship for eating most."

"That's a good record to have."

"Yep. I got a lot of records on our ship."

Katie gestured to the one ribbon on his chest. "Is this ribbon for one of them?"

Johnny looked surprised. "Don't you know what it's for? It's for lifesaving."

Katie looked proud. "How'd you win it?"

"Nothing much. One of our ensigns fell overboard one day. I dived over the side and pulled him out."

"Oh, Johnny!" Katie was wide-eyed. "I wish I knew about the Navy, about the way you live. I don't even know what you're on."

"Well"—he finished his coffee first—"we're told to say, 'I'm on the U.S.S. None-of-your-goddam-business.'"

"I didn't ask what its name was." Katie let a good Irish temper flare faintly. "I know enough not to ask. But I was just wondering about what you do."

"Most of what we do is under what they call security," Johnny said sternly. "That means it's secret."

"Including where you sleep, what time you get up, what you do when you're free? After you're gone I want to be able to imagine what you're doing."

That impressed him. "I sleep on a bunk let down from one of the bulkheads. I get up depending on what watch it is, midnight or maybe noon, and when I have nothing to do, I do nothing. Just sit and talk and wish I was on shore. Sometimes we have classes."

The waiter returned with another full tray. "Hope you're still hungry."

"Doing all right," Johnny said.

He got a second breath and started on the new round of dishes. Katie stopped long before he did, but he finally broke down and had to give up. Then he looked over the table. "Anyway," he said, "I know now what fifteen dollars worth of food is. It's enough to make you awful sick of food."

JOHNNY reached in his jumper pocket for his cigarettes. After lighting one he replaced the pack. On second thought he began digging deeper in the pocket and brought out a little paper-wrapped object. He opened it carefully, then held up a little round metal coin. He said carelessly, "Here's a souvenir."

"What is it?"

"I don't know. I got it in Belfast when we put in there. That's in North Ireland."

Katie snorted. "The Six Counties, you mean. And they ought to be part of the Free State."

Johnny handed the object to her. "You want this?"

"If you'd like me to have it," she said eagerly. "What do you suppose it is?"

Johnny shook his head. "A medal or a coin or something. I got it in a sort of second-hand junk store. The storekeeper said it was a lucky medal."

Katie looked at it carefully. On one side was a worn image of a stone monument, with lettering around it in an alphabet she did not know. On the other side was a man's face and more strange lettering. "It looks like an old Irish coin my old man used to have. He said it was lucky too, but I never heard of any luck chasing him." She put it in her bag. When Johnny was gone she could touch this and know that her memories were real, that there had been a Johnny and she with him.

The waiter returned, surprised. "Finished?"

"All we could eat. Let me have the check." As Johnny paid it he said, "Now bring it back receipted."

The waiter went off. Johnny was delighted at something. "That will fix Lardlips good and proper."

"What's he got to do with it?"

"Well, you see, he's always talking about the time he spent thirteen dollars for dinner at some swell joint in Frisco." Johnny laughed gaily. "Just wait till I show him a check for fifteen dollars just for breakfast!"

He pushed himself away from the table. "Well, now there are three more things I want to do."

"You're going to tell them to me one at a time?"

"One at a time." He considered for a moment. "Where's Broadway from here?"

"Not so far. We crossed it coming here."

"I missed it, and I want to see it."

Katie agreed as she reached in her bag for a lipstick. She brought it out and the Irish medal with it. She looked at that and smiled. "I'm awfully glad to have this."

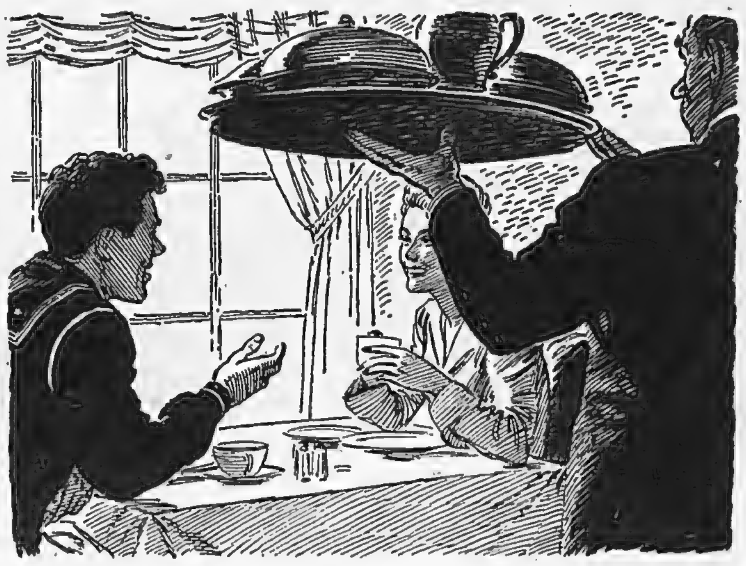
Then she glanced out of the window. "Oh, Johnny," her voice broke in a little gasp, "look, it's raining."

Johnny considered the rain and the sudden gray. "It looks to me like an all day rain."

Katie frowned. "I wanted this day to be sunny. I wish it would stop. Don't you?"

"Sure I wish it. We got lots of things to do."

At that moment a blade of sunlight cut through the gray. The rain turned iridescent for a moment, then became a spatter of fine drops.



"Look," Katie said, delighted, "we wished it and it happened."

The waiter returned with the receipted check. "Good-by, sailor. Come back when you're really hungry."

Johnny grinned. "Back in an hour." As he left with Katie he said, "That was even better than I dreamed it would be." He added, "Everything so far's better than I dreamed it would be and I've been dreaming it five months. A five-month dream is a hell of a long dream."

OUTSIDE the morning had freshened. The sky overhead was pearl gray now, its iridescence a promise of radiance and heat.

Johnny took Katie's arm and they started across town. Katie glanced down to the Grand Central clock. It was eight. Hours lay ahead.

It was easy to imagine that it was peacetime again and they were walking to work, to separate for a few hours—that would make meeting at night the more exciting. It would be hard to leave Johnny at any time but it would be less hard with the close-fitting certainty of meeting him at the end of each long day and of being with him through each short night.

Deep in his own thoughts, Johnny began to think them aloud. "Funny that waiter should have thought we were married. Boy, he certainly doesn't know much about sailors."

"Why do you talk about avoiding marriage?"

"Any man does," Johnny said, "so he can show he's smarter than dames."

"That doesn't sound like you," Katie said. It didn't. Even his voice was different, tinged with harshness.

"It's me! The reason sailors feel the way they do about marriage is because of the way dames are. They think their husbands ought to be like kids, a part of them, like they gave birth to the husbands too. A man's got to feel free and women don't want that."

Katie shook her head and said earnestly, "I think a wife could give her husband a splendid gift, Johnny, the sense of freedom. I think they could go on just as free as we feel now, walking along."

"I like this, walking along with you now."

"You like me?"

"Sure. I knew that the first minute I heard your voice. You reminded me of my mother or maybe my wife—"

"Wife?" Katie knew her voice tightened.

"The one I'll marry when I'm old," he laughed. "Most sailors plan to settle down when they get old."

Katie wanted to ask, "Who wants them when they're old?" Instead she said, "Most of the fun in marriage is when you're young."

"I know too many other things to do when I'm young."

"I don't remember when I had nothing to do on a weekday at nine in the morning," Katie said gaily.

"On shipboard, time doesn't mean what it does on land," Johnny answered. He was suddenly thoughtful. "Today, though, time's different. If it's nine, that means I have only about eight hours more."

That went like a prow through Katie's gaiety. Those hours would end fast enough, dribbling away to the last second at the Sands Street gate. The last seconds would be bad, strained beyond reach of words. The hours immediately after, still bearing the freshest imprint of his presence, would be worse. But no hours, neither those of tomorrow nor the hours of a year yet to come, would ever be the same. Johnny would be in them, in anxiety, in hope, forever more a part of her though they never met again.

AHEAD was Broadway. Katie said so. Johnny stopped abruptly at the corner. "Jeez," he said, "it looks crummy."

The street was not pretty. It looked like a dirty room with the bed not made and towels and newspapers crumpled everywhere around.

Johnny was puzzled. "I heard so much about it from Lardlips, I don't know what I expected to find. I guess he was just lying. It looks just like a harbor after a fleet's thrown the refuse overboard. Lardlips said it was full of soft lights and beautiful dolls—he calls dames dolls—any time of the day or night."

Katie smiled. "Maybe he sees things differently."

Suddenly, with a little bleat, Johnny said, "There's something I want." He pointed to a shop with a sign, "Art photographs taken while you wait."

He led her to it, smiling to himself.

A little half-bald man greeted them like old friends, with a shiny store smile. "Porkel's my name—at your service. First customers of the day—I always bring them luck. Wedding photographs, I hope?"

Johny glared as if to ask, "Does everyone in New York talk weddings and marriage?" He said firmly, "I just want to be photographed with my girl friend."

"Engaged, I hope?"

"No," Katie replied, no less firmly, lest Johnny get concerned.

"Too bad." Porkel shook his head. "The world is made for lovers. Rather, lovers are the only people really happy in it. Too blind to see its sordid side, I suppose." He eyed Katie pleasantly. "I must say, you're a handsome exception to my usual run of first customers. Usually when any people turn up at this early hour they seem so gruesome I wonder why they want to be pictured for posterity as they looked at nine o'clock on a summer morning."

Porkel walked to a blank wall at the rear of the store. Overhead were some canvases on rollers. "You folks want any special background?" He pulled down from a roller a painting of the western scene.

"Not that one," Johnny said.

Porkel pulled down a scene on shipboard.

Johnny shook his head. "That's the one I'd use if I was alone, but it wouldn't look right with a girl. No one ever saw a woman on a battleship's forward deck."

Porkel rolled down a Hawaiian background, with tropic moon and ragged palms. "Sailors go for this one, Mac, particularly at night when I keep a few girls around here for camera companions."

"Camera companions?" Katie asked skeptically.

"Sure," Porkel said. "Lots of sailors want to be photographed with a girl so they can send the picture back home and make their home-town girl jealous."

For a moment Katie wondered whether that was Johnny's motive in being here now.

He asked, "Haven't you anything from New York City?"

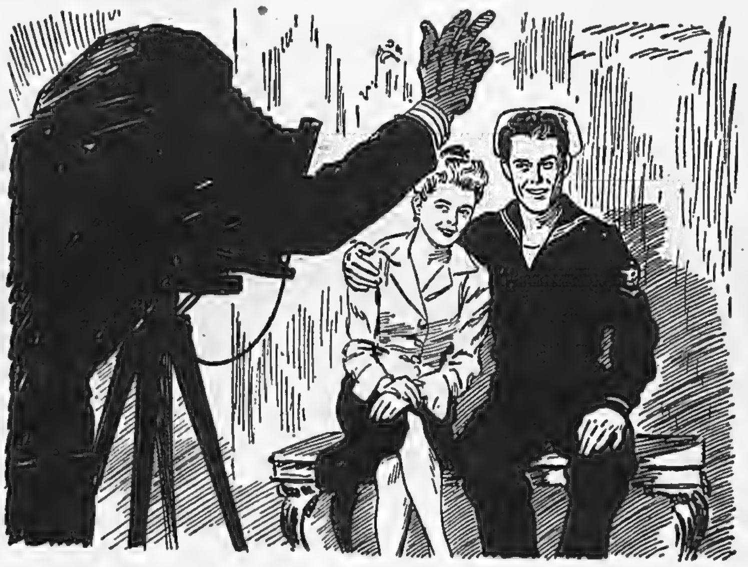
Porkel unrolled a picture of the skyline.

That pleased Johnny. "Let's go. All right, Katie?"

She nodded. "It's too bad he hasn't got a picture of the front of Lushman's Eighty-two."

PORKEL posed them, then stepped back and stared through the ground glass. He looked up with satisfaction. "Young lady, you've a look in your eyes—if I could catch it in a picture we'd both be famous."

Katie smiled up at Johnny proudly. Then she said, "Wait. Your hat isn't on right." She altered it a trifle.



Porkel said, "There's a woman—no man is good enough. She has to start improving him."

"Indeed, and most men need it!"

"Now then!" Porkel had his camera ready. "No, stand closer. 'Fraid of her, sailor?"

"No, sir!" Johnny awkwardly put his arm around Katie. The touch of his arm on her shoulders was a soft but firm and warm push on her heart. She tried to smile, hoping her face did not show what she felt.

"Perfect!" Porkel looked pleased. With automatic skill he slipped plates in the camera and took one, two, three pictures. "There," he said, "all beautiful. If you were married, your children would prize them."

Johnny stepped forward, his shoulders high. "Mister, everywhere I go today everyone talks about marriages and getting married. Why?"

Porkel smiled. "You think I'm only a Broadway tintyper, sailor? In a way, that's my sideline. I guess you'd call my real business being a middleman in romance."

"What's that?"

"You'd be surprised how many people need help in romance. Well, I help 'em. Sometimes it's a ring or maybe a best man for a last minute wedding, any time of day or night. Sometimes they want to get married in a hell of a hurry, and we got a three-day law in New York State, with blood tests."

"Why can't people wait three days?" Johnny asked.

"You'd be surprised how many couples, just like you, go walking along Broadway on a nice summer evening looking for fun, without a thought in their heads. Then, pouff, they decide the best fun they could have would be to get married. Maybe the guy's leave ends in a couple of hours. Maybe it's four A. M. Where would you get married in New York City at that hour?"

"Damn if I know," Johnny admitted, "but if I wanted to get married that bad, which I never would, I'd find a way somehow."

"Sure you would," Porkel agreed, "and you'd come to me, and you'd be smart. Me and my partner's got everything worked out—a taxi to Jersey where you can get married right away, a license, a minister, priest, or rabbi, a taxi back to New York, two hours or as many as you want in a special hotel, and a taxi waiting at the hotel door for the railroad station if you're in that much of a hurry. We can wrap up a wedding complete in three hours and we haven't had one failure yet."

"You mean, no divorces?" Katie asked.

Porkel shook his head. "I mean, we never yet missed getting the bridegroom on the train he had to make." He continued proudly, "We got everything down to a system, different prices for different purses. Twenty-five, fifty, a hundred, and two hundred dollars. The last includes a real lace wedding dress, a hotel room with a view of the Hudson, and a bottle of champagne, American, but the best we can get."

Johnny was listening closely, now, wide-mouthed.

"Some of our clients are so pleased they come back a second time or more, with another guy, of course. One dame's been married four times by us."

"Without divorcing?"

Porkel shrugged his shoulders. "I don't ask."

Johnny was indignant. "Allotment widows!"

"Maybe. There's a lot of 'em around." Then, casually, "You folks sure you're not interested?"

"No," snapped Johnny, his face as firm as his voice.

"Too bad." Porkel remembered the plateholder under his arm. "I better get to work on these myself. I was hoping my partner Hosenfenster would come along, but he seems to have disappeared." He added in confidence, "Hosie takes care of the Jersey end of our business and doubles in spare time in developing and retouching." He entered a closet in the rear wall.

JOHNNY scratched his head. "New York has the damnedest people. I used to think all the screwballs were in the Navy. In spite of some of the ensigns we get, I guess we got no more than our share."

The door opened in great haste. A small man, prematurely aged, came in. He looked pale and worried, like an unemployed ghost. "Porkel!" he yelled. "Porkel!"

There was a muffled answer from the closet. Then Porkel appeared. "Hosie! What happened?"

"It'samazinghorrifying," Hosie bolted. "Thecopwasallforgettingrough."

"Where were you when you phoned?"

"Over in Jersey," Hosie said, slowing down as he ran out of breath.

Porkel explained to Johnny, "This is Hosenfenster, my assistant and partner."

"The mugg started fighting with the dame as soon as they left the parsonage," Hosie continued. "It was a situation."

"Yeah? What happened then?"

"So the guy says he wants his dough back—the marriage wasn't worth it. So he says either he fights me or the dame."

"So?"

"So I thought I could do the dame a favor and myself also, so I slugged him. But a cop saw me."

Katie glanced at Johnny and smiled to see how absorbed he was. Porkel noticed it too. "Hosie, you're giving a bad impression to these people."

"Customers? Porkel, I ain't going back to Jersey for no one until I've had a lot of coffee."

"They aren't interested in marriage."

Hosie swung around pugnaciously. "Who of you's hesitating? I got a lot of arguments for men, a lot of different ones for women."

"We only came in to get our pictures taken," Johnny told him curtly.

"You could still get married, couldn't you? Maybe this girl don't want to marry this fine boy?"

"That's it," Porkel said, "You persuade 'em. I got pictures to finish." He went back into the closet.

Hosie continued, to Johnny, "Maybe you're already married. We had one sailor in here once who had five wives, a regular Sinbad of a sailor."

"Johnny's not that sort," Katie said stoutly.

"Besides, we've only known each other a couple of hours," Johnny added, his voice and his jaw hardening. "Furthermore, I'm not marrying anyone."

"My boy," Hosie said, his voice smooth as a gardenia, "think of coming back home to a wife, home, children. We can fix all that for you, at a price to fit—"

Katie interrupted, "Your partner told us that, but we aren't interested."

"No offense," Hosie said. "None actually."

Porkel appeared again from the closet, a grin on his face. He had wet prints in his hand and displayed them proudly. "Masterpieces, each of them."

On all of them Katie's nose was too large, her cheeks too broad. But Johnny looked handsome and he was pleased.

Johnny had a request. "Will you please write on the back of each picture the date, the time of the morning, and the place, then sign them?"

"Sure." Porkel hunted around for a pen. As he did so, Katie wondered why Johnny was so insistent.

Johnny put two pictures in his wallet and handed one to Katie. She put it in her pocketbook with greatest care.

OUT on the sidewalk Johnny took the pictures from his pocket and examined them. "I'm awful glad I got these with the time written on them."

That still puzzled Katie. "What does that matter?"

"It's something personal." Johnny put the prints back in his pocket. Then triumphantly, "And getting this picture was the third thing I wanted to do ashore."

"What's the next thing we do, sailor?" Katie asked.

"You'll see soon enough." He held his little mysteries close. "Where's Central Park?"

"Straight ahead."

He sniffed the warm air. "It's good to smell something that doesn't smell like sea water."

Katie laughed at that.

"You mustn't laugh at the next thing we're going to do," Johnny warned her.

"I won't laugh." She was growing curious.

"Promise?"

"Promise!"

They continued up Broadway and crossed Columbus Circle. Then Katie said, "Here's the Park!"

"Yes, sir!" Johnny's face was all alight. "And here's one thing I've waited for for a long time."

She saw such glowing happiness in his face that she felt her throat choke up. Then, without any conscious willing, she said, "Oh, Johnny, I love you."

But at that moment he dashed ahead, into the Park. Katie felt sheepishly ridiculous, not sure but that her impulse had frightened him away forever. She went after him. He had crossed the road and was on the lawn.

When she joined him he almost shouted, "Look, grass! That's the fourth thing I wanted in New York. Just to touch grass. How much do you think you see on shipboard?"

Katie saw a new look on his face, of deep hunger deeply satisfied.

"Let's sit down." Johnny did so. "My God, it feels good!" He settled back full length. "I even dreamed about it. It smells like South Dakota grass, though maybe not as good."

Katie said slowly, "If you live in the city you don't have much to do with grass."

"Mind if we stay awhile?"

"Anywhere, all day, so long as I'm with you."

"You'll stay with me to the last minute."

Katie lay back beside him and the sun's heat blurted across her face.

"Katie!" Johnny turned suddenly to her so that his lips were near her ear. "Do you?"

"Do I what?" she asked lazily.

"What you said as we came to the Park. Do you really?"

"Yes," Katie said, her voice suddenly trembling.

For a moment Johnny seemed awfully remote. Then, quick as a swooping bird, his whole body was close to her. "You know something, Katie? I love you too."

Katie had not expected to hear that. She glanced nervously at his face, so close to hers. What he was saying was there in his face.

"But maybe it's just for today," Johnny added, both as insurance and warning.

She laughed. "You've probably told that to lots of girls."

"Sure I have." He added, "A sailor gets engaged to lots of girls. It's fun, as long as you're careful not to be the first guy around a girl—or the last."

"When you talk that way, Johnny, it doesn't sound like you. It sounds like somebody else."

"It's me, all right," he insisted, frowning.

When Katie saw the frown she said hastily, "But I love you anyway."

Johnny looked contented. "I feel so wonderful, like when you come on deck and it's been dark and stuffy down below and you walk right into a fresh wind."

"Uh huh." That summed up her whole day thus far.

SHE moved closer to him. His hand went slowly through her hair. "You have lovely hair. It's so soft." "It takes a wave nice," she answered.

His hand slipped over her forehead. "Your skin's soft too."

"Isn't every girl's? What about all those girls in Ireland and everywhere else you've been?"

Johnny laughed nervously. His hand slipped over her eyes. "Your eyes are what I like most. I never saw that color before. They're like a cigarette lighter, when it works. I noticed them first time we sat in that Brooklyn restaurant. That seems long ago, doesn't it?"

"Awfully long ago." Katie's body quivered when his hand rested and quivered more as it moved over her. When his hand came, slow as soft rain, over her face and reached her lips, she held it there and kissed it. "I don't feel like there'd ever be oceans between us again, Johnny, even if I know they're going to be. But maybe they won't be so wide. There's an old Irish proverb, 'No water is wide if a bridge be over it.' "

Johnny was following his own thoughts. "Sailors get lonely. I guess no one gets as lonely as a sailor."

"Except, maybe, the girl who wants the sailor."

Katie began to hum:

I know where I'm going,
I know who's going with me,
But, oh, the thing I don't know,
Who is going to marry me?

"That's a pretty song," Johnny said dreamily.

"It's Irish. I've forgotten most of it except the last line: 'My handsome winsome Johnny, maybe he will marry me.' " Not until the words were out did Katie realize that Johnny would think she was teasing him.

He swung himself up on one elbow. "Say, for the tenth time, why are dames always thinking about marriage? Lots of people get on good without it."

"It's the way women are, I guess."

"Dames will do funny things to get married." He laughed lightly at some memory. "A while back we were in Glasgow. There was a dame I was with most of the time we were there. Somehow she found out we were sailing and she locked up my clothes so I'd miss the ship. And she said she wouldn't give them back to me unless I promised to marry her in the morning."

"What did you do?" Katie asked.

"Told her I'd either break her door or her jaw—she could take her choice," Johnny said. "So she handed over the closet key."

Katie winced. "That doesn't sound like you."

"You said that before. It's me, all right."

Katie smiled. "You said you wanted to do five things on shore. There's one more."

"We got time." He sat up suddenly. "Say, we don't have so much time after all, do we?"

"Not so much." Katie sat up. She was sure she could guess what Johnny wished. She looked at him and smiled. "With your hair mussed, you look like such a little boy. You'd never know you were twenty-four."

"Little boy!" Johnny sounded scornful. He took out his comb and worked vigorously on his hair. Then he stood up. "Come on, let's walk. I feel restless."

After he helped her up they went lazily across the lawns, walking hand in hand.

SOON, seeing an empty bench, Johnny said, "Let's sit here awhile." His restlessness returned. "We haven't got much time left. What do you think we could do?"

"I thought," Katie said carefully, sure that by his manner she had guessed, "that there was something you wanted to do particularly."

"Oh, sure, but you got any ideas?"

His vagueness made her less sure of her guess. But since he was unwilling to help, she said, "There's one thing I'd really like to do—to go see your boat."

"We call her a ship," Johnny said with some little disgust. He shook his head vigorously. "Nope." He said nothing for a moment. Then, slowly and weightily, he began, "I'll tell you what I'd like to do." He stopped. "I'll tell you." But first he took out his cigarettes, carefully chose one, examined the wrapper and both ends, then took a match card. He meticulously chose the proper match, struck it, and lit the cigarette carefully. After making sure the cover was folded in, he read the printing on the cover as carefully as a proofreader, put the matches back in his pocket with caution, and slowly took a first puff of the cigarette.

"You see," he said, ready to make an important statement, "what the government ought to do, or maybe even these dames who are always passing out doughnuts to sailors, is to fix up a place where a sailor and his girl can be alone."

Katie was smiling now, sure she had jumped safely over a broad guess to a secret. But she asked innocently, "We're alone here, aren't we?"

"Oh, sure, yeah—" For a second he seemed helpless, then surrendered to helplessness and could not go on. He looked to Katie for help and saw only her warm smile. Again Johnny took a deep breath. "I was talking about the fifth thing I wanted to do on shore."

"That's right," Katie agreed patiently.

"I always believed—well—usually, I always said that if you want anything from a dame, ask right out for it."

That did not sound like Johnny. But Katie said, "I wouldn't put it that way but maybe that's right."

"So," Johnny said. "Katie!" He made that sound a prayer, a hope, almost a call for help. He looked straight into her eyes, asking understanding, and hesitated no more. "I want to be alone with you somewhere, somewhere where we can be alone, see?"

Katie felt his hand tighten on hers while his words tightened her body. She said carefully, "Is that the fifth thing you wanted to do ashore?"

Johnny said bluntly, "Yes."

"With any girl at all?"

"With any girl at all," he said truthfully, "until I saw you." Then like a man anticipating sure argument Johnny said, "Of course, it would be easier, I guess, if it were night and a moon and all that. Here in broad daylight maybe it does sound funny."

"It's people who matter at times like this, not surroundings. It doesn't sound funny. I love you."

She swung around to him, her gray eyes steady, and said, "I'd like to be alone with you too, and now. And for a little while or forever." The frank sudden astonishment on his face made her laugh. "You look so surprised! Didn't I tell you I loved you?"

"Yes," Johnny said. Then, "I love you, Katie."

For a few moments they sat silent, knowing no words to say, too filled with the glow of life and love to hunt words. Then Johnny said, "Where can we go?"

"The only place I can think of is my room in Brooklyn, but it's hot there and it isn't very nice."

"You just said it was the people that mattered, not the surroundings." With one simple intent he added, "If we have to go all the way to Brooklyn, we'd better be going."

They rose from the bench.

"Can we get a taxi?" Johnny said.

"It's hard to persuade a driver to go so far—maybe, if we're lucky. But first we have to walk quite a way to get out of the Park."

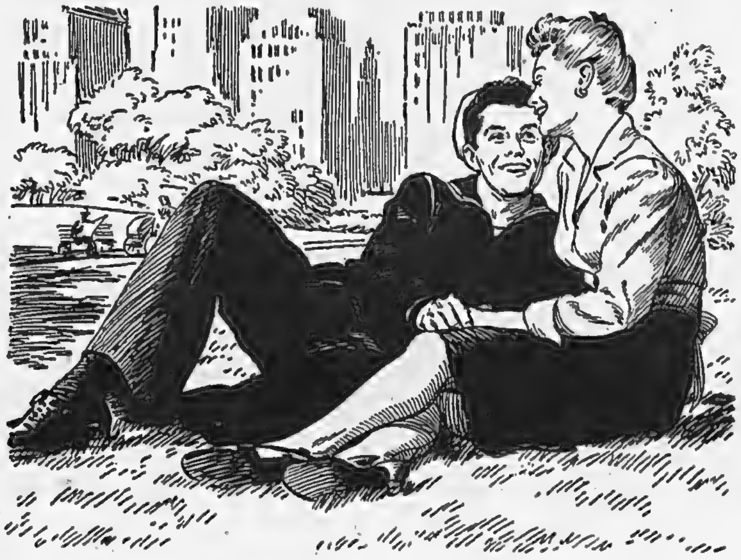
Johnny groaned. "Why did we come in so far for?" Then he smiled. "The way I feel now though, I'd walk to either end of the world."

FROM the path a broad strip of lawn led to Fifth Avenue and taxis. As they crossed the lawn Katie said, "Johnny, I'm out of breath."

They stopped while Johnny lit a cigarette. He took a deep puff and said gently, "Come on, it's just a little way now. I can even see taxis on the street."

On the path near by a large awkward sailor came rolling along, the swing of the sea in his clumsy stride. His face was turned to the sun. It was a strong face, bumpy, and filled with assorted features.

He happened to glance toward Johnny and Katie. His huge jaw dropped. He came forward on the double, wobbling as he ran. He called, "Hey, Johnny!"



Johnny turned. His face lost its color.

"Johnny!" the sailor shouted. "Who's the dame?"

Johnny looked shriveled and seared.

"So you followed my advice, huh? I'm proud of you! Say, aren't you going to introduce me?"

In a dead voice Johnny said, "This is Katie. Katie, this is one of my shipmates."

"Paul Lardlisky, seaman first class."

"Is this Lardlips?" Katie asked.

The sailor frowned at Johnny. "Not many call me that when I'm around in person."

"He's one of the men in my watch," Johnny explained.

"The best sailor in the whole damn Navy too," Lardlips added. "Eighteen years in it. If there's anything I don't know about it, the brass hats haven't thought it up yet."

Such sudden foreboding flickered in Johnny's face that Katie could not look at him for more than a second at a time. He avoided her glance and looked as if he wished he were forty feet under sea.

"Well, well!" Lardlips stepped off a pace and looked Katie over from head to foot, stopping admiringly long enough at her full high breasts, at her waist, at her rightly carved ankles. "How'd you pick as shapely a doll as this, Johnny, and so early in the morning? A regular destroyer! Looks as if she sails too."

Johnny's face showed what he felt, a shaking premonition of what each additional second might bring.

Katie looked to Johnny for some clue to what next to do, but he stood rooted and undecided. Katie made her own decision quickly. She said, "If you'll excuse us, please, we'll have to be going."

"Where in hell can you go this time of the morning?"

"We got an engagement," Katie said breezily.

"Can't I come with you?"

"It's way over in Brooklyn," Katie said in a tone that would discourage an armadillo.

"I got nothing against Brooklyn," Lardlips insisted.

Katie looked at Johnny. He said, "Well, it wasn't very interesting. I don't think you'd like it."

"If it's not so important," Lardlips said, "it won't matter if you skip it. Maybe we can eat lunch together and I'll tell you some stories. Come on, let's go." He took Johnny's arm.

Johnny smiled nervously at Katie but said nothing.

"You see, Katie," Lardlips explained, taking a hold like a pipe wrench on her arm, "we kid Johnny a lot about dames. He doesn't know a damn thing about them, as I bet you've found out. But he's a good kid, even if he is only nineteen."

Katie understood at once Johnny's silence and a great deal more. She could not help glancing at him. So deep was his embarrassment that she was sorry to have looked. His neck was deep red.

"You couldn't find a better kid, if you like kids," Lardlips continued, "though a doll like you ought to prefer a man of real experience."

"Like you?" Johnny said, suddenly coming to life.

"Well," Lardlips said puffily, "if I wasn't so bloomin' modest I might say yes. But don't worry, kid, I won't steal her."

He quickly changed to a more intimate tone. "But I could go for you in a super way, baby. I could tell at a glance you're a sailor's girl. I remember once I was down in Trinidad, down in the Carrybeen. They got beautiful dolls too, Hindoo, Chinese, Negro, all mixed up. There was one little doll I saw, mostly Chinese. After a hell of a fight I took her away from a G. I., but I got awful smashed up because four guys jumped me at once. So the doll took me to her house to fix me up and damn if everything in the place hadn't come off American ships." He laughed. "I just had a hunch when I saw that doll that she was a sailor's girl."

In spite of herself Katie exploded, "Oh, Johnny!" and glanced aslant at him. He was looking off in the distance. The color of his face now matched his neck.

KATIE hated the smug satisfaction on Lardlips' face. Yet, in a way, she was grateful to him for brushing away, at one monstrous sweep, much she had not understood about Johnny.

"Come on, let's go," Lardlips said impatiently.

Katie saw Johnny trying to make up his mind, trying to get strength for any decision.

"If you're afraid I'll take your doll," Lardlips repeated, noticing Johnny's hesitation, "forget it. I ain't got time enough today."

"Or any other day," Katie snapped.

Lardlips shrugged his shoulders. "You serious about this kid?" When he got no answer he looked worried. "Say he hasn't asked you to marry him, has he?"

That shattered Johnny's silence. "Why the hell don't you mind your business and beat it?"

"Me?" Lardlips looked shocked. "Beat it? Is that any way to talk to the guy who weaned you on salt water?" He turned again to Katie. "You don't look like the marrying kind, so if what I said insulted you, I'm sorry. Of course, now and then even a sailor gets fooled. Once I knew a doll in Norfolk who was nuts about me and was always talking about a home and kids and damn near talked me into the idea." Then he told the story that Johnny had told about himself a few hours earlier. "Yes, sir," he concluded, "I sent half the fleet to knock at her door and ask for Nellie!" He laughed until he shook.

Katie, annoyed at not knowing what to answer, said, "I heard that story before, from another sailor."

"The hell you say!" Lardlips was tickled. "I didn't think I was that well known in the Navy." Then, "It's dolls like that one in Norfolk the chaplain means when he talks about 'the perils of the sea.' In fact, as I tell Johnny and all the other young squirts, he means all marrying dolls. It's just as much for the doll's good. From marrying sailors, all dolls get is broken hearts."

Katie snorted. "From certain kinds of sailors, maybe."

He ignored that. "All Johnny knows about dolls I taught him, and the first lesson's a cinch: if you want something from a doll, ask her right out for it."

By now Katie was ready to haul off and hit this large rubbery mass of self-confidence, but because Johnny would do nothing she knew she could do nothing.

Lardlips went on. "Kids like Johnny always come to me for advice. They're fresh from the farm, just like raw meat. You got to pickle and cure them in salt water. Eventually you make decent sailors out of them, but it's hard work for men like me. Now, take Johnny! He's still got chicken litter in his hair, but give me time—"

"I think he's a good sailor already." Katie felt she had to defend Johnny. The complete humiliation she saw on his face was more than she could stand. "He's got that ribbon for bravery, hasn't he?"

Katie was wrong. She had not yet seen complete humiliation on his face. She saw it now.

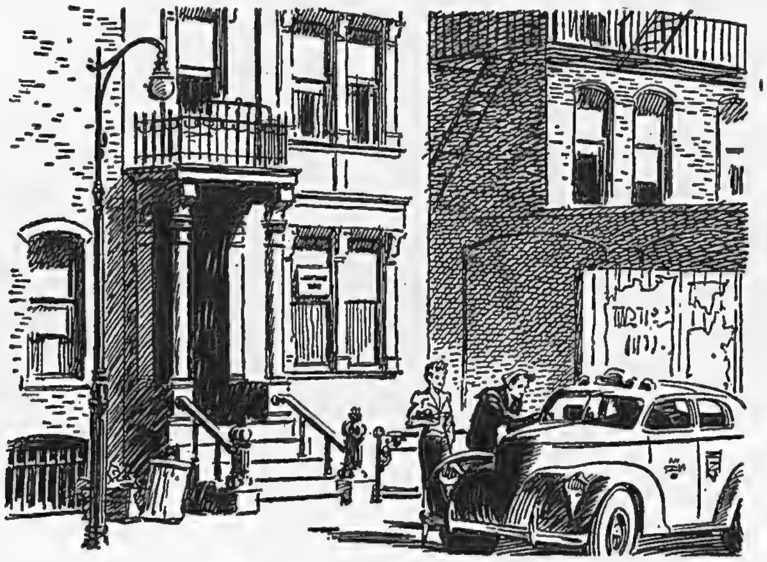
"He has?" Lardlips asked. "That ribbon? Oh, sure. What did he tell you he got it for?"

"For diving off a ship and saving some officer."

Lardlips laughed uproariously. "I'll say he's a good sailor. Kids the dolls on like a chief petty officer."

"What is the ribbon?" Katie asked.

"It's a special one," Lardlips said, still laughing. "They give it to Johnny for lifesaving but other sailors get it for being in Europe or even just near it. Wait till I tell that back on the ship! Lifesaving!"



With her eyes flashing and her face reddened, Katie swung around to him. "Johnny and I have to go now."

A muddy cloud of suspicion settled on Lardlips' face. "Say, what the hell's going on? You wouldn't be trying to dump me, would you?"

Just then a breeze flitted across the Park. It flicked Lardlips' cap from his head, sailing it through the air.

"Damn!" he exploded. He went after the cap.

Johnny looked at Katie and tried to smile. The smile flickered out as he felt Katie's hand reach for his, and astonishment settled on his face. He said desperately, "My God, I wish he'd go and leave us alone."

"So do I." Katie spoke fervently.

Lardlips was coming back, his cap retrieved. On his face was a curious, noncomprehending look. He said awkwardly, "Well, Johnny! I guess I better be going."

Johnny's jaw dropped. He stared at Katie.

"Sure," Lardlips said, "why should I try to horn in on you kids? Go along to that phony date of yours, but God help you, Johnny, if you're a second late reporting back to the ship." He smiled at Katie. "Be good to the kid." And with that he waddled away.

"WELL, I'll be damned," Johnny said, not quite believing what he saw. Then, when he realized that he was alone with Katie, he looked around, as if hunting some exit. He said, "I guess I'll be going too."

"Where to?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Back to the ship."

Katie smiled. "You're such a little boy, Johnny!"

He bristled at once. "You wouldn't know anything about how old I am if it hadn't been for Lardlips!"

"If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't really have known you."

He started to be angry at that, then said futilely, "You must think I'm a complete phony."

"No, I don't." Katie looked into his face and met his glance. "I don't, honest I don't, Johnny." Her voice was as soft as a wavelet against an anchored ship "Don't you still want to go where we were going?"

Johnny straightened up. "You mean it?"

"Come on. We're still wasting a lot of time."

As they went down Fifth Avenue in a cab, with Johnny sitting close to her, his arm around her, he talked slowly and haltingly. "I just don't understand women, I guess," he confessed. "That was why I hated Lardlips so. On shipboard he's always talking about his women and he knows a hell of a lot about them because he knows a hell of a lot of women."

"You don't need to know a lot of women to know a lot about them," Katie said. "One's plenty."

"I always thought women didn't like phonies."

"Did Lardlips tell you that? He doesn't know anything about some kinds of women. Johnny, would you think I was a phony if I told you I was eighteen instead of twenty?" Katie waited to see the slight surprise on his face. "Well, I am."

Johnny did not answer that directly. He said, "Lardlips was always bragging about his women and about how much money he spends on them and—well, I made a bet with him I'd find a girl before nine A. M., and I did! And I wanted the time on the picture to prove it."

"And I'm glad you found me, so glad!"

After a long silence Johnny said, "That was funny how Lardlips went away so suddenly."

"Maybe there's a charm over us," Katie said. "We both wished he would go and he went."

"Nothing to do with it," Johnny answered promptly. "He's a pretty decent guy. He finally caught on that he wasn't wanted."

"Anyway," Katie said, "we've had everything we've wished for today and now I have what I want most."

"What's that?"

"You." Katie turned to him and kissed him. He returned her kiss absently, then with slow tightening, as some voltage deep within him was increased, and he held her so close she had to break for breath.

Katie hoped she had left her room neat. "I hope Mrs. Healy, that's my landlady, isn't home. I don't know what I'll say to her if we meet her."

"Tell her I'm a long-lost brother just back from seven years at sea." Johnny had recovered a little of his earlier gaiety.

"I never took anyone to my room," Katie said awkwardly. "Maybe Mrs. Healy'll be out at a store."

"Sure. We've been lucky all day. You said so."

The cab crossed Manhattan Bridge, turned through a tangle of crowded streets, then came to an old house with a stoop and a rusty iron railing. Katie said, with no pride, "Here we are."

AS Katie led the way into the vestibule she felt her heart begin to pound. The hallway was quiet and empty. She headed for the stairs with Johnny close behind. The first door to be passed was Mrs. Healy's, and, as Mrs. Healy was fond of saying, she ran a respectable house.

With no sound but their own soft footsteps and the squeak of one stairboard after another, they went up the first two flights.

Then, somewhere downstairs, a door opened, and there was a heavy tread on the staircase.

Katie tried to walk even more quietly but almost every stairboard in the last flight squeaked. But it was not loud enough to drown out the slow heavy steps coming piston-like from the first flight below.

At the fourth landing Katie hurried to a door, unlocked it, and almost pulled Johnny into the room. She locked the door and whispered, "She'll be mad. She'll make you go."

"Hm!" Johnny said. "We'll see."

The steps were turning the second landing now. Katie felt every nerve pulled tight. "Oh, I wish she'd go away."

"So do I," Johnny said. "Boy, so do I!"

The steps hesitated for a second and there was silence in the hallway. Then they sounded again on the stairs, but this time they were going down.

"See!" Katie said triumphantly. "We're under some kind of charm. We wished she would go and she did."

Johnny laughed. "I think I heard the doorbell ring."

Katie's face showed her relief. "Well, she is gone and glory be to God!"

"Yeah!" Johnny agreed. He seemed suddenly ill at ease as he looked around the small room. "It's a little place, isn't it?"

"Awful little." Katie opened the window.

The room was just large enough to hold a single bed, a small table, a broad dresser, and one chair.

"But it's nice," Johnny said, as if it were vital to keep going the most impersonal conversation possible.

Suddenly, impetuously, he swung to her and put his arms around her and held her tight. She fitted herself shamelessly against him, almost impatiently.

"Oh, Johnny," she whispered, "I love you so much."

He went awkwardly after her lips. From his timid awkwardness, his rough eagerness, Katie was sure of something else about Johnny, something that raised and strengthened the singing within her.

JOHNNY lit a cigarette. He looked for a place to sit down. He carefully avoided the bed and sat on the one chair.

Katie said, "I wish we weren't here just one day. I wish I'd be waiting for you every time you come ashore in our own little apartment. If we were married—"

Johnny looked up sharply. "We couldn't get married today even if we wanted to."

"Sure we could. Don't you remember Hosenfenster?"

Johnny stood up, alarmed. "You mean it, right now?"

She said frankly, "Yes, of course, if you want to."

"You mean you could stop—right here, now, and go off?"

"More than anything in the world," Katie said.

Johnny's face hardened. "That's what Lardlips said. He was always talking about dames who take you off to their places," he said most distrustfully, "and get you in a weak moment and then before you know it you promise things and get a hawser tossed over you for life."

Katie's hands slipped to her hips. "Do you honestly think that describes me?"

"Lardlips—"

"I should think you'd have enough of his smartness to last you for life." She was furious. "How can you say a thing like that after what happened in the Park?"

Johnny said defiantly, "I'm not ashamed of anything that happened."

"There's no reason for you to be."

He shook his head, not understanding. "After Lardlips made a fool out of me, you could have walked off."

"Why didn't I?"

"I don't know," he said uneasily.

Katie's lips curled. "Because I had my heart so set on marrying you?"

"I don't know," he answered helplessly.

"You're such a baby, Johnny. You don't know anything about women or being in love. Look, I'll tell you something a lot of men don't know or don't remember. A woman likes to be with a man. There!" She looked into his puzzled face. "Sometimes a woman wants a man even more than any lonely sailor wants a woman, and feels just as bad too. But it's got to be the right man."

The look on Johnny's face was indescribable.

"You look shocked, Johnny. But that's the way I feel about you." Before she could think of the consequences, she added, "I'm sure you've never been with a woman before, like this."

He blushed, and his anger at once equaled hers. "Maybe so, maybe not. But I didn't come for a lecture about myself. I don't need any woman in my life," he added defiantly. "Permanently, that is. There's nothing in this world any woman can do for me. Nothing!"

That hurt deeply, but Katie knew the best answer was softness. "Sometimes a woman can do a lot for a man."

"What?" Johnny snapped.

She shook her head. He was just a few feet off, in the narrowness of that little room, but at that moment he might have been a thousand miles at sea. They faced each other, with no words left to say. Then, on impulse, she threw herself on him. "Oh, you baby, you don't even know when a woman loves you, just for you, not for anything else in the world."

"I guess I don't," he admitted awkwardly, trying to smooth her hair. He looked down on her face with surprise. "What are you crying for?"

"I guess it's because of the way we're wasting time and never will it come back to us."

"Uh huh," Johnny said. "It's funny," he added, half amused, "but Lardlips said that too."

"What did he say?" Katie said.

"He said you meet many dames who try everything and when nothing works they turn on the tears."

"Johnny! Why do you keep bringing Lardlips up? Let's forget him. You're old enough to stand on your own feet."

"There's another thing," Johnny said as if he were being driven to it, "you keep repeating how young I am and how I don't know anything about women. Lardlips said that was another one—they try to mother you."

"You're so full of fears, Johnny," Katie said slowly, "maybe it would have been better if we hadn't come here. I didn't think you'd be so scared and suspicious."

"Who's scared?" Johnny asked, his voice harsh. "I just didn't expect to get talked to, that's all."

Katie walked to the window and turned her back. Here was a situation that made her feel completely helpless. She said thoughtfully, "When you say things like that I wish you weren't here."

"So do I," Johnny said nervously. "So do I."

She stood at the window, looking down on the yard. She was baffled at Johnny's angry replies. Probably embarrassment and fear and real uncertainty all contributed to them. Perhaps she was to blame. "Let's forget, Johnny, and start over," she said, turning around.

Then she blinked and only with force held back a scream: Johnny was gone, as completely as if he had never been there. She hurried to the door, stumbling in her haste to get it open.

Far below she heard quick descending steps. She would have screamed his name but for fear of Mrs. Healy. Instead, she went back to her room, grabbed her purse, and hurried down the steps and into the street. There was no sign of Johnny.

For a moment she stood daubing at her eyes, concerned only with the problem of how to find Johnny again, how to find him and tell him that nothing ever mattered so long as he knew she loved him, that no fear need ever separate them again.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny," she whispered as she hurried along the sidewalk, prepared to follow him to the dimmest and farthest ends of a shadowed earth, if there she might find him.

THE noon sun hung like a broiler flame over the Sands Street gate at the Navy Yard. There Katie waited. Although there were other gates she knew that almost all sailors used this one. She waited with assurance; he had to be back by five.

In a thin blue and white stream sailors passed in and out through the gate. Trolleys screeched their way along the bumpy tracks. For Katie everything was blurry and out of focus. While she waited she kept repeating, "Just once, God in heaven, just once. I don't even know where to write him and he'll never find me again."

She waited first on one corner, then the other, turning down a dozen invitations from hopeful sailors. Watching the long narrow street, she wondered idly about the haste of his departure. Then she remembered that almost the last thing she had said was, "I wish you weren't here." And Johnny had answered, "So do I." So often that day she had said, "There's a charm over us. What we wish for we get." Softly she said, "If all we have to do to make a thing happen is to wish it, then I wish Johnny were back, right now, right here, with me."

The screech of a trolley was the only answer.

It was past four. For the first time Katie faced the chance that Johnny might not come by, that he might have gone through another gate, that he was already on his ship. Her eyes burned from tears held back.

She crossed over to the Marine guard at the gate. "How do I get a pass into the Yard?" she asked.

"Ask in the office here. Why do you want a pass?"

"I want to find a sailor."

The laughter that followed hit Katie like a fist.

"If we gave passes for that, we'd have so many dames in here we couldn't get the ships out!" the marine roared.

Katie held back tears and asked, "Do you know a sailor named Johnny Smith?"

"What color sailor suit was he wearing?"

Katie turned away. It was past four-thirty. Once or twice she thought she saw him coming, but each time the tall lithe sailor walking to the gate turned out to be a stranger. Then she felt that perhaps some of the sailors might be on Johnny's ship. She stopped one. "Do you know a Johnny Smith on your ship?"

"Can't give out information like that, sister," he said. "Write to the Secretary of the Navy. But if you give me your telephone number I'll speak to him myself."

Somewhere a whistle blew. It was five o'clock and Katie had to reach to a lamp post to steady herself.

Afternoon rusted to twilight and twilight faded to dark and the night came down, but she did not move from the corner, although she knew it was useless to wait any longer. River whistles were a blatant reminder that between her and Johnny, now and forever, there would be only miles of water never to be bridged.

MRS. O'GEOGHAN came to the door of her little apartment. She smiled when she saw Katie. "I never thought you'd be coming, and least of all tonight," she said. "And if I had a young man the likes of him this morning—" She looked more closely at Katie's face and gently put her arm around the girl and drew her into the room. "Sit down, Katie," she said with infinite gentleness. "You needn't say a word. I can guess."

A kettle was boiling on a little stove. Mrs. O'Geoghan went to it. "I was just sitting down to hot tea, me lacking the strength in my legs to run after a bottle of beer. Tea'll be good for us. It's comforted many a girl when her man's gone away."

"Thank you," Katie said, feeling a little stronger. She drank her tea in silence.

"Sure, and I can tell you what you're going to say, Katie dear. You're going to tell me the young man is gone, without so much as thanks, leaving you only desolation."

Katie nodded, forcing herself to hold back tears.

"The likes of men," Mrs. O'Geoghan said piously. "They're all like the long-legged Callahan goat at Ballinasloe my mother never could catch, always running—after he got what he wasn't supposed to have."

Katie shook her head. "Johnny went away before that."

Mrs. O'Geoghan looked astonished. "Now, there is something new under the broad sun. And perhaps for a woman that's worse, but I wouldn't know that. No men ever left me like that, the conniving scoundrels."

Katie finished her tea. "I'm grateful to you," she said. "I feel better." Then she told the story of the day. Mrs. O'Geoghan sat following the tale as she would have followed a love story in the movies, clucking, nodding, and wiping her eyes on her sleeve as Katie finished. "So many things hurt," Katie said, summing it up, "but most of all when he said, 'There's nothing no woman can ever do for me, ever.' "

Mrs. O'Geoghan agreed, adding, "He must have been nervous to go so fast and so quietly. The likes of such grass fever I never heard."

"I frightened him away," Katie said, "and that will burden me always. If I could only find him and tell him!"

A faint flush of hope lit Mrs. O'Geoghan's face. "Perhaps if I write to my sons, Dennis, Patrick, Michael, Francis, or Liffey—especially Liffey. He gets around a lot and never was one for staying in his own garden, house, or bed, in that respect being just like his father. Perhaps they may find your Johnny."

"How can anyone find a sailor named Johnny Smith? There must be a million of them." Katie folded her arms on the table and rested her head.

"He didn't give you his home address or anything like that or any other clue to find him out?"

Katie shook her head. Then she sat up listlessly. "All I have is a photograph of him with me"—she reached in her handbag—"and this." She took out Johnny's souvenir medal from Belfast.

"Hm, that's not much of a clue," Mrs. O'Geoghan said, looking at the coin with no great interest. Then something she saw startled her and she began to examine it very closely. "I cannot believe it!"

"What?"

"Have you never heard of the coin of O'Flaherty?"

Katie shook her head.

"I've heard my grandmother describe this a hundred times," Mrs. O'Geoghan said reverently. "Did you not say you both wished you weren't in the room? And many times the day long you both wished for something and it happened?"

"Yes," Katie admitted.

Mrs. O'Geoghan held the coin high. "Here! This explains it—why he left so suddenly, why the Lard person left! You had this in your possession and you both wished it. As simple as that!"

"Everything that happened as we wished could have had plain and natural causes."

"Believe as you wish, Katie, but what I say makes much more simple sense." Mrs. O'Geoghan held the coin carefully in her hand. "My grandmother used to tell it and I've heard it from her many times. In Oughterard, in County Galway where she lived, Paddy White was a sheepherder. Suddenly he became the richest man in the west of Ireland. Was that plain and natural cause? Everybody knew he had found an O'Flaherty coin in his pasture. Four of them were made by Colm O'Flaherty more than a thousand years ago. And it was always said Colm O'Flaherty made the coins because he was weary of hearing his people say daily, 'The Irish are a cursed and unlucky folk.' "

MRS. O'GEOGHAN looked tenderly at the coin. "The Irish who hold these, my grandmother said, will always be lucky and all their wishes granted, can they but find someone they love who wants the same thing honestly with them. Since the Irish live in prideful loneliness, such a person is not always easy to find. Sometimes you'd be searching the world over, in lonesome places, and in all the high mountains on the earth and tall ships on the seas before you'd find another Irishman to agree to want the same thing as another Irishman."

Katie shook her head. "There are no such miracles today."

Mrs. O'Geoghan bristled angrily. "Katie Morrison, from Connemara, and you saying that? The Irish can always believe easily in miracles—without them how would there be an Ireland? It's the simple everyday facts of life we find beyond understanding." She looked at Katie and laughed. "What I'm telling you is true. That's the evergreen glory of the Irish—their stories are always true. It's only in the telling or writing of them that splendid imaginations overpower them.

"And my grandmother, God rest her weary soul, used to say another thing. He who possessed a coin, she said, was blessed with another power. He could, if he wished it as he lay down at the end of a day, roam the broad world by night while asleep looking for someone he loved, with never a guarantee that he'd find what he sought."

Katie, listening closely, did not move, but some of the restlessness and sorrow was gone from her face.

"And even that searching was beset with grave dangers," Mrs. O'Geoghan said, "for sometimes those who searched to no avail might never quite return to themselves. My grandmother always told about Paddy White's brother, Thomas, him who stole the coin from him, killing his own brother to do it. Always thereafter he was telling tales of the wonders of strange lands, who never once left his homeland and the streets of Ballyvaghan.

But a day came when Thomas was judged apart forever from his daily life, and his friends put him in the crazy house at Galway, and he kept raving with a madness about searching and searching and never an end to it."

Very carefully Katie reached out and took the coin from Mrs. O'Geoghan's hand. Katie's quick movement as she stood up frightened the woman. She looked into Katie's face and what she saw frightened her the more. She protested, a streak of fright in her voice. "Has anything I've been telling you upset you?"

"Upset me?" Katie smiled. "No, honestly no." Very carefully she put the coin back in her purse.

"Will you come back soon?" Mrs. O'Geoghan sounded anxious, like one trying to delay even for a moment a traveler about to leave forever for the ends of the earth.

"I'll come back sometime," Katie promised gently. "And now, good night."

She went down the stairs and into the street, her head high, and all that was fresh and young in the swing of her moving body. Passers-by sometimes turned to look at her, caught by the way the night lights plated her pale blond hair with gold. Some of them noticed her eyes too, not their color, but the living flame in them, like the heat and light seen through the little peering window of the flaming boilers of a pounding ship.

OF the seamen who saw her and of what then happened there are many tales. The chief petty officer on the *Dewey* saw her one night and gave chase down a companionway but lost her. Knowing that Australian wives were trying to smuggle themselves to America, he had the ship searched for the next three days. A lieutenant, U. S. N., on the *Myron* saw her and thereby started a row. He accused another lieutenant, U.S.N.R., who was always boasting about his luck with women, of bringing her aboard. That one went to the bridge for final settlement and apologies. A quartermaster caught sight of her on the stern of the *Pasadena* and could not sleep for nights. He had fathered a child with a girl in San Francisco, then run. The woman died. He was sure her ghost was following him.

She was seen on the *Vermont,* the *Suwanee,* the *Decatur,* the *Cape Romano,* the *Schuykill,* the *Tulare,* and many other ships. Some man on each one of them saw her. To some she seemed tall, to others short, to some pretty, to others plain. Most of them noticed the glorious color of her hair. All of them remembered the deep throb of her voice. Few of them ever called her beautiful but they remembered the light in her eyes. Often the description was much like that of the woman they knew best, missed most, and hungered after.

THE Captain was tired. A huge operation was over and the Task Force was back again at its base, after supporting yet one more invasion. This evening there had been a final summing-up on the flagship of the Force. Now the Captain rode back in a launch to his own ship. Beside him sat Lohrman, his executive officer.

The Captain turned to Lohrman. "Commander Mitchell was certainly in good form tonight, wasn't he?"

"He had some good stories," Lohrman said. "I'll never forget the one about the New York girl who out-darwined Darwin and got silver fox skins from a wolf."

"I can hear you telling it for the next five years. The story that interested me was the one about that girl they've reported seeing on so many different ships."

"Men under strain see funny things," Lohrman said. "Wanting a woman, then seeing her, doesn't ask too much of the imagination."

The Captain was not so sure. "I'm certain there's some ground for it. I've heard similar stories before." He was silent for a moment. "One thing interested me in what Mitchell said. He told how everyone who saw the girl could agree on two things, her blond hair and her voice. I guess that's what sailors would like most—to see a woman's blond hair and to hear a low soft woman's voice."

The launch came to the ladder. The Captain hurried up the steps and off to his quarters. On his desk was a pile of letters just in from the States.

Before opening his mail he took off his uniform and slipped into his robe. He took the first letter, from his wife, and settled back wearily in a chair.

His wife wrote almost every day and always had the gift of bringing home so near and so real that for a moment the Captain could imagine himself in the living-room and catch the summer breeze coming in.

In the same mood he slipped back to a thought that came in recent weeks with increasing frequency.

For thirty-five years before 1942 he had alternated sea duty with work in Washington. In those days the thought of a command, of one continuous mission after another, had been so remote that he had never let himself think of it. And now he had had it, for two years. He could imagine no greater reward now than to be home again, without the responsibility for thousands of men.

That consciousness of responsibility was something new and troublesome. If it was permanent, then he had no other honorable course but to ask for transfer to shore duty.

He heard a sound at his door but did not look up. He felt too tired even to raise his head.

But the door opened and then he looked up, half startled. A girl was there, asking, "Excuse me, but do you know a sailor named Johnny Smith on board?"

"I don't know. Won't you come in?"

Katie stood timidly by the door, ready to flee.

"I've heard about you," the Captain said. "Sit down, and tell me how you got here."

In a very few words Katie told him.

He listened thoughtfully. "It must be nice to have such a charm. You wouldn't lend it for one night? There's a place in Maryland I'd like to see." He smiled. "My name is O'Reilly, and I believe in charms too. Now what is the name of the sailor you want to find?"

"Johnny—Johnny Smith from South Dakota."

"Tell me how you met him."

Katie told it, as briefly as possible.

The Captain reached for pencil and paper. "That's not so hard. All we have to do is to find out what ship put into Brooklyn early the morning of the date you met him and left the same day. Then we can write the Bureau of Navy Personnel in Washington."

"Would you really be kind enough to do all that?"

He looked at Katie closely. "He'll be a very lucky sailor. But are you sure he wants to be found? A lot of sailors I've known went to sea purposely to avoid it."

"He will, if I just know where to write him."

"Very well," O'Reilly answered gently. He asked her for her address, then said, "I promise to help, but you must promise me you'll stop searching, my dear. You can rest quietly at night and not distract the Navy any further. Will you promise?"

After a moment's hesitation Katie promised.

"You've seen a lot of the Navy, haven't you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"Few people have seen as much as you have—not even myself," O'Reilly continued. "If people ever ask you about it, tell them. Tell them it is a merciless and wretched world that forces men to have to be as brave as our sailors have to be. Maybe you and your Johnny can live in a more sensible world."

He stood up. Before he could take a step toward her, she was gone. He followed her out into the companionway. A strong breeze erased his last feeling of fatigue. He returned to his cabin and called for Lohrman.

"Sorry to disturb you," O'Reilly said, "but I wanted to see you. Remember that girl Mitchell spoke about? She has just been here visiting me."

Lohrman looked startled.

"I had quite a conversation with her," O'Reilly continued. He reported it in detail.

When he was finished, Lohrman said, "You were awfully tired when I left you. The story of that girl was on your mind. You probably fell asleep—"

"And imagined it?" O'Reilly looked concerned. "That's what I decided a moment before I called you."

"Sure. That obviously is what it was."

"I'd agree, with relief, but how did I happen to write a strange girl's name and address on this pad?"

Lohrman's face was always under control but his voice showed what he felt. "Look, Captain, really—"

O'Reilly nodded. "If I've been seeing illusions, then it's very obvious that I'm scarcely fit to command."

What Lohrman thought now showed on his face.. "I'm sure you fell asleep."

"I don't know, frankly," O'’Reilly said. "But suppose we send a message to Naval Intelligence in Washington and ask them to verify this girl's address. If she does live there and if there is such a person, then perhaps I've not turned senile." Then, equally firm, he said, "And if they find no such person, then I shall ask for retirement or shore duty at once."

Two days later O'Reilly, grinning from ear to ear, showed Lohrman a message from Washington. It said, "Katie Morrison lives at 183 York Street, Brooklyn."

CALL them the meanest ships in the Navy, the repair ships, but the men who sail them won't mind what you call them so long as they can stay on them. They never make headlines or even the communiqués. They are nothing to look at, squat, ugly, without speed. Yet no fleet wants to go anywhere without them. From cutting steel plate to fit torpedo holes down to repairing the skipper's electric razor, they work their miracles which, done day after day, become routine.

But the repair ship *Corder* was not on routine as she headed west, badly down at the port bow and making four knots. A floating mine or perhaps a torpedo at dusk had torn twenty feet from her port side.

"Tough to think of forty-nine men at once," the skipper told the first officer the next morning as he glanced over the casualty roster. "All good men and hard to replace. Particularly Emonds." He had been the chief engineer. "We've been friends for twenty years but never on the same ship together until we got this assignment."

At the stern a few of the deck crew sat around listlessly. One stout sailor was doing the talking, what there was of it. Fourteen of the deck gang were gone.

"It'll take us a month to get back in shape," the sailor said gloomily.

"Even with replacements it won't be the same ship."

The sailor shook his head. "When you've been in the Navy as long as I have you get used to these things."

"Aw, you're not so tough, Lardlips. You're going to miss a lot of those guys and you know it."

"Sure, I'll miss 'em," Lardlips said with careful carelessness. "But sailors are sailors. They turn 'em out these days like a machine stamps out washers."

"What about Johnny Smith?" someone asked.

Lardlips' face quivered a little. "What about him?"

"You'll never find a guy to believe your yarns the way he did."

"Sure," someone else said, "it was always 'Lardlips says—' with Johnny."

Lardlips nodded slowly. "Maybe they picked the kid up." His face was gray. "Anyway, he was a good kid and no jerk. But there'll be other Johnnies coming along. They keep coming from their farms with oats still in their hair. So we get 'em and make good sailors out of 'em. And Lord knows, they make good sailors."

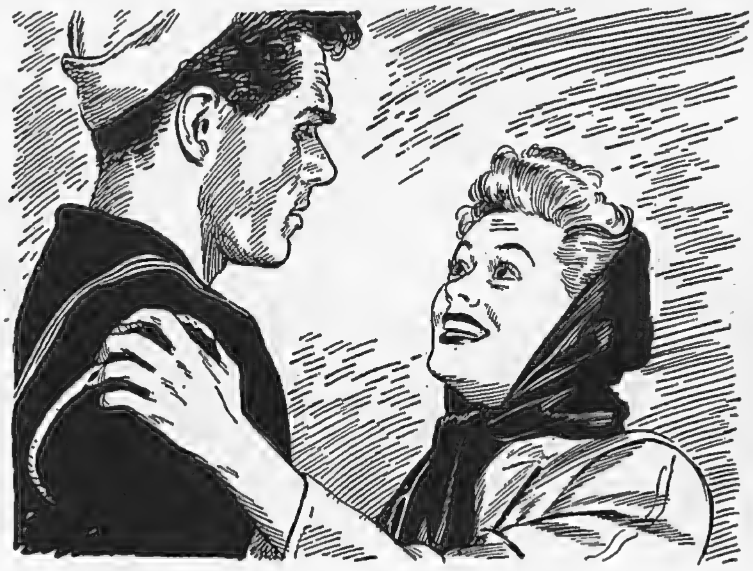
IN the lobby of the Waldorf Mrs. O'Geoghan was finishing mopping the floor near the main entrance. She put the mop through the wringer with more energy than the job needed and almost upset the bucket.

Mrs. Dolan, a thin-faced woman who was dusting, looked up. "You're not yourself this morning."

"In truth, I'm not meself," Mrs. O'Geoghan admitted. "You remember Katie Morrison I was telling you about? I saw her last night and I can't get her face out of my mind. I worry about her. I worry about her more than my five sons off to the Pacific wars."

"A daughter can worry you that way," Mrs. Dolan agreed. "After all, men are supposed to get into trouble. But when a girl's in trouble it's like having a rocky hill grow on your shoulders."

"And this isn't ordinary trouble where you could stand by until the baby is born." Mrs. O'Geoghan shook her head. "This is rare and frightful trouble." She lowered her voice. "She's in love with a dead man."



"Merciful Mary in Heaven!"

Mrs. O'Geoghan explained further. "Or, more proper, with a man she won't believe dead. He was submarined and one officer wrote her he is presumably lost. His name was O'Reilly and anyone named O'Reilly ought to have better sense than to leave such ground for lingering doubt in her mind. So Katie takes that to mean he's alive perhaps and she won't listen to anything else.

"And Katie goes on searching." She shook her head hopelessly. "I tell you, Mrs. Dolan, there's no look on the human face like that of one always searching and searching with never the littlest hope of ever finding."

SUMMER or winter the men back from the sea pass along the dingy length of Sands Street. Some who came along the winter street in early morning saw a girl come out of the mist, as sudden as unexpected landfall. She moved fast and sure, and the sailor was the more surprised when she suddenly stopped in front of him, almost blocking his way. Then each sailor heard the same question, "Do you know Johnny Smith, a sailor from South Dakota?"

Usually they answered, "No," and before they could say anything else the girl was gone.

So Katie lived each morning and each hour of the day in her own gray world where the only light from far beyond was hope. She lived driven by some compulsion and she knew it. "They who search to no avail," Mrs. O'Geoghan had said, "might never quite return to themselves again." Nor would Katie have had it otherwise.

THERE came one wet morning hung with thick fog. Katie woke, dressed quickly, then hurried into the empty street. She walked rapidly to Sands Street.

She came near the place where she and Johnny had first met. Whenever she passed it, hope and the memory set her trembling. Time and again from a short way off, she saw the figure of a man waiting here; when she spoke to him no answer came back, and she was left to stare through illusion at nothingness.

This morning the street was so foggy that even the meeting place did not show clear, but she turned to it as she passed. Dimly she saw a figure slouched against the building. She was certain it was a sailor and certain too that he was only imagination.

But, as always, she stopped to ask, "Do you know Johnny Smith, a sailor from South Dakota?"

When no answer came she turned to hurry on.

The sound of a sigh in the mist made her stop. Behind her a voice, as lifeless and weary as her own, said, "Johnny Smith, a sailor from South Dakota?"

Katie knew that voice, no matter what pain or hurt might mask it, and she ran back, her arms wide, crying, "Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!" Everything in her reached out to him, and as she touched him and found him real she knew this was no illusion.

"Oh, Johnny! Johnny Smith!" She stumbled into his arms but he was as unresponsive as a telephone pole.

"Johnny! Johnny, I'm Katie."

"I don't remember any Katie."

For a second, Katie wondered if she were playing one last horrible trick on herself. She put her hands up to his shoulders. They were solid and broad. She looked up at him. He was tall, slim, and his face was the face of the Johnny she had known.

"It was that way when they picked me up." His voice was flat and monotonous. "I don't remember anything except what people told me at the hospital."

"You will, you will, Johnny."

"They said my fingerprints showed I was Johnny Smith. You called me by that name, but are you sure?"

"Sure?" Katie laughed. "Didn't I recognize your voice in the fog? Oh, Johnny, I searched all over for you."

"Maybe you've got me mixed up with someone else," Johnny insisted, "because I can't remember anything about Johnny Smith. I only know what people tell me, and how can I be sure they're right?" The pain in his voice and the helplessness were as real as a choking hand across his windpipe. "And nothing will ever be right until I can remember for myself."

"Oh, Johnny, I can help you remember."

Not far off were the lights of the Coffee Pot where they had first gone on that July morning. Katie said, "Maybe if you see me in the light you'll remember."

When they reached the light he searched her face. On his face she could see no sign of recognition.

KATIE suggested, "Let's go inside for coffee." She hoped that the former attendant might still be there, as another aid to memory. He was gone.

After ordering coffee, Katie waited for Johnny to speak. He stared at her, then shook his head. "I'm sure I never saw hair or eyes like yours before. I don't believe I'd forget hair and eyes like yours."

"That's what you said the first time we met."

"How do I know there ever was a first time?"

Katie opened her handbag and brought out a photograph. "We had this taken when we were together."

"A picture—of me?" Johnny studied the print for a long time. "This could be me," he admitted. "But couldn't it just as well be someone who looked like me?"

"Oh, Johnny!"

"There's just one thing I remembered all by myself, that once I came here on this street early in the morning and something happened. I got hospital permission to come early this morning to see if I could remember."

Katie said, eagerly, "We met right here, Johnny. Maybe that's what it was you remembered. Then we went to Manhattan and spent a morning together."

Johnny snapped, "Why just a morning?"

"We separated suddenly, that's all."

Johnny shook his head. "As sudden as that? And you never saw me or heard from me again?"

Katie started to explain. "No, but—"

"That makes the Johnny Smith you knew one fine heel if you ask me. What a guy!"

They drank their coffee in silence.

Johnny rustled about in his chair. "A doctor at the hospital said something funny. He said maybe I was scared to pick up any one identity because I really wanted it that way. He said maybe I was afraid to come back to the world, what he calls the real world. The doctor said I was quite a case. And he said maybe it will take a miracle to bring me back."

In answer Katie again fished inside her handbag. Perhaps the sight of the coin might remind him of his stay in Belfast. The miracle he wanted might not be far away.

She handed the coin to him.

"What's that?"

"You gave me a present of it on that morning."

Johnny examined it. "Not much of a present."

Katie continued, "You said you got it in Belfast. Do you remember ever being in Belfast?"

"No, I don't remember anywhere I ever was."

Smiling to herself, Katie said very casually, "I wish you'd get everything you want, Johnny."

He shook his head. "First I got to know what that is." He handed back the coin. "I don't remember this."

With the coin held tight in her hand Katie said, "I wish you'd find the real Johnny Smith for yourself, by yourself."

He shook his head. "I have to find out more about him first. And I don't like what I heard about him from you."

She pressed the coin in her hand until she could feel its edges in her palm and the coin itself hot and moist. "I wish you'd get back all the memories you want."

"The doctor says," Johnny answered, "that maybe deep down inside of me something holds me back."

Feeling exasperated, foolish, and helpless all at the same time, Katie asked, "Don't you wish for anything?"

"Sometimes I wish I were back on my ship."

"And for nothing else?"

He looked up at the clock. "And sometimes when I get tired I wish the hospital wouldn't let me out."

Katie dropped the coin back in her handbag. She answered sharply, "And you probably wish that people would let you alone too, and not try to help?"

"Sometimes I do," Johnny admitted.

FROM that sentence she understood more than from anything else he had said. "You don't need any miracle to bring you back, Johnny. You just have to want to come back, that's all. You like it this way because you're afraid of being a real man and taking what comes." She stood up, not stopped by the sudden helplessness on his face. "I'm going to leave you because what you've got to do you've got to do by yourself." She drew her coat around her. "You're just as stubborn as when I knew you, as stubborn and afraid too."

Johnny asked, "Was I really stubborn and afraid?"

"Just the same," Katie said. "I'm the only person around who knows anything about you, about South Dakota and Lardlips and grass—" She felt she was about to cry but she choked it back in her throat. "I could help if you weren't scared, but I'm going to walk right out and leave you now." She pulled the belt of her coat tight. "I met you and I fell in love with you and then we separated and now we'll be separating again, but this time because I want it that way. And you can go alone and I'll go alone never knowing what we might have found together." She started for the door.

At the door Katie heard behind her a scraping chair. In a few quick steps Johnny was beside her. "Katie!" He took her arm. "Honest, I don't want to be alone."

"Tell me that you really want to find yourself."

"Of course I do, Katie."

"Tell me you won't be afraid of anything you find."

His glance met her steady gaze. "I won't be afraid of anything. You said we started out from here once for a morning in New York. Maybe we could start out like that now, together, and maybe we might find lots of things to remember."

Katie smiled, her eyes alight, and took his hand.

The door closed behind them and they were gone arm in arm into the low white fog.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

SINCE Conrad, no writer of the sea has been as popular as **William McFee,** who, like his predecessor, served for many years in the British merchant service. His latest book, **In the First Watch,** is the story of his early career as a junior engineer and finally his first chief's assignment.

William McFee

Here are rich, gusty portraits of the sturdy and rough but likeable men who sailed under the red duster before the first World War. McFee, in his preface, says that conditions and men on British tramps have changed in the past thirty-five years; but romantics will prefer to think that there are still sailors like quiet Mr. Ede and the Casanova-like four-foot-ten Mr. Brown roaming the seven seas.

One of the most delightful stories in the book tells of the voyage on which Captain Williams took his infant daughter and his stuffy and consciously well-bred wife. The situation soon proved too much for the second mate who went on a catastrophic solitary drunk. McFee, too, was finally overwhelmed by the stifling domesticity of the deck and sneaked ashore on a glorious bender.

In the First Watch is a nostalgic book that will have readers sending for travel folders. As the writer says, "Going to sea has all the advantages of suicide without any of its inconveniences."

Random House, New York. Price $3.

THE REASONABLE SHORES is **G. B. Stern's** first novel since The Young Matriarch. One of England's most prolific writers, her style has steadily improved over the years, but, to judge by this latest book, she has lost vitality in the process.

G. B. Stern

The Reasonable Shores has none of the vigor of the Matriarch series, none of the charm of The Ugly Dachshund and her gay novels of expatriates along the Riviera.

Jessamy Blake is colorless in comparison to the usual glowing Stern heroine. One is sympathetic to her problems—the problems of a sensitive young girl faced with the responsibility of an unhappy father and two spirited brothers—but one misses the "can't put it down" quality that usually characterizes G. B. Stern's work.

The Macmillan Company, New York. Price $3.

ERNEST POOLE, who loves New Hampshire, manages to communicate his love in his book, **The Great White Hills of New Hampshire.**

Poole has lived in the White Hills for years and has gathered all the good stories of the region, and retells them with rare skill.

Reading The Great White Hills is as entertaining as sitting around the wood stove in a country store listening to the old-timers yarn.

Doubleday and Company, Garden City, New York. Price $3.

THIS COUNTRY LIFE, by **Samuel R. Ogden,** is a practical guide to people who are considering leaving the city behind.

The facts in the book are based upon fifteen years of country living. Ogden maintains that farming is a way of life, one that is more satisfying and richer than any city living could be, but he also warns of the pitfalls in wait for the inexperienced farmer.

A. S. Barnes & Company, New York. Price $2.75.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

S	T	O	O	G	E	■	R	U	S	H	E	S
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C	H	A	R	O	N	■	M	E	T	E	R	S
L	E	■	T	O	I	L	E	R	S	■	A	A
I	C	H	■	M	E	A	T	S	■	K	I	T
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N	O	N	A	G	E	■	L	A	W	Y	E	R
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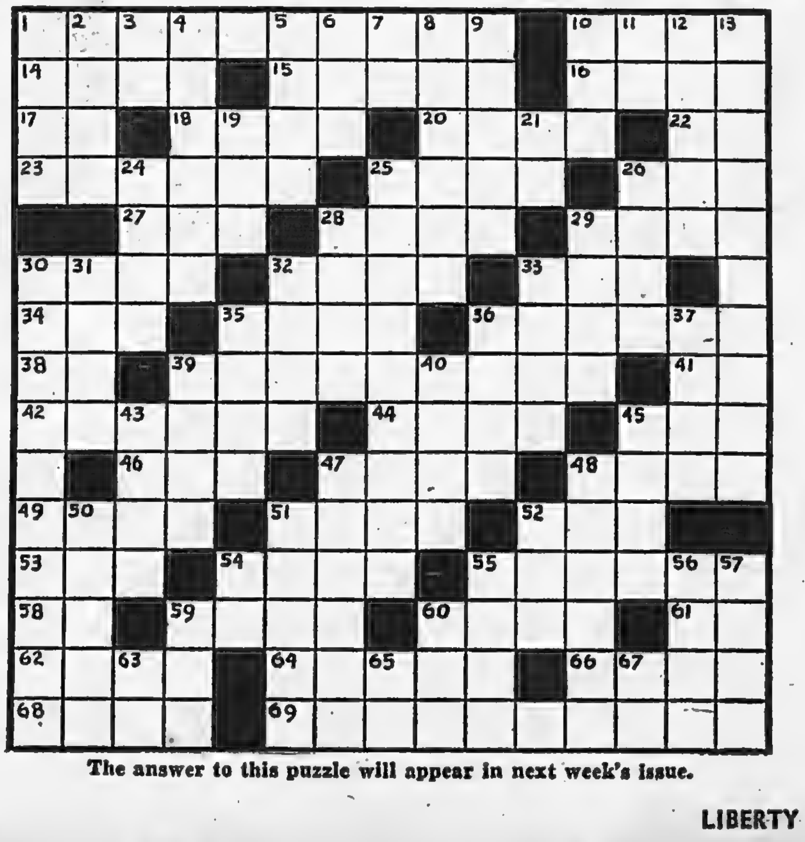
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Jet-propelled waltzers
10 Socko!
14 Long-hair lilt
15 Ye Olde Bucket o'song
16 According to the cynic, a soldier lucky to be seen doing his duty
17 Sound of the musical foghorn, *cf.* smellevision (abbr.)
18 Home of the Commiczar (abbr.)
20 A lot of A.B.s
22 Indulged the inner man (Brooklynese)
23 Little slugs, *i. e.,* boozettes
25 Pig mattress
26 Big Noses Obtrude (abbr.)
27 Exchange cabbage for commodities
28 Pitch woo overenergetically
29 What you can find in old suits these days
30 They fly for the queen, carry quite a sting
32 Written address of a spinster
33 This fellow just kills me
34 Manufacture cackleberries
35 Lodge sums of money
36 One-hosspowered convertible, has fringe on top
38 Equal connection
39 This is awfully attractive
41 The Man Who Would Be Bob Hope (abbr.)
42 Prize catches for movie queens
44 Ash receivers
45 Thousandth part of a million
46 Receive a stipend for gainful employment (Brooklynese)
47 Double-talk goddess
48 Leathery fish
49 Part of its business is picking up
51 It's measured by feet, has got that swing, this thing you hear the rhymesters sing
52 Greek oarsman's letter
53 This for the money
54 Bankrolls
55 Korny kommander
58 It's Motto: Peace, It'd Be Wonderful!
59 Military snood
60 Non pro
61 In the pink
62 Cleo's creek
64 A pretty model's chief support
66 He's been making a bloodv nuisance of himself
68 Contradict
69 Seagoing pink elephant (two words)

VERTICAL

1 Short socks
2 When it gets all steamed up and hot, it usually presses
3 Half time
4 It may be a lot of bull, but it's heavenly
5 Star-spangled seamstress (honest to Betsy!)
6 Place to take her to fill 'er up!
7 Upperkrust Kibitzers (abbr.)
8 10 per cent inspiration, 90 per cent perspiration
9 Hiss like a hound
10 Life's big question
11 Kind of man a gal wants
12 Where man met lion
13 Bicycle with athlete's phutt
19 Home with a mud floor
21 The day things turned sauer for the Kraut (abbr.)
24 Marriage term (obs.)
25 They beat up women for money
26 Hops-icola
28 Look on a puss
29 Some poor fish gets hooked after it does
30 Four-legged FB-seeing-Ier
31 Lie detectors
32 Things you'd often enjoy putting cracks in
33 What middle-aged sillybiddies like to do
35 Heal heels in a holey way
36 Tickets to hell
37 A little squirt in reverse, a guy in unreverse
39 Extinct cleaning and cooking device
40 Kind of craft
43 Handy device for melting ice cream in the hand
45 I understand it radared back, "No vacancies!"
47 Barber-college after-shave lotion
48 Crusty little thing that gets boiled and becomes quite a red
50 Miss Oakley, the big shot
51 Things millions of G.I.s have become
52 Russians Extend Tempers (abbr.)
54 I and I and I in one
55 Dimpled genuflector
56 Where Brooklynites throw their cigar ashes
57 One thing after another
59 What you haven't at 3 A. M. when staggering in
60 Awful Liars' Society (abbr.)
63 A nice gal got jammed up here
65 Kockeyed Addickts (abbr.)
67 In conclusion, Mr. Russell! (pen name)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
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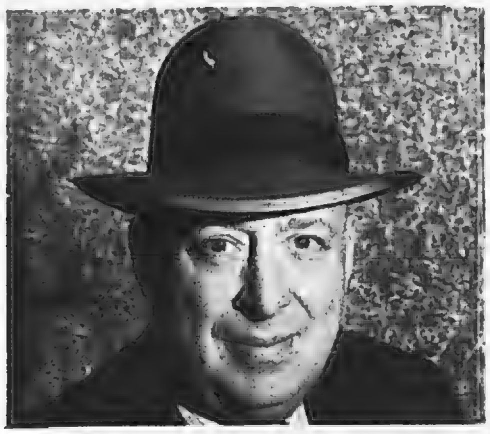
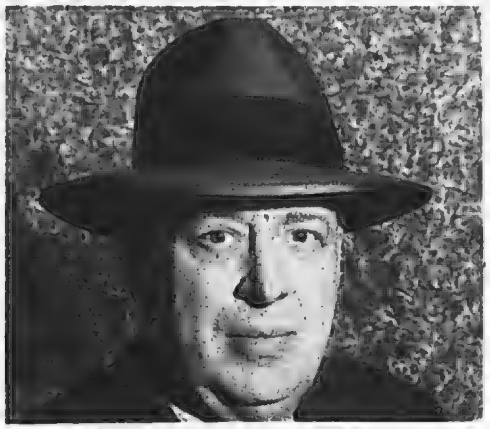
Clothes Clinic
By P. B. Juster

HAT QUIZ

SELECTING a hat to fit your head is not enough. To look smart, a hat must be properly proportioned to your face and build. Important points to consider are the size of the brim, the height of the crown, and the width and color of the band. Here are three men who present three separate hat problems. Check whether the hats shown here are right or wrong for the persons wearing them.

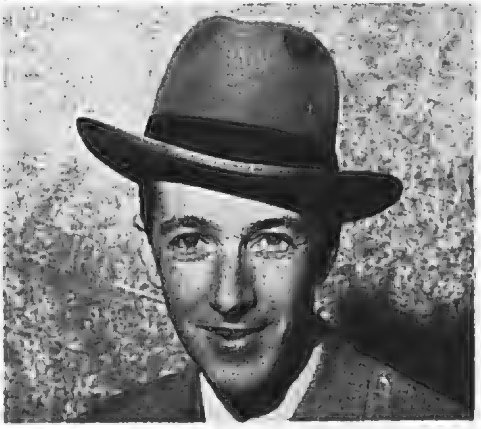
1. THE BIG MAN


A. Right ☐ **Wrong** ☐

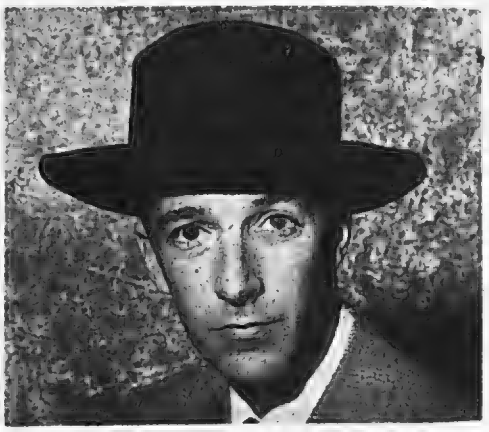

B. Right ☐ **Wrong** ☐

2. THE SLENDER MAN

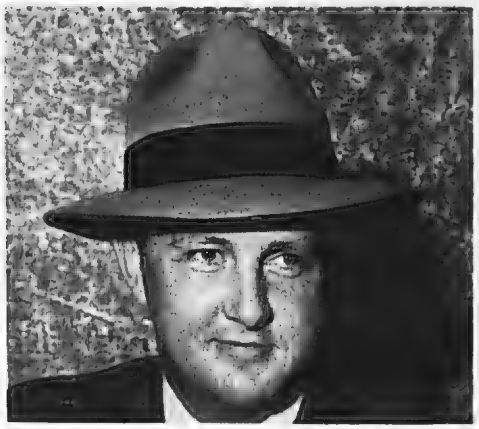
SHORT

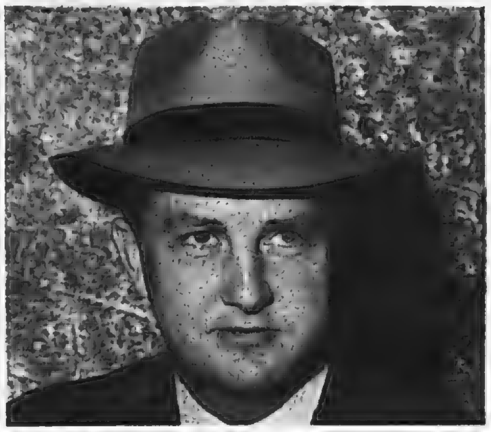

C. Right ☐ **Wrong** ☐

TALL


D. Right ☐ **Wrong** ☐

3. THE SHORT PLUMP MAN


E. Right ☐ **Wrong** ☐


F. Right ☐ **Wrong** ☐

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

1. The Big Man. A. *Wrong*. The brim is too narrow and the crown too tapered and high. B. *Right*. The brim is wide enough and snaps full across to give proper proportion to the face. The crown ought to be of medium height and not pinched to a point in front.

2. The Slender Man. C. *Right*. For a short man with a slender face the upturned brim with the high crown gives the illusion of added height. A slight tilt helps his appearance, too. D. *Right*. For a tall man with slender face the low squared crown helps cut the illusion of great height and makes the face appear fuller.

3. The Short Plump Man. E. *Right*. The brim should be moderately wide and snapped the full width of the face rather than just in front. The crown should be high and slightly indented. F. *Wrong*. The brim is much too narrow for this full face. The crown is too short.

DID GERMANY WIN THE WAR?

Continued from Page 13

Germany than any of the other allies. Since they administer the industrial zone, it is probable that their ideas will prevail. That means more industrial power for Germany.

Meanwhile the heavy destruction wreaked on all Europe by the Germans has made it almost impossible to reconstruct other countries without reconstructing Germany first. All Continental countries, for instance, are crippled by lack of locomotives. Almost the only place where locomotives can be made to replace those stolen by Germany or destroyed by military action is—Germany. The Reich may be made to deliver new locomotives as reparations, but that means that it is she who will get her foundries and locomotive factories running again first, and, therefore, she who will possess the greatest industrial potential.

Again, European industry as a whole hangs upon the coal of the Ruhr. Simple justice would seem to demand that France, whose coal industry was badly crippled under the German occupation, should have a prior call on this coal. But the fact is that for coal, as for food, Germany comes first.

FOR the April 1-June 30 period, the allocation of Ruhr coal to France was 2,497,000 tons. Together with her own production, that would give her a total of 9,500,000 tons. For this same period the amount of coal allotted to western Germany (that is, all the territory not occupied by Russia) was 13,310,000 tons.

It is interesting to break these figures down into those for the different occupation zones. The French zone gets 1,496,000 tons, which includes both coal mined locally and that brought into the zone. The American zone gets 3,796,000 tons. The British zone gets 8,018,000 tons!

It is true, of course, that the British zone is that of heavy industrialization and so would have taken the lion's share of the coal in the prewar area. But since the Allies are supposed to be depriving Germany of a considerable part of her heavy industry, there seems less reason why so great a disproportion should be continued.

The fact that the occupying forces have assumed responsibility for Germany but have none for her victims and therefore tend to give first attention to Germany's interests weighs also upon the conception of her economy as a whole. At Potsdam it was decided sagely that Germany should not be permitted to enjoy a standard of living higher than that of her victims. That standard was estimated to be the German level for 1938, less 34 per cent, which was to be the *maximum* prosperity to be permitted to Germany. But once that level had been set, a subtle change occurred in the American approach to the problem of reconstructing Germany. This level began to be accepted as the *minimum* standard. The obligation of *guaranteeing* to Germany that she should reach this level of subsistence was accepted. Last March it was agreed that 1949 was to be the date at which Germany should be able to return to full world trade.

With the United States, the world's most powerful economic power, committed to raise Germany to the standard of living agreed upon and to get her back into full world trade in three years, it will no doubt be done. *But there is no one to guarantee a similar degree of prosperity for Germany's victims, who do not expect to be back to normal by 1949.* Thus the effort which started out with the intention of preventing Germany from coming out of the war economically better off than her victims is now being converted into a plan to restore her to normalcy with the aid of Britain and the United States, while her victims, left, comparatively speaking, to their own devices, will almost inevitably lag behind.

THUS another objective set forth in the Stulpnagel memorandum will be achieved, for he wrote: "The conquest of the world will require numerous stages, but the essential is that the end of each stage brings an economic and industrial potential greater than that of our enemies."

These are by no means the only objectives of the Nazis which have been attained. Alfred Rosenberg was assigned in 1943 to keep the Nazi philosophy alive underground and to prepare for its later resurgence. Numerous arrests of members of clandestine groups, of which the most spectacular was the raid in which nearly 1,000 Germans were taken into custody last April, have attested to the fact that the Nazi underground exists. Its chief aim at present is to keep the Nazi political philosophy alive. Every Allied administrator in Germany knows how strong that ideology still is.

Another field in which the Germans planned to contest their apparent defeat was that of politico-psychological warfare. "We do not have to fear peace conditions analogous to those which we have imposed," Stülpnagel predicted accurately, "because our adversaries will always be divided and disunited. Our enemies recognize already that the 1920 formula, 'Germany will pay,' lacked sense and worth."

Stülpnagel was so right that as long ago as last December economic specialists in the American occupation forces gave it as their opinion that Germany could not pay reparations, and estimated that in spite of all the talk that Germany would pay for the occupation, it would actually cost American taxpayers about a billion dollars. As for disunity between the Allies, that is clearly the world's first problem today. The constant German propaganda before and during the war, tending to split Russia on the one hand from the Western democracies on the other, has never produced such marked effects as today, though the war is, apparently, over. The schism between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon worlds is the major political fact of the postwar era. The result is that behind the iron curtain and the silken curtain, Russia and Britain are each resisting all attempts to weaken their sections of Germany, because each wants to use the Germans as a bulwark against the other.

What could suit better the secret purposes of the Germans of the east and of the west, who are waiting only for the propitious moment—five years, ten years, twenty years from now—when they will join forces with the strength obligingly left to them by their former enemies?

"With the war booty which we have accumulated, the enfeebling of two generations of manpower, the destruction of the industries of our neighbors and that which we can save of our own," Stülpnagel wrote,

TERRY TRAPPED THE ALIEN SMUGGLERS AND THEN . . .
HURRYING TO REACH HER UNCLE'S CAMP ON LAKE HURON BEFORE DARK, BETTY ADAMS STUMBLES UPON MYSTERIOUS DOINGS IN WATKINS COVE
SMUGGLERS!
HERE'S YOUR CUT, CORBETT· · · THREE HUNDRED BUCKS. GUIDE 'EM TO TONY'S SHACK AND YOU'RE THROUGH
OKAY, LOUIE. ANOTHER LOAD TOMORROW NIGHT?
HANDS UP!
YOU CAN SEE WHY I HAD TO COVER YOUR MOUTH · · · ONE PEEP WOULD HAVE SPOILED OUR SHOW
GRACIOUS! AND THE "SIGNALER" IS YOUR MAN!
SENATOR CONGDON'S CAMP, MISS? WHY YOU'RE THREE MILES OUT OF YOUR WAY
COME BACK TO BORDER PATROL HEADQUARTERS AND I'LL DRIVE YOU OVER
DO YOU MIND IF I USE YOUR PHONE? UNCLE HARRY MAY BE WORRIED
GO RIGHT AHEAD. MEANWHILE, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL CLEAN UP
THIS BLADE'S A HONEY· · · THREE DAYS' WHISKERS GONE LIKE MAGIC!
THIN GILLETTES ARE PLENTY KEEN AND EASY SHAVING, TERRY
WHY, UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW MR. CORBETT?
KNOW HIM? WHY MAJOR CORBETT WAS MY BEST INTELLIGENCE OFFICER!
I'D BEEN PLANNING TO VISIT YOU AFTER I CRACKED THIS CASE, COLONEL · · · I MEAN SENATOR
YOU GET SMOOTH, REFRESHING SHAVES IN JIG-TIME WITH THIN GILLETTES. THEY'RE THE KEENEST, LONGEST-LASTING BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD, AND BECAUSE THEY FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR ACCURATELY, YOUR FACE IS PROTECTED FROM THE SCRAPE AND IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. USE THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 10¢

"we shall be better placed to conquer in 25 years than we were in 1939. The interval of 25 years is the limit of the interval, for that is the time which will be required for Russia to repair the destruction we have visited on her."

That is the program the Germans set for themselves: to achieve a position after the war stronger than that of their neighbors so that some time within the next twenty-five years they can attack again. The objectives which they considered necessary to give them that position have been attained or are being attained: a larger population, more food, stronger industrial potentiality, an organized underground to maintain German unity, a psychological atmosphere that will maintain Allied disunity.

So far, the program seems to have been successful.

BUT, you may ask, has not the unforeseen advent of the atomic bomb so altered the military situation as to outdate Germany's plans? The answer is "No," for two reasons. The first is that Germany's conceptions were broad enough to stand up in spite of the introduction of new and better weapons. The second is that the atomic bomb was not entirely unforeseen. For Germany was working on the atomic bomb even before the last war began. And in 1945, just before the end of the war, her scientists were at last on the right track. Facing defeat, the Nazis from that moment included in their plans the possible use of the atomic bomb after the war to reverse its verdict. They failed to take into account only one thing: they had no inkling of the fact that the United States had already wrested its secret from the atom.

But we may be virtually certain that Germans somewhere are still working to pierce the secret of the bomb. Once they have it, the balance in weapons will not merely be equalized; the Germans will have the advantage. *For the importance of striking the first blow in atomic warfare gives the edge to the aggressor,* who will not be deterred by any considerations of morality or humanity from hitting by surprise and treacherously. The appearance of the atomic bomb, therefore, has not nullified Germany's successes.

Dare we say at this moment, then, that Germany did not win this war? The final answer may have to wait for the next one, for which German preparations began two years before the last war ended. That next campaign she expects to win. If she does, one thing is certain: At its end, she will not permit any conditions to exist which will make it possible to doubt, as we may doubt today, who was the victor. A German victory will be complete and unquestioned. We know the kind of peace a victorious Germany would have made. It would have been inexorable.

THE END

HORRORS!

Continued from Page 32

the top of the monster's skull with a larger, overlapping skull. This new skull was propped up with cotton and rubber. Pierce then caused the monster's eyelids to half-droop over the eyes, made a hole in one cheek and badly burned the other one. All over the monster's body the "flesh" had to be sprayed with grayish-blue color. The shoulders and the chest had to be padded. The coat sleeves were cut short, which gave the monster the appearance of a gorilla.

"Poor Mr. Karloff had to get up every morning before dawn," Pierce remembers. "It took me over five hours to put on the make-up. Most of the time Karloff would be sound asleep while I was working on him."

Karloff had to go through even more suffering when he played The Mummy, which was the story "of an ancient Egyptian come to life." Pierce needed more than eight hours to turn suave, mild-mannered Mr. Karloff of Information, Please fame into the Mummy. Karloff had to be completely bandaged, taped under the arms and along the legs. The bandages were singed with a blowtorch. Hot glue and varnish had to be spread all over his body until he had the "authentic" dark-brown color of a mummy many thousand years old.

"When I got out of my sarcophagus and freed myself from the bandages, there were weird crackling sounds," Karloff says. "To tell you the truth, I was a little frightened by myself."

Horror can be a great many things, from the psychological thriller to the strictly fantastic monster tale. The witch scene in Disney's Snow White and the whale in Pinocchio were nothing but horror. On the realistic end of the horrifics is a memorable scene in The Spiral Staircase in which Dorothy McGuire plays a mute girl menaced by a murderer. She tries to telephone for help and goes through agonies, praying that her fear will enable her to call for help, and the audience suffers with her. The method of audience identification with fear has been successfully used by Lewton, particularly in The Cat People.

"Bring me that box of old keys in the attic!"

LIBERTY

Val (Vladimir) Lewton, who was born in Yalta in 1904, when the place wasn't internationally famous, came to America at the age of six. He's been a reporter, short-story writer, wrote novels, radio serials, publicity, came to Hollywood twelve years ago, hopes to divide his future between Grade A pictures and more masterpieces of suspense. He left RKO a few weeks ago to go with Paramount.

Lewton's grisly epics have been produced on modest B-picture budgets. He and Mark Robson, who directed Lewton's last five pictures, had to rely more on their wits than on money in devising horror sets.

FOR Bedlam, a story of the infamous St. Mary's of Bethlehem Asylum in eighteenth-century London, they used the interior of a church which was last seen in The Bells of St. Mary's. In Isle of the Dead they needed a set for a battlefield which would cost at least $2,000. There was no budget for it. So they looked up some old paintings by Francisco Goya, one of the greatest horror experts of them all. They studied Goya's conception of a battlefield heaped with corpses.

"We hired twenty extras for ten dollars a day each to play the corpses," says Robson. "But there was still the problem of placing the corpses so that they would convey the impression of a battlefield, and we had to follow Goya. And there was another scene in which we had to show how the corpses were being carried away on carts. We borrowed that one from a picture that appeared in the Paris L'Illustration in 1913. People wrote in saying that it was the weirdest battlefield they had ever seen. It cost the company less than two hundred dollars."

The first great horror picture was The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, with Werner Kraus and Conrad Veidt. It was made twenty-five years ago and gave a psychological study of a lunatic murderer's mind. Later, Lon Chaney became world-famous in The Phantom of the Opera and The Hunchback of Notre Dame. The story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, another horror classic, was enacted successively by John Barrymore, Fredric March, and Spencer Tracy. Among today's horror stars are Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Claude Rains, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Rathbone, and Lon Chaney, Jr.

And as you read this, Hollywood's horror experts are thinking up new ways to make your hair stand on end and/or your blood run in reverse, whichever you prefer.

THE END

DOES BASEBALL NEED A UNION?

Continued from Page 17

minors are, and always have been, very bad. But Murphy is smart, from a publicity viewpoint, in first taking dead aim at the big boys. A strike in the Evangeline or Red River League would rate no more than a box in the newspapers. In Pittsburgh, it made headlines throughout the country.

Murphy's main objectives for the major leagues are included in a five-point program:

(1) A minimum salary of $7,500; (2) arbitration of salary disputes; (3) elimination of the ten-day clause in contracts, a unilateral arrangement by which only the owner can terminate an agreement; (4) players to get 50 per cent of their sale prices; (5) elimination of the reserve clause in all contracts.

THE first three points are reasonable and probably will be accepted by the owners—with modification in the minimum salary. Murphy already has indicated he will drop the figure to $6,000 a year if the Guild is given union recognition. The fourth point undoubtedly will be resisted strenuously by the owners, since it runs into a good deal of money. The principle of giving the player part of the price realized from his talents will be adopted over the magnates' half-dead bodies and only after a major operation has been performed on the 50-per-cent demand. Point No. 5, always the all-star exhibit in any legal action brought by complaining players, is the mortar and brick that holds the present structure of organized baseball together. It denies certain fundamental rights to the players and violates, in a sense, the accepted definition of a contract—yet the Supreme Court upheld the legality of the reserve clause in 1922, and its interpretation since has been affirmed in lower courts. If the reserve clause is stricken from the player contract, baseball as we know it now will be given an unrecognizable face-lifting.

In words of one syllable, the reserve clause means that a player is bound to one team, or any team to which he is traded or sold, throughout his professional life, regardless of his wishes in the matter. The club holding his contract reserves property rights to his services after the termination of the contract and is free to ship him to any major-league team it chooses.

In other words, a ballplayer cannot peddle his services to the highest bidder after his contract expires. He must play with the team owning his contract or he doesn't play for any team in organized baseball. He must accept the salary offered him or sit out the season. No other team will do business with him. (The exception is

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PART of the fun of heading back to school is the buying of "supplies". Especially if they include a handsome, serviceable Wearever pen and pencil set. Wearever pens write at the very touch of pen to paper, thanks to such features as 14 Karat gold point, patented "C-Flow"* feed, and generous ink reservoir.

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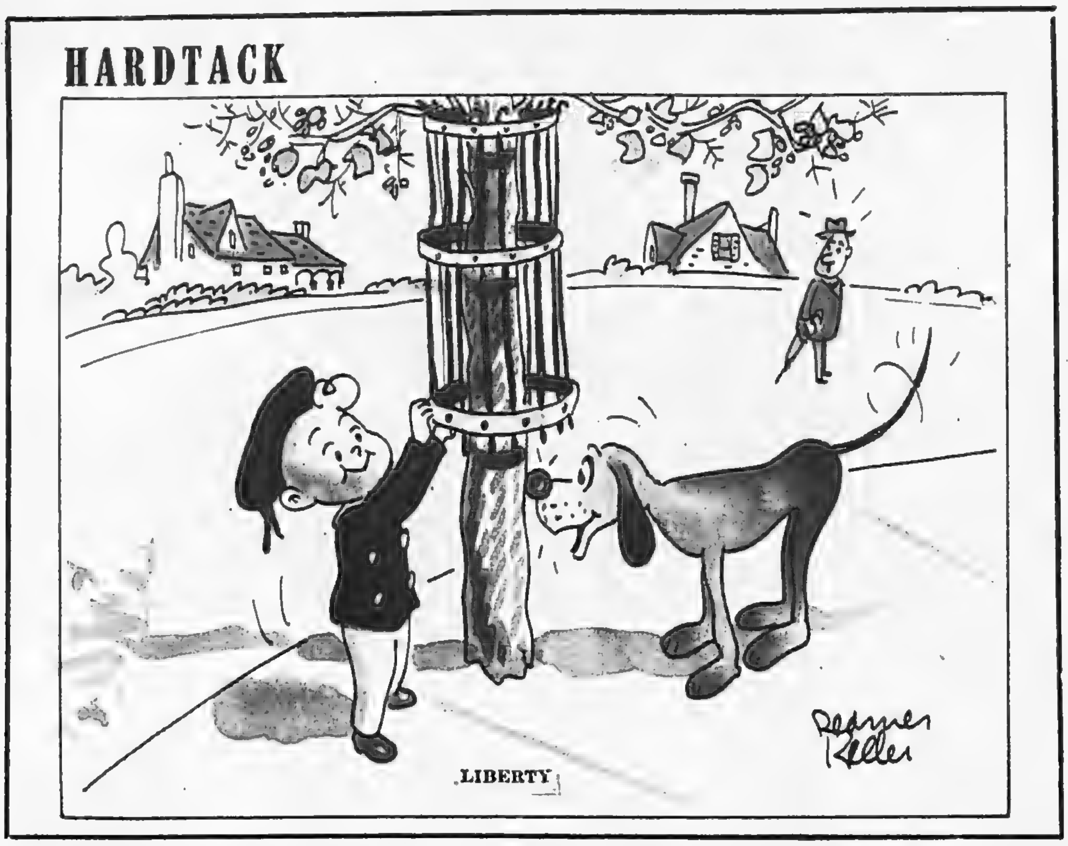


the ten-year man who has the option of becoming a free agent.)

This unique, one-sided arrangement, giving the owners privileges which would not be tolerated by any court in another field, patently works hardships on some players. Suppose Joe DiMaggio, who was bought from San Francisco by the Yankees for a modest $25,000, had been sold instead to the Athletics or Cardinals. DiMaggio is paid $42,500 a year by the rich Yankees; it's a cinch he wouldn't get more than $20,000 a year—if that—in Philadelphia or St. Louis. Only the luck of the draw saved DiMaggio from a bad financial beating.

Take the case of Max Lanier, who was the best left-hander in the National League. When Lanier jumped to the Mexican League in May, he was getting $9,400 a year from the Cardinals. He would have been worth $17,500 to himself if he had been pitching for the Giants or Tigers. The luck of the draw gave him a dirty deal.

THE legal philosophy upholding the validity of the reserve clause is best explained by one recurrent phrase: "the peculiar nature of the business." Baseball is a competitive business only on the field, in the matter of winning games. In all other aspects it is a highly co-operative enterprise in which all teams in a league are mutually interdependent upon one another.

And if ballplayers were permitted to sell their services to the highest bidder at the end of each season, the three richest teams in each league —the Cubs, Giants, and Dodgers in the National, the Yankees, Tigers, and Red Sox in the American—would wind up with all the best players, killing off all semblance of free and equal competition.

Elimination of the reserve clause unquestionably would stifle individual initiative, a weary, overworked phrase but particularly applicable in the baseball set-up. No team would have any incentive for scouting and developing young players. The rich clubs would find it unnecessary to subsidize minor-league farm teams, where young talent at present is processed for future use. All they'd have to do is sit back and pluck the best players off other vines. It would be a waste of time and effort for the poor clubs to develop players who surely would leave them at the end of the season for the lusher rewards in other pastures. The first, immediate result of the withdrawal of major-league support from farm teams would be the automatic collapse of the minor leagues, the lifeblood of the big leagues. And soon afterward rigor mortis would strike the majors.

Murphy overplays his hand when he fulminates against the hardships imposed upon the poor oppressed players by the reserve clause.

If the ballplayer is bound to peonage, as Murphy says, it is rather princely peonage. There are worse injustices abroad in the harsh world. The average big leaguer gets $8,000 for seven months of work that is not exactly drudgery. He is fed, watered, and quartered at first-rate hotels when his team is traveling. His working conditions are excellent and he acquires personal prestige that can be diverted to profitable uses in other occupations.

There can be little argument, however, against Murphy's contention that salary disputes should be arbitrated by an impartial party. Yet the hold-out sieges that clutter up baseball each spring seldom are as serious or bitter as they appear.

To repeat, the reserve clause, giving the owners all the best of it, does impose hardships on some players. But it works out pretty well for the welfare of the great majority —as the Supreme Court found on May 29, 1922, in a decision handed down by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. The decision grew out of an action brought by the Baltimore Club of the defunct Federal League, which charged that the reserve clause made chattels of the players and further constituted a conspiracy in restraint of interstate commerce.

During the last decade of his regime as commissioner the late Judge Kenesaw M. Landis was occupied almost exclusively with eliminating the abuses that might possibly result from the players' inability to exercise freedom of contract. Almost invariably he decided in favor of the player in any grievance brought against the owners. In only one aspect of his crusade to improve the lot of the ballplayer was Landis defeated. He was unable to get the owners to establish a minimum wage scale.

Murphy has baseball over a barrel on that one. Some of the salaries paid men who are proficient enough to play on the highest level of their profession are at once outrageous and ridiculous for the good will of the game. Murphy cites the case of a Milwaukee player, getting $800 a month, who was told he could be shipped back to the Cardinals if he didn't hustle. The Cardinals previously had paid him $400 a month. It is no secret that several former big leaguers prefer to play semipro ball around New York at fifty to seventy-five dollars a game rather than labor for Connie Mack's $2,500 a year.

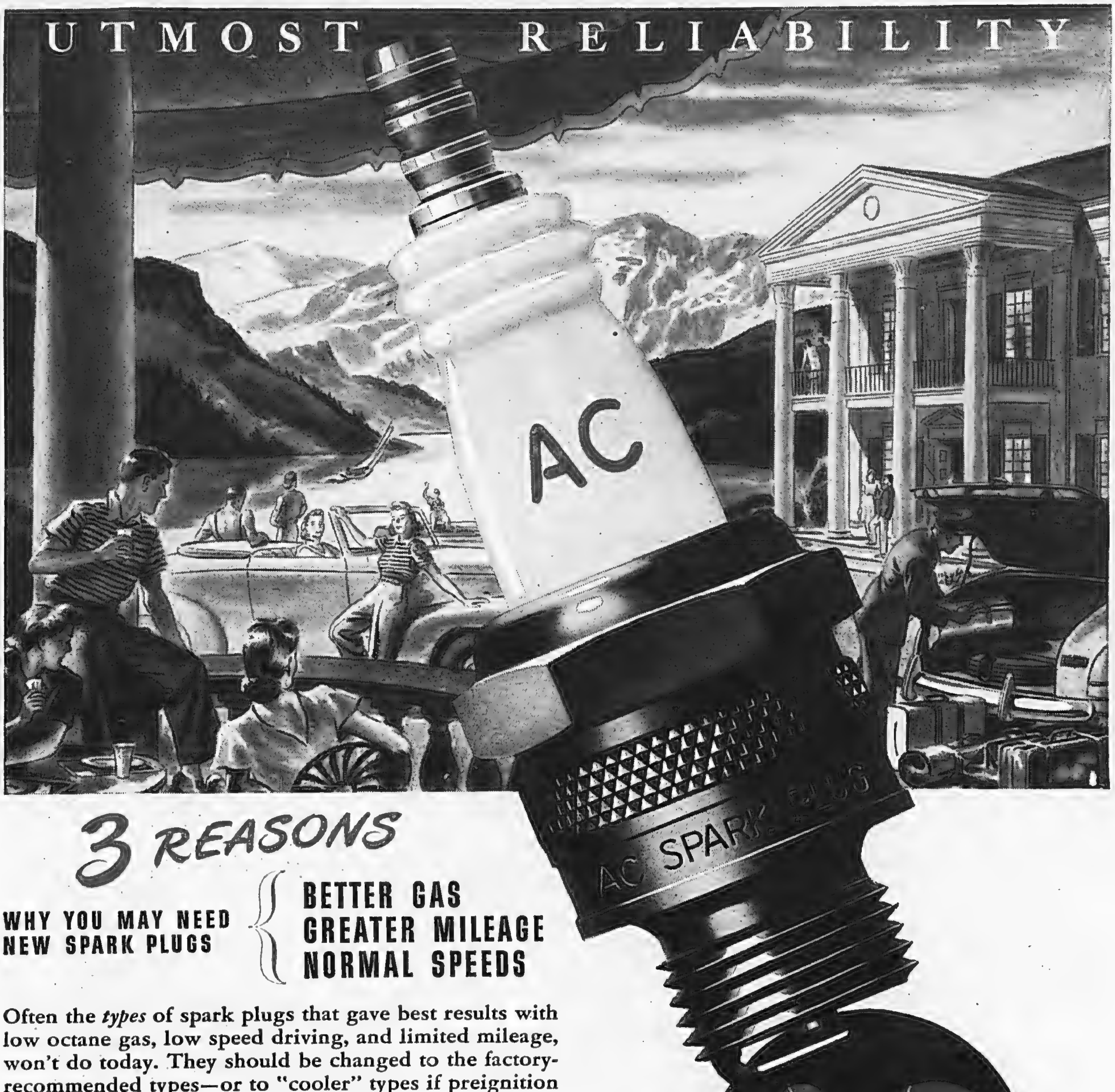
MOST rookies in the big leagues today get between $3,500 and $4,500 the first year and are given a bonus of about $1,000 if they make good. There are too many kids, however, who are playing regularly on major-league teams for coolie wages. The owners are guilty of shortsightedness—remarkable even for them —in refusing to pay a minimum of about $6,000. It would add a negligible amount to a few payrolls and pipe down a raucous source of justifiable criticism.

The rumpus Murphy has raised will be meaningless noise if he concerns himself only with the 400 men who perform in the majors. There are more than 5,000 other players in desperate need of an aggressive champion. These are the unsung, unknown minor leaguers who keep the game alive in the backwoods and the deepest bush.

You probably don't know that professional ballplayers today are knocking their brains out for less than sixty dollars a month. The following salary limits imposed in the lower leagues on its teams will come as a shock. An uglier word better describes the figures when you know that the playing manager's salary is included in the individual average.

(Continued on page 56)

UTMOST RELIABILITY



3 REASONS

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AC SPARK PLUGS

(*Continued from page 54*)

The figures:

Class E—13 players whose total salaries are not to exceed $750 a month. (Average: $57.70.)

Class D—15 players, $1,800 a month. (Average: $120.)

Class C—15 players, $2,200 a month. (Average: $146.70.)

Class B—16 players, $3,000 a month. (Average: $187.50.)

Class A—18 players, $4,250 a month. (Average: $236.)

Class A1—19 players, $7,000 a month. (Average: $368.)

The indictment is not complete. The figures have been revised upward to cover what is laughingly known as the rising cost of living. The player who sprains an ankle trying to score the winning run and is unable to work for two weeks usually is summarily released. A team cannot afford the luxury of carrying a lame duck with only thirteen or fifteen men on the roster. Major leaguers are doing all right, but if Murphy really bleeds for the oppressed ballplayer, he has a fertile field in the minor leagues.

IF and when Murphy gets around to such reforms he will hear on all sides the same plaintive plea: "We ain't got the money." It happens to be true that 80 per cent of all minor-league operations are unprofitable. Expenses, meager as they are, seldom are balanced by gate receipts. The sponsors manage to hold on only by selling players, which brings Murphy into head-on collision with an important item on his agenda, the sharing by the player in any money realized from his transfer to another club.

"Statistics show that 95 per cent of all players are traded or sold during their careers," Murphy says. "Since the ability of the player is the main factor in determining his trading value, there is no reason why he should not be entitled to a share of the fruits of his efforts."

The point seems to be well taken. If Sam Strongarm has gifts that can be converted into $50,000, more or less, by the man holding his contract, it is only fair to give Sam a cut of the money he brings in. Murphy anticipates that owners will try to get around this demand simply by straight player-for-player trades with no cash involved. He proposes to balk such dodges by multiplying the appraised value of each traded player by a figure not yet determined on his private slide rule and giving the athletes a fixed share of the result. Fifty per cent of the purchase price palpably is too high. Any fraction may be too much for the bush leagues to absorb.

Insistence on a piece of the purchase price could conceivably work to the disadvantage of a player. If he is stuck on a weak team, he always has a chance now of being traded or sold. Should Murphy muster enough power to make an issue of this, it could well stifle the exchange of players. The entire proposition is a very tough chestnut to crack. It can cause more difficulty between a union and management than the reserve clause.

Murphy, a compact, lusty Irishman who likes Scotch, sailing, and a scrap, has the temperament and ambition to force a showdown on the problems that confront the Guild and baseball.

Born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1911, Murphy comes by some of his characteristics naturally. Like his father, also a Harvard graduate, he is an idealist who will rush off in all directions in defense of any given underdog. His mother had the determination to go to work in the Filene department store in Boston, where she still is employed, after the death of her husband in 1934 so that Robert and his younger brother Albert, now a surgeon, could finish school.

Murphy was a better-than-average student at Boston Latin School. From there he went to Harvard and graduated with honors in 1932, aided by the Murphy Scholarship, a fund established by an anonymous member of the clan. At one time he intended to go into sociology, the course in which he majored; then he thought better of it and tarried with the law for four years, but not long enough to get his degree. Labor relations has been his field since 1939.

ALTHOUGH Murphy has been ridiculed as a Johnny-come-lately with a sketchy sports background, he is a former athlete who has kept in touch pretty well with the changing picture. He played two years of football in high school and fooled around with boxing at Harvard, but track was his forte. He was a consistent scorer in dual meets in distance events, but had the misfortune of being in the same class with Pen Hallowell, Harvard's intercollegiate mile champion. His baseball experience to date has been confined to second-guessing Joe Cronin as a Red Sox fan of long standing.

Interest in baseball led Murphy in his spare moments, of which he had plenty, to hang around with ballplayers, who gave him the bright idea which currently is agitating the brass hats. He sat in on a gripe session in a New York hotel lobby last January and listened to the boys' beefs. "Why don't you guys form a union?" he asked suddenly. That did it. The players said why not, and twisted Murphy's arm ever so slightly until he agreed to front for them. The owners were sitting ducks for attack on abuses which had not been challenged for many years, but there was no tradition or organization or union sentiment among the players.

There have been several attempts to rally the players together for the common good, the first as early as 1885, but they all withered. The last revolt against the owners, until Murphy appeared on the scene, occurred in the fifth game of the 1918 World Series.

On that occasion an appeal to the players' loyalty finally persuaded them to relent.

Between that blow-up and Murphy's Rebellion there was a long lull which gave the owners a false sense of security and some experts a false appraisal of ballplayers' attitudes. But the significant progress and loud disturbance Murphy made in the first two months of the Guild would seem to indicate that the experts had the wrong pitch on the boys when they said they wouldn't go for a union.

THE END

Thanks for the Memory

1915

CLARENCE SEWARD DARROW (1857-1938) was the nation's greatest criminal lawyer.

His defense of Leopold and Loeb, confessed murderers of Bobby Franks, aroused public indignation, but, true to his conviction that society makes criminals, Darrow got the killers off with a life sentence. Other headline trials were the Los Angeles Times dynamiting case, and the Scopes evolution trial in 1925.

Darrow's fiery career started as general counsel for the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, a position he held when the great Pullman strike of 1894 was called. He resigned because of his sympathy for the strikers, and his defense of Eugene Debs, head of the American Railway Union, won him national fame.

Crusader and rebel, Darrow's defense of the underdog was his combination that opened the door to success.—*Allan Witwer.*

I'm a Regular Army Soldier!

IT'S NOT just that I've got a good steady job that pays me well and gives me good training. The reason I'm a soldier is because I get a lift out of my job.

It's not heroics. It's a deep-down, satisfying glow that makes your heart skip a beat now and then. Like when they lower the flag at sunset and the bugler sounds Retreat. Somehow you say to yourself, "Everything's okeh. I and a lot of other guys like me are seeing to it that that flag flies safely here and lots of other places around the world."

I remember the bang I got when I sewed that first stripe on my sleeve. *I* was Private *First Class!* I'd worked hard and had gotten somewhere in a place that really counted — the United States Army. And every single stripe that has gone on since has given me that same kick. You don't talk about it, but *you* really feel you've made the grade.

Then there's something about working with other men the way you do in the Army. You're on a team bigger than anything you've ever known before. And when your outfit gets a pat on the back for a good job, it kind of makes *you* stand a little straighter. Sure you're proud! You can't help but be.

You see, it's something *more* than you get otherwise. Perhaps you realize it most of all when you and your gang get aboard ship to go overseas as personal representatives of Uncle Sam. You, John Smith, U. S. Army, making the protection of the best country in the world your own responsibility.

If *you* feel the way I do . . . if *you* want something out of life that's just a little bit different . . . something perhaps a little more important than you might be doing elsewhere . . . I'd suggest that *you* make a point — right now — of finding out what a really fine proposition the Army offers today — money-wise and every other way. Visit your nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station for all the facts.

Listen to "Sound Off," "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail," "Harry Wismer Sports Review" and "Spotlight Bands" on your radio.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

MANY a G.I. has dreamed long and hard of being his own boss. Statistics now indicate that veterans are making this dream a reality on a vast scale. But statistics are also beginning to show that for many who have set up their own businesses, things are not panning out.

Take, for example, the ex-sailor who, seeking to establish himself in the milk business, jumped at the chance of buying 80,000 milk-bottle caps. Now he has the milk-bottle caps, but no prospects of being able to buy up any of the equipment necessary to operate.

One could go on for hours citing similar instances. All these snags could have been avoided if only the veteran involved had applied for advice and assistance from competent agencies *before starting upon his enterprise.*

Bottle caps

There are more than enough agencies and organizations able and willing to help the veteran get started in business for himself. Your community service center, with its business consultant, in most cases sets the pace for such assistance. Your Chamber of Commerce, State Department of Commerce, and Better Business Bureau also are in a position to advise.

What can they do for you? First of all, they can give you all the sound advice that you care to absorb. They can put you in touch with experienced representatives in the business, trade, industry, and government fields. In many cases they actually help you in obtaining certain needs. On record they show such accomplishments as pushing through priorities—loans—and getting available surplus and merchandise to veterans who otherwise would have been hopelessly stymied. They can advise you whether you have enough money, experience, and merchandise to get off to a successful start.

Speaking of capital, we have personally seen one or two veterans start off with about $200 and build up a going business. The minimum capital needed for starting a retail store—such as a grocery or a liquor store—seems to be about $6,000. Business loans, though available with a government guaranty of $2,000, are usually hard to get. To obtain one, the applicant has to qualify practically for a commercial loan. Often enough the veteran has to have an investment equal to what he is seeking to borrow. And certain banks demand that the length of a store's lease be equal to the period in which the loan must be paid off.

According to the U. S. Department of Commerce, household-appliance and radio shops are topping the list as the most popular retail ventures of veterans starting their own business. These are followed by apparel stores, filling stations, groceries, and eating places.

In general, as one might expect, veterans are interested in businesses requiring small investments and relatively little special skill—which rules out many big money-making opportunities.

* * *

Alvin Braden, Springfield, Ill. The length of your service entitles you to 52 weekly readjustment payments. They need not be used in 52 consecutive weeks, nor will the fact that you take a temporary job disqualify you for whatever payments remain unused. While you are working, payments stop. If and when you become unemployed, they resume, to a total of 52. There is no need to apply at once, for the first payment may be approved within two years after discharge or two years after the official end of the war, whichever is later.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

UNCLE SAM LETS GO

Continued from Page 23

Some few pieces of land probably will never be suitable for public use of any kind. General O'Brien can't sell them, and they'll stay off the tax ledgers.

If you should stray past warning signs into an old area that produced those dangerous explosives TNT or RDX, keep your hands in your pockets and don't kick anything. Just turn quietly around and go away. In some places, if a child threw a stone into a dry ditch an explosion would result. Army Ordnance has to dig up the old drainage pipes that carried off the TNT water, decontaminate the trenches and refill them. Otherwise a farmer years hence might blow himself up merely by digging a posthole.

In some dried-out old ordnance plants, the banging of a door in a high wind could cause explosion and fire. Powder-plant mix houses are so dangerous they have to be burned where they stand, and other buildings have to be pulled down and burned piecemeal.

BUT the dangerous items are the exceptions on the surplus realty list, and aren't put on sale until thoroughly decontaminated. There's a ready market for most plots and installations, and some of the best customers are communities themselves.

Siwash City, for instance, covets the big military airport on its outskirts—one of 800 available in the country—and sends a delegation to see General O'Brien about it. The delegation finds that the airport cost $30,000,000, and the Siwash city fathers don't have that kind of money in the municipal till. Finally, General O'Brien consents to turn it over for one dollar, an agreement to keep it up, and the right of recapture if it's needed again for defense. The delegation is delighted and reaches for its hat, but suddenly thinks of one thing—the upkeep. General O'Brien says that's a matter of $50,000 or $100,000 a year. So the delegation goes back to Siwash City to do some more sweating on the problem.

Hundreds of cities are clamoring for fields. These things move slowly, but in early deals Morris Field went to Charlotte, North Carolina, without cash payment, and Orchard Place Airport went to Chicago on the same basis.

Cities don't get taxes on airports they take over, of course, but they can get revenue. They also count on taxes and indirect revenue from war plants that pass into private hands. A reopened war plant means jobs, and it is small wonder, then, that city officials and civic organizations keep prodding both government and company until such a deal goes through.

As all industrial construction has

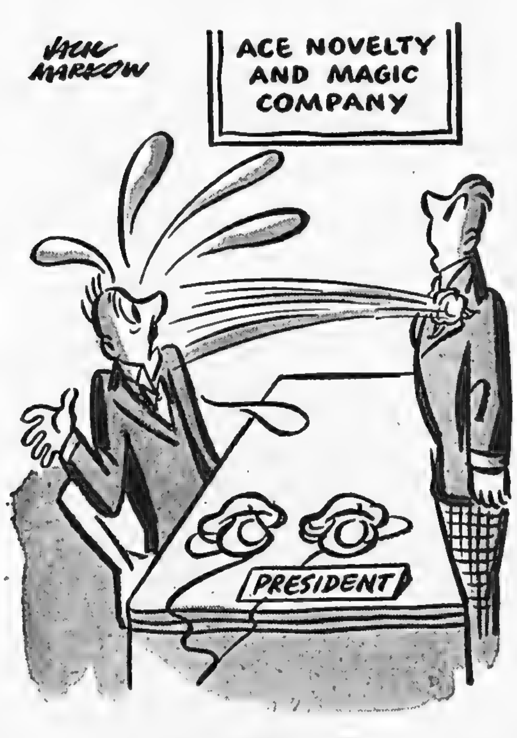
been halted, General O'Brien has a sellers' market in disposing of the 1,500 industrial plants that cost the government more than eleven billion dollars. Some of these are vast metal, chemical, and aircraft factories that constitute communities in themselves.

Indeed, the government has whole ghost towns for sale in isolated areas, if anybody wants them. The towns are former War Relocation Centers which housed from 10,000 to 20,000 Japs apiece. Eight of them have been turned over by O'Brien to the General Land Office for disposal. Probably, even if you're looking for a town, you wouldn't want one of these as such, because they're mostly barracks, with electric lights but no indoor plumbing, and they're on uneconomic sites. The land used for two of them will be given back to the Indians, who own it.

A BETTER bet might be one of the complete but nonindustrial communities that the General Land Office has to dispose of in Alaska. One is Chilkoot Barracks, near Haines, which has utilities, a bowling alley, jail, telephone exchange, fire department, and dock.

Some of these surplus properties are big, and in dollars the total sounds large. General O'Brien expects that the total real estate turned over to him by midsummer will be ten billion dollars' worth, with perhaps another fifteen billion to follow. But in area it's a different story. Probably not more than 1,500,000 acres of nonindustrial lands will have been handed over to him for liquidation by the same date. This is only a thimbleful of earth compared to the government's total acquisitions in the last ten years.

The rest is still held by the various departments, and there's no tell-


Jack Markow
ACE NOVELTY AND MAGIC COMPANY
PRESIDENT

"I resign, sir." LIBERTY

"Train wheels keep our wheels turning, too!"

"WE'RE PRODUCERS here—and proud of our product. We're proud, too, of the part our plant plays in the life of our town.

"We started small but, because folks everywhere can buy what we make, we've grown a little every year. Without the railroads, though, we'd still be shoeing horses here. I say that because the railroads not only bring in *our raw materials—they* carry away *our finished product to markets all over America.*

"Is it any wonder I consider the railroads just about the best kind of partner a man could have?"

•

The success of almost any enterprise you can name—plant, store, farm, or home—depends in a very large measure upon the nation's railroads. With their active partnership, American enterprise has made possible a standard of living unmatched in the history of the world.

And this partnership of the American railroads with the American people is fundamentally a home-town affair. For the railroads themselves are a local, home-town business in every community they serve. They increase local purchasing power by employing local people, buy supplies locally, own local property and pay local taxes on it.

These taxes aren't spent for the benefit of the railroads. They are the same kind of taxes *you* pay — taxes that go to help support schools, public health, and other local government services.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA

ing how much they will surrender. The military departments are uncertain, reasonably enough, as to their own size in an atomic world. Furthermore, rows and rows of clerks in Washington and field offices have come to regard these properties as their special wards. What —sell that mountain in Utah? Why, I've been looking after it for years. How would it ever get along?

It's only human nature to hang onto what you've got. But some of the hangers may be in for a shock. Under the Surplus Property Act, General O'Brien is authorized to police the departments and report to Congress any surplus real property to which they're clinging. He thinks they probably won't wait for him to check up on them. But if they don't move eventually, it will be his duty to knock them on the soles of their shoes with a figurative club.

DESPITE the policing and the clamor of impoverished communities, Uncle Sam will probably settle down with a good deal more realty than he had in 1940. If you want to relieve him of a specific piece, ask at the nearest office of the War Assets Administration. It handles industrial plants and airports itself, but the chances are that what you want is for sale by one of the half dozen other government agencies helping with disposal.

But no matter what parcel of land you buy or where it is located, you'll gladden the heart of the tax assessor and the tax collector. For the governors, mayors, county commissioners, school boards, and tax officials from one end of the country to the other have been viewing their declining tax rolls with alarm for years.

They have stirred up the House Committee on Public Lands from time to time. In one instance the committee noted that the federal government had taken about 90 per cent of a district in Jackson County, Oregon, leaving nothing much except the bonded debt. Indignant citizens of a county in a southern state were cut off by a big military installation from their courthouse and had to drive through parts of three other counties to get to it.

The extent of government holdings would be a surprise to many in government itself. The Interior Department's General Land Office has two and a half miles of books recording lands, but neither there nor in any other single place is there a complete list of government-owned lands.

The British Crown started us in the land business by giving vast royal grants to the colonies, which they turned over to the new federal government when they became states. France, Spain, Mexico, and Russia made large and more or less willing transfers.

For many years the government sold off land or gave it to veterans, homesteaders, and others. Captain Abraham Lincoln, for instance, received a bounty land warrant for 120 acres because of service in the Black Hawk Indian War. It is only in recent years that the trend has been reversed.

Three years ago Senator Harry F. Byrd, as chairman of the Joint Economy Committee, announced that federal real estate then represented the area of twenty-one states blanketing the eastern seaboard and extending far westward. He said purchases being made outside the military program were excessive, and called for orderly liquidation. But nobody paid much attention and the federal holdings grew.

The next year the House Committee on Public Lands gathered statistics which showed total government holdings in continental United States of 455,000,000 acres, including Indian lands. This is more than 60,000,000 acres above the total for June 30, 1937.

The biggest holders are the Interior, Agriculture, War, and Navy departments and the Tennessee Valley Authority, but some sixty government agencies have a hand in the federal real-estate business. Efforts to put it all in one federal pocket have failed, but a bill introduced in the present Congress would give the General Land Office a central list.

The state and local governments can't tax any of this federal property without Congressional consent. War-boom communities such as Macomb County, Michigan, near Detroit, have been ground between the upper millstone of increased expenses and the nether millstone of decreased income. They had to provide more policemen and school desks and repair more chuckholes because of the influx of war workers, while big plants which the government took over went off the assessor's lists.

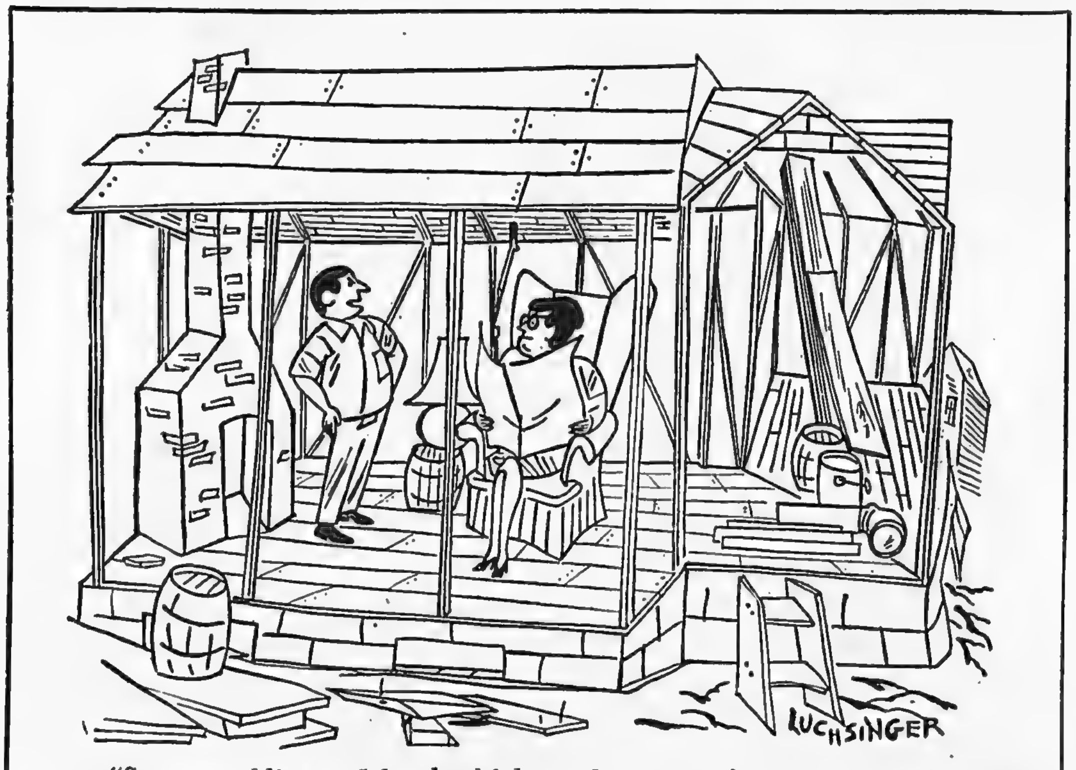
Hoboken, New Jersey, which lost privately owned piers in World War I, lost more in World War II. Even the Franklin D. Roosevelt Memorial Library subtracted 10 per cent from the tax revenues of Hyde Park, New York.

THE state and local tax collectors have been especially griped at being unable to tax private organizations leasing government property or buying it on long-term installments. They were immensely cheered by a recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court in a Minnesota case. Here the government sold an old post-office site to a private concern, retaining legal title merely as security for the unpaid installments. Minnesota assessed the purchaser, subject to the federal government's interest in case it had to foreclose, and the court gave its blessing.

Congress is willin' in certain cases, permitting local taxation of properties owned by some government corporations. And it has authorized a number of ways to make up for lost taxes in special cases—sometimes approving fixed payments and sometimes percentages of revenue. But this compromise doesn't satisfy local officials generally, and private owners of real estate are unhappy, because where there is no check from the U. S. Treasury the load falls on them.

Representatives of the chief land-owning government departments, sitting as a Federal Real Estate Board, wrestled with the problem and came up only with a recommendation that the present system be extended. The private real-estate boards of the country would like a general law subjecting Uncle Sam to taxes wherever he receives local services. A dozen Congressional bills to solve the problem are aging in committee. Meanwhile tax-hungry officials are turning hopeful eyes on the War Assets Administration.

THE END



"Stop grumbling and be thankful you have a roof over your head!"
LIBERTY

BLIND TRAIL IN BURMA

Continued from Page 15

you?" Alex asked. "I could catch only a few words."

"He thinks this a *rara avis.* A mere color variation most likely. The rest was some Buddhist palaver and a little boasting about what a good hunter he is."

"I was starting to say that some of the special treatment given you was because you were born out here," Alex told him. "At first they may have wanted to strut you in front of the natives—a white man they knew reduced to a Jap prisoner. Maybe now they hope you'll speak for them to the English at the day of reckoning."

HIS voice came as though from far away. Dave kept track of what he was saying though, and also of the direction in which a Jap sentry standing in the door was looking. When his chance came, he opened the bill of the parakeet. Barely visible in its throat was what appeared to be a white seed, hardly larger than a field pea.

"I never knew many Burmese outside of the narrow range of the mission," Dave managed to answer. "I'd been off to college in China"—a small but good American college—"and being interested in ornithology kept me a lot in the jungle, away from Burmese and whites too. I haven't any influence with the English."

By stretching the bird's neck as if to look at the feathers he worked the white ball into his palm.

"Didn't you tell me they kicked you around at a dinner party to impress some Burmese quisling?" Alex asked.

"That's right."

"I've half forgotten what you told me about that."

"That was back of the Jap lines at Lashio," Dave said, pressing the little white ball against his palm to flatten it out. "The Jap general was entertaining Moung Garat, at that time a prominent Burmese quisling. They made me shine a Jap lieutenant's boots and then knocked me around a little."

"And photographed you in the act, I think you said, to show other Burmese."

"Some Jap captain took my picture. I think he was just a camera fiend." The pellet in his palm was turning into a scrap of rice paper hardly as large as his hand.

"Didn't you say there was another big Burmese there?"

"There was another fellow in Burmese costume, but he looked more like a Chinese. He slapped me in the face with his three-fingered mitt, damn him." Dave laid the bird on the floor at the head of his cot. "Just an off-color *Palaeornis torquatus,*" he remarked.

Are you in the know?

Which leaves you cooler—

☐ *A hot bath*
☐ *A lukewarm bath*
☐ *A cold shower*

When the merc goes berserk, dunk that sizzling little carcass in a lukewarm bath. It leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain" times, either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a *must* if you'd be dainty. And did you know Kotex contains a *deodorant?* Moreover, the deodorant is locked inside each napkin so it can't shake out. A new Kotex charm-saver!

If your nails split, should you—

☐ *Smooth them with an emery board*
☐ *Trim them with your teeth*
☐ *Wear artificial nails*

No use sighing over split nails. To smooth them, give your nails the business with an emery board, daily. Since a gal can't hide her hands *forever,* nail care spares you many uncomfortable moments. And so, on "trying" days, does Kotex. In fact, Kotex is The Word for comfort—because the softness of Kotex stays and stays. Yes, Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* That means curfew for chafing!

HAMBURGE
IRWIN HURICK

What's new on the beach this year?

☐ *The Life Guard*
☐ *The Bloomer Girl*
☐ *The hamburgers*

If you want to wow the beach crowd, take your cue from the Bloomer Girl (shown here). Her swim suit's news—and a far cry from the bathing bloomers of granny's day! Just as Kotex is far different from old-fashioned sanitary napkins. Consider the blessing of Kotex' *flat tapered ends:* pressed *flat* so they don't cause revealing outlines! And that special Kotex *safety center* gives you *plus* protection.

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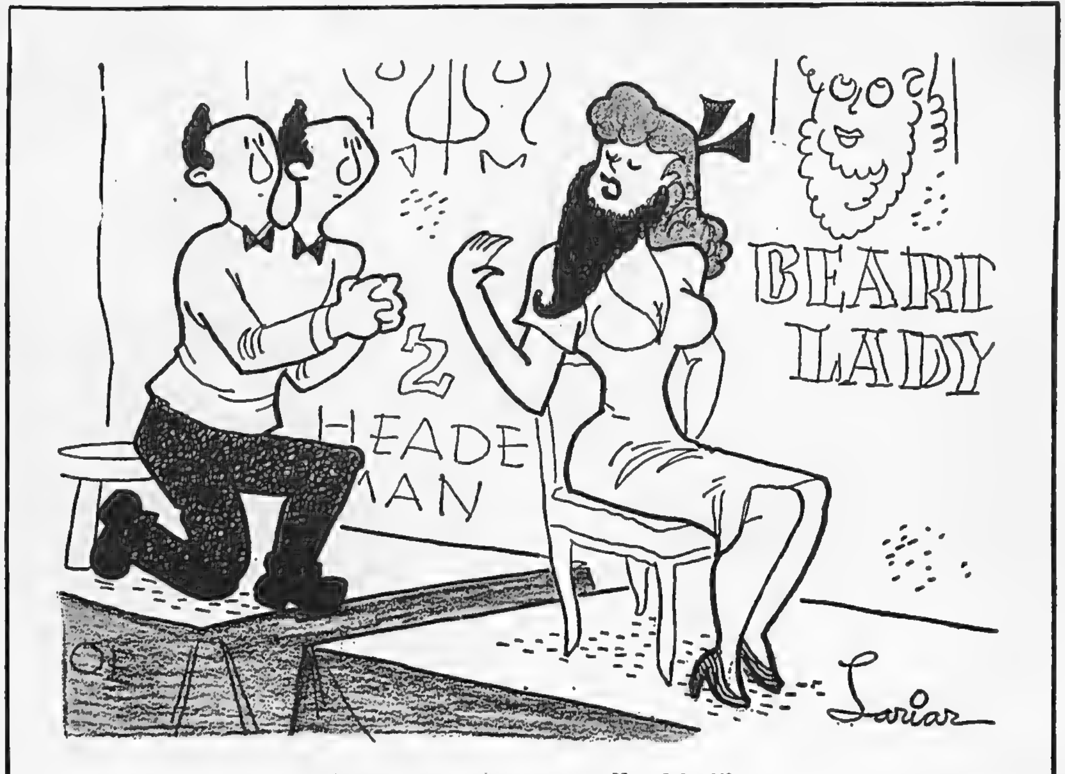

"Oh, you men are all alike!"

LIBERTY

"Those Burmese haven't any brains."

Dave did not reply. He had worked the piece of rice paper flat and was waiting his chance to look at it. The sentry gazed off; Alex lay back on his cot. The Burmese characters were finely drawn and perfectly legible to Dave's narrowed, desperately intent, racing glance. They read:

"Speak not of this to your fellow. He will live and go free when the white soldiers come, but you are to die at the sunrise. If you confide in him, you will both die. Believe me, lord, and do boldly."

Dave did believe him. He never doubted him an instant.

"I thought when they took you over to the big camp to operate again on your face, you were gone for good," Alex remarked boyishly. "God, I was glad to see you back!"

He must not tell Alex. A fellow American would try to help his condemned buddy and likely throw away his almost certain chance of rescue. He must obey Moung Ting to the letter.

"That was a queer thing, too." Dave's voice was holding well. And now he intended something more than merely allaying the suspicions of a Jap sentry. He wanted to give Alex a true story to tell the Jap officer when tomorrow he would be questioned about his friend's attempted escape. Both Alex and Moung Ting would be questioned closely.

"You know they sent a boat for me and sneaked me into the hospital and put me under gas," Dave went on. "I don't know why they didn't use ether or a local. As near as I could figure, I was under more than two hours. Yet the job was already good enough, and apparently all they did was make a couple of minor cuts and then sew them up again."

"Well, what do you make of that?"

"I don't know." Dave was working the rice paper back into a ball of the right size to swallow. "But that—and other things—and the expression on the Jap faces—it's getting my goat."

"Do you mean—you're getting windy?"

DAVE'S hand went to his lips. His throat throbbed once. That much he could do for Moung Ting, but that was not enough. The little Burmese was not planning to flee the camp tonight. Dave understood perfectly now what he had meant when he said he would stay a few days, perhaps to guide the Jap commandant on a deer hunt in the jungle. He was going to do what he could to confuse Dave's trail.

"I'm getting so windy that a week from now—in the dark of the moon—I'm going to try to go over the hill."

"Of all the damn-fool ideas! Why, man, we'll be liberated before the year is out—"

But the idea had been lodged in Alex's mind. Yes, his fellow American had become nervous over recent events, and only last evening had talked to him of trying to escape. No doubt in the silence of night he had decided to make the attempt at once.

"And I know the first thing you'll do when you're set free," Alex was saying. "You're going to hunt up that girl that you think is in the big camp across the river."

"You're right about that."

"Tell me about her." Alex spoke rather wistfully, Dave thought. "It'll pass the time—and do you good."

Why not tell him again about Janie Colby? It would do him good in a way different from what Alex meant. Thinking about Moung Ting had steadied and cooled him. Thinking about Janie—the concrete thought necessary to make Alex understand—might toughen and steel him for the job ahead. Dave felt himself to be a very ordinary fellow, interested in birds, able to make a few good friends but no large number of acquaintances, ineptly spending two years of war in prison camps, but it could be that he had as good a reason to fight for life as any man alive.

So with very little kindly prompting he told the tale again. It had been six years ago now. She might be near—as close as the big Toungoo internment camp; she might be far; she might be dead or gone away or married; she might fail at first to recognize his rearranged countenance, and certainly she would be changed; but his scenes with her, so alive in his mind, would never change.

HOME from his freshman year at college he had penetrated the Arakan Yoma to find a rumored unidentified species of pheasant. Janie had been encamped five miles away with her father, a timber merchant from Rangoon, who had wanted the horns of a bull gaur for his trophy room. Then and there Dave had stopped searching for the fabled fowl, but had found it just the same; it had run out of the vines across a little picnic ground that he and Janie had made their own—undoubtedly a new, rare, and peculiarly beautiful species. He could have shot it had he been willing to spill blood in that flower-scented bower. Seeing the splendid cock and letting it live had somehow worked a spell on the little that until then had been between him and Janie, so that suddenly there became much between them.

The fire pheasant. That was to be its common name. Before the days of flame throwers it had shot through the jungle dimness like a winged blaze. The two had sworn to return when Dave finished college, take a specimen or two, and record their discovery. Perhaps, though, they had made a greater discovery that day—to marvel and rejoice at all their lives. He remembered every word and look and act. . . .

"I'm so glad it's alive. . . ."

"I'm so glad to be alive myself right now—with you." And then . . .

But Dave did not tell Alex this part. Janie had been only sixteen, himself eighteen, and it had been six years ago!

Dave wound up his story. Alex did not think him a fool for having told it again. He was a good enough friend to share some of his sentimental secrets, but too good to involve in tonight's mysterious and deadly affair. Now there was nothing to do but wait—and hope—and plan. . . .

Through the small barred window Dave gazed westward across the murmuring river. Sometimes he caught a twinkle of light through the gathering gloom. Far up the Irrawady, in the Sagaing, had stood the medical mission where he was born, where his father had served thirty years, where his mother and sister had kissed him good-by when the Japs moved in from Thailand. He did not know where they were or whether they were alive.

The wild pigeons had gone to roost, the village to sleep. Already the Chinese were quiet in their cots; Alex's nightcap cigarette glowed in the shadows. But the night did not fall thick and black as Dave required; it was thwarted and thinned by the glimmer of the moon. He did not let it discourage him. The sentries would be less vigilant in the silver flood; and once he had stalked and photographed a peahen on her nest in broad daylight.

An hour passed. Dave flexed his muscles. The sooner he made the break, the more ground he could cover before daylight. He remembered, too, that the first sleep is the deepest. The *bashi* door was bolted on the outside, but there was another way out of the building, the way that ants and scorpions and sometimes *tauktee* lizards used for entrance. Dave rose stealthily, stood with great care on the male-bamboo frame of his cot and traced out the framework of the thatch roof over his head. Where there was the greatest space between the poles he began to pull out the thatch and drop it on his bed.

It was a first, irretraceable step toward deliverance. If the sentry wandered in and flashed his light about—he did so commonly at night—the shooting would start and the jig would be up. Presently the sky showed blue black through the rent.

He widened it enough to admit his body, then silently dropped to the floor to find some sort of weapon.

Cautiously he picked up Alex's flashlight from beside his pillow. It was handy and had a stout metal frame. If Alex wakened and groped for it, he would not raise any rumpus, Dave thought; he would feign sleep until the alarm sounded. On second thought, Dave took the strong cord from his kit bag. In the jungle he could use elephant grass for tying things, but the jungle was as yet a long way off.

Again he mounted the cot and began to draw himself up through the rent in the roof. It was no easy feat; the frame creaked, the thatch rustled, his muscles had to go all out. Still silence held in the room, and now he lay panting on the moonlit roof.

SECONDS counted now, but not so much as silence. He remembered that with an effort of will; it was the first lesson in stalking game. He crept to the edge above the door and peered over. Below him stood the short solid figure of a Jap called Samito, mean as they came, fond of knocking the Chinese about.

Samito's bayonet pointed upward. Presently he turned it in another direction, and Dave rose silently to his feet. This was the right time; the other sentry walking the outer fence had passed out of sight behind the *bashi*. Dave threw his missile—one hundred and fifty pounds of it—with all his force.

The Jap went down in silence save for a heavy grunt. A louder sound rose an instant later, as Dave struck him a savage blow on the head with the barrel of his flashlight. Such sounds were dangerous, so hugging

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the ground, he reached for the Jap's rifle, brought the bayonet point close to the man's throat, and gave it a sudden thrust. That settled one; and now he was in a much better fix to handle the other, emerging from behind the *bashi.*

And now Samito's habit of looking inside the *bashi* was a lucky thing. At sixty yards the approaching guard would certainly miss seeing his fellow standing by the door, but in the tricky moonlight might not see him lying, very still, some one beside him. Such forms were easy to mistake for shadows. In this case Dave might creep through the fence behind the fellow's back and delay the alarm a little longer.

DAVE remembered to cover the bright bayonet with his arms. The wink of sunlight on a wristwatch crystal had once cost him a wonderful photograph of a sambur doe suckling her fawn. The guard trudged nearer; but he did not stop; he passed the nearest point and continued to walk his post.

At once Dave started to wriggle forward, dragging the rifle. It might be a mistake not to wait until again the sentry moved behind the *bashi,* but his thumping heart was like a clock, warning him of passing, shortening time. When the guard turned the corner, he again lay like a stone, trusting to the cheating moonlight to camouflage him.

Dave crept on. When he gained the fence, the sentry was full across the enclosure. It consisted of many strands of barbed wire, well fixed to stop a running quarry, no good against a patient stalker used to squirming through jungle vines. The wires gave a little to his desperate strong hands, and although the barbs tore his clothes and raked his skin, he crawled safely through.

He got to his feet and ran, stooping low. No shout went up and no shot alarmed the camp. The nearest path to the hills wound through the village, but the *pi* dogs would bark at his white man's smell. So he fetched a big circle around the enclosure, keeping to the banks of the rice paddies, then struck across country in a generally eastward direction.

He had no plan other than to gain distance. Pursuit was about to start. A glance over his shoulder picked out almost the instant that his flight was discovered. A barred window of the *bashi* began to glimmer; beams of flashlights sliced about the pen, the lenses showing like huge emeralds as they chanced to point toward him; a shot rang out as some nervous guard blazed at a cheating shadow. He could even hear shouting.

But these sights and sounds seemed nearer than they were. Actually he had gained about half a mile, a wonderful head start. His legs were long and light and in better shape than he had hoped; the night stretched long before him and the land was broad. With only a fair share of luck he would live to gain the safety of the deep-forested Karen hills.

An outboard motor started on the river. That could mean that the Japanese officer was seeking help from the big Toungoo camp—more men, more guns, stronger lights, perhaps cars to range the almost impassable roads. Perhaps a prisoner worth shooting for no apparent reason was worth a determined chase; anyway the Jap would lose face if he got away.

Yet Dave could not resist the strong hunch that he had turned the trick. It grew stronger with the passing hours. He was showing no special cunning—he had none to show—only a deep-taught knowledge of the Burmese countryside, whereby he avoided flooded rice fields and found footpaths. The lights behind him had gone out one by one and there was no sound of pursuit. Moung Ting's red herrings might have something to do with that.

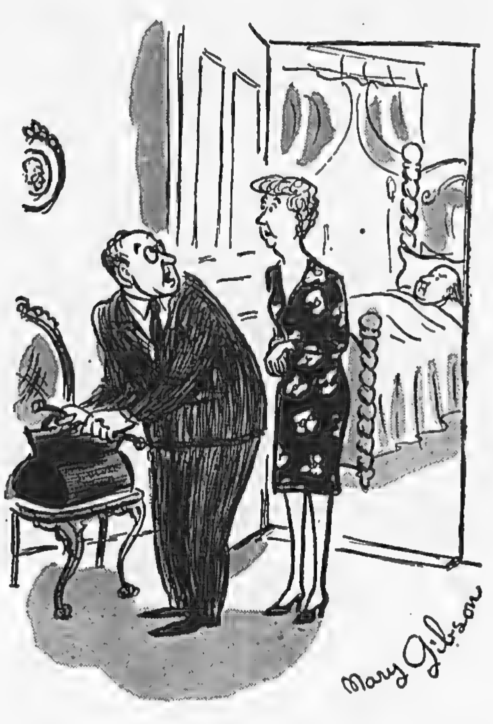
Rice paddies gave way to fields of upland crops in the after-midnight hours, and there were more frequent and larger clumps of wood. When dawn cracked over the Karen country, he breakfasted in a banana garden close to a village; then, like a night-roaming stag, began to seek a lair. Once he had to dodge a group of natives making for their fields. Pacing eastward, he found a dense patch of head-high elephant grass at the marshy bend of a stream. The morning breeze brought a rank unmistakable smell, but what was good enough retreat for a big male tiger, the slayer of the cattle in near-by villages, was good enough for him.

HE rested about two hours, confident he had left no trail that the Jap could soon follow. Then the flash of sunlight on a windshield hardly two miles behind him drove him on. Avoiding villages, occasionally ducking into cover at the sound of native voices on the trails, by nightfall he had gained the banks of a swift south-flowing river that he took for a tributary of the Sikkang. He crossed it at a buffalo ford, and in the moonlight climbed the hills beyond.

He was now at the edge of Karen country and, save for unbelievable bad luck, had made good his escape.

The Japs, too, knew the chase was hopeless in wild, broken, jungle-grown Karenni. Even they must see the folly of it. But they went on playing their fantastic games. The next day Dave spent on a high butte watching the glint of bayonets in the sunlight and busy tiny dots moving in clusters on the cart roads and the village trails.

Dave knew what they were up to. They were speaking loud and lordly. In a little while, they said, the American must come down seeking food and shelter. He might try to break out to the British lines. If so, he was to be seized and held. Any



"Has the Senator been kissing babies lately?—It's measles."

LIBERTY

glimpse of him must be telegraphed by the temple bells. If any man gave him help or disobeyed the order, he and all his clan would be slain.

Well, some day he would come down, Dave thought, but not for food or shelter. There was an abundance of that in the wilderness. When the Japs fled their river strongholds, he would try to find his family and some others he had known long ago. For the present he would be content with the company up here—huge heavy-horned gaur that roused up, snorting, at his scent; an occasional panther with a buck-saw cough; shy sambur and barking deer; birds of many feather.

So he built a dugout on a windy butte above mosquito cover and filled it with dry grass. He ate forest fruits and plants, and jungle chickens which he snared and broiled over small fires in the bamboo thickets.

MORE than a week passed before a curious disquiet inched its way into his mind. The Japs had not forgotten him. Every day a squad or more visited the foothill villagers, giving new orders and making stronger threats. A few days later Dave took a stand by a footpath between two Karen villages. Letting several groups of natives pass by, he called in the Burmese tongue to a lone traveler who appeared a "tame" Karen from the foothills. The man looked frightened and ready to run. Dave held his rifle stock foremost.

"I am the hunted one," Dave told him, "and will talk to you."

"I dare not, lord," the man replied in passable Burmese. "I will walk on, making believe I have not seen you—"

"Tell the talking apes you have seen me; they will pay you many yen."

"No, lord, they will slay me for not slaying you. But if I bring them proof of your death, they will pay me a thousand rupees, silver coin."

"How many soldiers seek for me now?"

"Only a few that come and go."

"Are they led by a Burmese *shikari* named Moung Ting?"

"Such a one guided them through all the thickets the first few days of the hunt, but when they found naught but thorns, they beat him, and I think he ran away."

Dave's heart swelled. Moung Ting had not attempted to join him, perhaps for fear of being followed; more likely because he had other games to play; but some day they would camp in the jungle again.

"All the Burmese far and near who serve the yellow man have been ordered to watch for you and slay you," the hillman went on.

"Perhaps that is only a tale that is told."

"It may be, lord. But I heard it from one who mended shoes in the great encampment at Toungoo." And then he wondered why the white man stood so still.

"Did he chance to say whether Colby Sahib, whose men and elephants sometimes took logs from this very forest, is a prisoner there?" Dave asked in a careless tone.

"It is well known he *was* there, lord," the Karen stammered.

In the Burmese tongue it is not possible to mistake "was" for "is."

"Where is he now?" Dave inquired.

"The shoe mender told us—his mother was a parrot—that Colby Sahib and his daughter and another white man escaped from the camp only three nights after you came here, speedily gained the English lines, and are now safe in Rangoon."

Dave had trouble steadying his voice. "Had he any word of Dr. Enrude Sahib and his wife and daughter of Thamin mission?"

"No, sahib, and I have never heard their names."

IT was hoping against hope, Dave knew. He had heard his father was dead. When he asked how the war was going, the Karen's face turned wooden. "It is said that the English have long legs and walk swiftly," he murmured.

"If you have news of them, raise a white smoke from the hill above us," Dave told him.

The hillman salaamed and trotted on his way. Dave rambled through the forest shade in growing disquiet. It was queer that Colby would risk his own and his daughter's life in a prison break when deliverance was almost certain and soon. And that was only one more queerness added to many others. He had a sudden crazy desire to go down from the hills and sneak his way to Rangoon. However, the long trip was too dangerous both for him and the villagers along his way.

Four troubled days passed. Then

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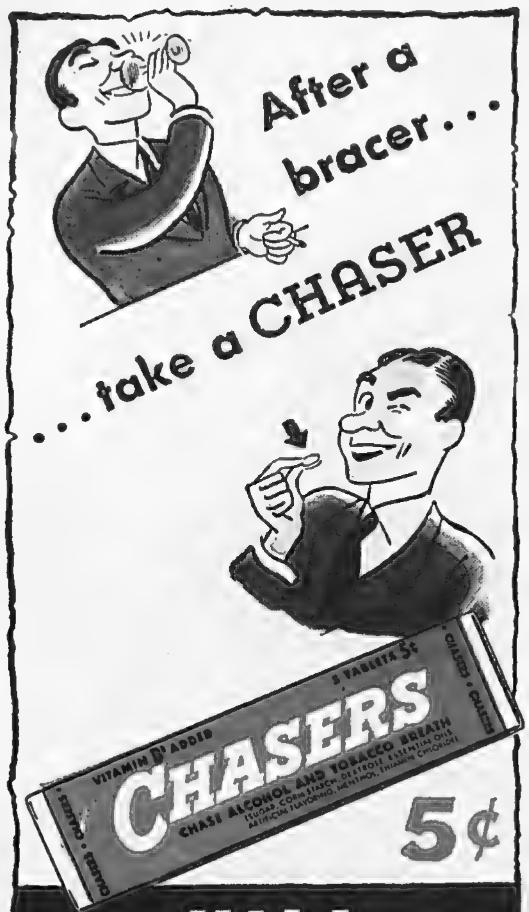

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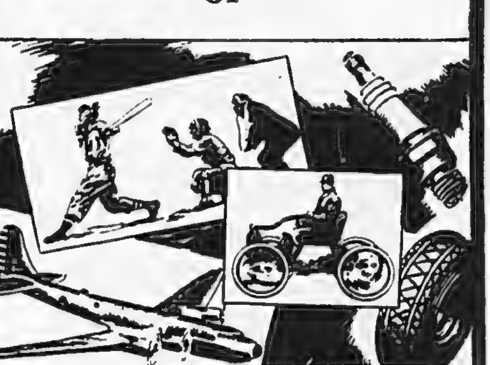

DETROIT IS MY
OWN HOME TOWN

BY MALCOLM W. BINGAY

In the August 31st Issue of
Liberty

he saw an American plane flying low across the valley, sometimes trailing puffs of white particles that caught the sunlight as they drifted earthward. On the following morning a white smoke rose high from the hill above the footpath.

The Karen was waiting for him and handed him a paper leaflet. "Such papers fell like rain," he said, "but being written in Burmese, we Karens are not sure of the word."

"The word has come," Dave told him out of a stifled throat, "that the Japanese have yielded to the white men and your people are to do their bidding no more."

The Karen had good reasons for believing the report. All the Jap rice buyers in the near-by villages were making for the river, distant guns were silent, and it was said that village headmen who had brutally enforced Japanese orders were being beaten with bamboos.

"We will go to your village," Dave said, "from thence I go to Rangoon."

He traveled part of the way on horseback, the rest on top of a truckload of cottonseed. He had even begun to look like a sahib again, having run into a stray outfit of American engineers at Pegu who, caring naught for papers, furnished him with uniforms, a roll of yen of doubtful value, and some battle loot that he was able to trade at a Chinese store for long-lost comforts. A hot bath and a shave and haircut by a native barber had done wonders for him.

SOON after breakfast on the following morning he made for the Strand Hotel. Among the soldiers and the scattering of civilians at the lobby tables he saw no familiar face. However, he had guessed right—Mr. John Colby and his daughter were indeed guests of the house. Dave wrote a chit as of yore, which a barefoot Madrasi took to memsahib's room. In three minutes he returned with an answer:

"Dear Dave: I am delighted that you are back so soon, and will meet you in the parlor in an hour. JANIE."

He had barely gained the shabby parlor back of the lobby when Janie walked in the door.

He looked at her and caught his breath—not over the change in her; instead, over the lack of change. She had been sixteen then; now she was twenty-two. Perhaps because she was thin and big-eyed from prison diet she could pass for nineteen. The sun through rifts in the intermeshed treetops used to light up her ripe-mango-colored hair, and through the dirty window it did the same. She was still a tall, slim, lithe girl who could walk lightly down a jungle path.

Her dark eyes widened at sight of him and her creamy skin flushed, but the reunion was different from what he had planned. She seemed only startled.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I was expecting someone and—"

"Don't you know me?" he asked in bitter disappointment.

"I feel I ought to." She was more than startled now—a little dazed and shaken. "But—I don't."

"Have I changed that much? My face was injured in the war—"

"Do you know me?"

"Why, I came here to meet you!"

"There's some mistake. I'm Janie Colby."

"I sent you a note an hour ago—"

"You remind me of the person I was going to meet here. That was what startled me. But the note I got —it was signed Dave. I thought it was from Dave Enrude."

"My God, Janie, I *am* Dave Enrude!"

"What?" She was pale and staring.

"Janie, I've been in a prison camp for two years. I've had an operation on my face. But you must know me—"

"I don't. You're not Dave Enrude. I'd almost think you might be, if I hadn't seen him hardly a week ago. Why, it was Dave who helped dad and me escape from Toungoo."

"Wait a minute, Janie," he said. "Let's try to figure this out."

She paused by the door. "I don't see how it concerns me—"

"For God's sake, stay here and listen!"

"Maybe I've met you somewhere before. It seems as if I have, but when you pretend to be—"

"Wait. Which of us, the other fellow or I, looks more like the Dave Enrude you met in the Arakan Yoma?"

She did not answer for many long-drawn seconds. When at last she spoke it was in a shaking voice. "How long ago was that?"

"Almost six years. In late December. Didn't you have a good deal of doubt, when this other chap told you he was Dave Enrude?"

"Oh, it's true I might not have known him if he hadn't sent me a note—and when we met, I thought he'd changed a great deal—"

DAVE laughed happily. "I don't know what *his* game is, but he's out of luck. I can prove to you who I am, in two minutes. Do you remember the fire pheasant?"

"What about it?"

"How I didn't shoot it—and how we agreed that when I'd finished college we'd come back—"

His voice died away. "The real Dave reminded me of the same incident," she told him.

"He did, did he? Where is this other Dave, by the way?"

"A plane was sent for him, and he's gone to Myitkyina."

Myitkyina was the American Military Headquarters of the Burmese theater!

A special plane had flown the man there about a week ago. The war was over, yet a cold quiver moved down Dave's spine.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET
FISHBACK

NATURE'S NOBLEMEN: Public Friend Number One is landlord Henry Solomon who recently presented a tenant in one of his eight apartment houses with a $25 Victory bond because she bore a baby. Children are welcome in Mr. Solomon's apartments in Cleveland, and always have been. That bond was the fifty-eighth bonus Mr. Solomon has paid to tenants for babies in the twenty years he has been a landlord. He gives a bonus of $25 for first babies, and doubles it for each additional, but stops at sixteen. One of sixteen children himself, he thinks a quartet of quartets is just about enough. He explains his benevolence by telling of his own experiences as a young married man, when doors were slammed in his face because he had a youngster as well as a wife. He has announced that the first tenants of his who have quintuplets will receive the apartment house in which they live as a present. Better be careful, Mr. Solomon! . . . Thomas King, a Princeton sophomore, was staggering across the campus bowed down under a mattress he was moving from one hall to another. A man offered to help. With the unidentified good Samaritan pushing from the rear, the mattress went up three flights of stairs, and Mr. King turned to thank his helper, who proved to be Dr. Harold Dodds, president of the university. . . . John Giani, twelve years old, received the Children's Aid Society's eighteenth annual Good Sportsmanship Medal for his "ability to win or lose with equal grace." A two-week trip to the society's Bowdoin Camp, New Hamburg, New York, goes with the medal. John, who won out over 2,000 contestants, said he would give the trip to his crippled brother Carmine, fourteen. John said he would go too, but would pay his own way.

ON THE UP AND UP: With steaming August upon us, the merchants are running true to form by advertising fur sales. This summer we are seeing strange phenomena, and the animal kingdom will have a hard time recognizing itself what with "platinum skunk," "blonde mink," "honey beige lamb," and many ingenious artifices such as muskrat dyed to simulate baum marten.

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**Mink and sable always were
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Has been neatly parked on ice,
I'll be lucky if my spouse
Can provide me with a mouse!**

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: Cosmetic new packaging jobs are prettier and more elaborate than ever. Early American Old Spice Bath Salts recently appeared in the form of sticks, eight to a charmingly decorated box which may be hung in the bathroom, and when empty may hold paper napkins on the kitchen wall. . . . Lynette's Blue Sapphire Toilet Water comes in a sparkly round bottle with a peaked blue stopper and is as refreshing to look at as it is to use. . . . Fabergé has provided for the traveler by packaging perfume in tiny purse-size bottles; three of the nicest fragrances for fall are Woodhue, Tigress, and Aphrodisia. . . . Prince Matchabelli's Potpourri Cologne is back again in good supply, and the round flat bottle with wreath on one side and crown on the other makes a handsome addition to the dressing table. . . . A blend of water-softening cereals and crushed lavender flowers makes Yardley's Lavendomeal a grand refresher to use in the tub. . . . The House for Men, Inc., in Chicago, has come out with *seasonal* after-shave lotions: "His" DeLuxe, specifically formulated for summer comfort and protection; "His" Special, for winter use. . . . L'Orlé offers the man of the house handsomely bottled sets of cologne and after-shave lotion in three masculine scents, Hickory, Walnut, and Old Oak. They'll make him feel fresher on hot humid days. . . . So will Daggett & Ramsdell's Pine Bath Oil.

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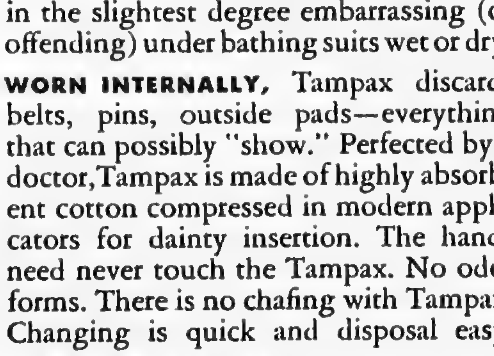

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Pick of THE PICTURES

BY VIRGINIA SPIES

CENTENNIAL

According to Twentieth Century-Fox's latest period piece, Philadelphia folks back in 1876 burst into song while losing their jobs and downing their scrapple. And with a grab bag of nine Jerome Kern tunes to choose from (his last score before his death), who could blame them?

This gay Philly symphony, set in Technicolor against the horse-and-buggy backdrop of the Centennial Exposition—America's first World's Fair—tells the story of the musical Rogers family. There's outspoken Pa (Walter Brennan) who works on the railroad and invents clocks on the side; long-suffering Ma (Dorothy Gish) who makes pie but can't make hay like her Continental sister (Constance Bennett); good daughter Jeanne Crain, sulky daughter Linda Darnell, and several talented and diverting small fry.

When the Rogerses stop singing, their household is far from harmonious.

Armed with a wardrobe of bonnets and bustles which are beautiful but hardly in keeping with Pa's meager income, the daughters feud over sideburned swains—a dapper Frenchman (Cornel Wilde sounding like an imitation of an imitation of Boyer) and a young doctor (William Eythe).

The older generation is beset with problems too. Ma has trouble with Pa, and Pa has trouble with his boss until Connie Bennett, the not-so-good Samaritan, saves the day—and the Rogers waning bank account—by becoming chummy with the president of the railroad.

Like State Fair, its country cousin, Centennial Summer was adapted from a best-selling novel and then garnished with music. The latter was a fortunate afterthought. Originally, Albert E. Idell's book was to be filmed as a straight comedy, but production was held up because building materials, required for the elaborate sets, weren't available. During this enforced delay, Darryl Zanuck, Fox's master mind, got the bright idea of bringing some lyrics into the Rogerses' lives.

So, in a rather unusual arrangement, Jerome Kern was commis-

As a mischievous merry widow on a visit from Paris, Connie Bennett does an admirable job of setting her sister's placid Philadelphia household topsy-turvy.

sioned to write not only the songs but every note of the background score as well.

Prettiest of the Kern melodies are All Through the Day and In Love in Vain, which were previewed months before the picture. Cinderella Sue is a novelty tune worth humming. It gives Avon Long (famous as Sporting Life in Broadway's Porgy and Bess) and a tiny wide-eyed colored girl a chance to strut their wonderful stuff.

Regardless of the city in which you live, you are certain to be captivated by this light and lilting story of Philadelphia.

Pa (Walter Brennan) isn't happy about Connie's impending arrival, but the ladies in the Rogers family (Dorothy Gish, Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell) overrule him.

Still masquerading. Cornel Wilde entrains after Jeanne, who's run away.

Avon (Porgy and Bess) Long and his tiny partner strut their stuff to the rhythm of Cinderella Sue—one of the sparkling tunes in Jerome Kern's last score.

Fickle Linda finally decides it's time to settle down with Bill Eythe, an up-and-coming young local doctor.

OTHER PICTURES WORTH SEEING

DEAD OF NIGHT (Ealing Studios, released through Universal). An unusual psychological import from England, composed of four tales about the supernatural.

THE SEARCHING WIND (Paramount). Lillian Hellman's dramatic dose of recent history, with Robert Young as the diplomat who's indecisive about love and war.

SPECTER OF THE ROSE (Republic). The arty and interesting portrait of an insane ballet dancer which was written, produced, and directed by Ben Hecht.

ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM (20th Century-Fox). Hoop-skirted Irene Dunne and Britisher Rex Harrison are off on a delightful Oriental outing.

NIGHT AND DAY (Warner Bros.) The sparkling, tuneful life story of sophisticated song writer Cole Porter, starring Cary Grant and Alexis Smith.

HENRY V (Two Cities, released through United Artists). Laurence Olivier's unforgettable Technicolor version of one of Shakespeare's greatest war plays.

TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE (Warner Bros.). A humorous sight-seeing tour given Dennis Morgan, a Balkan prince, by Joan Leslie and Jack Carson.

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (G.C.F., released through United Artists). Vivien Leigh and Claude Rains have the leads in this handsome spectacle adapted from the G. B. Shaw historical comedy.

NAKED AT NOON

Continued from Page 25

fell on my improvised sign. While I was asleep someone had taken charcoal and added, under my poem:

> Such things I do not care to see.
> I have no curiositee.

By now my "curiositee" was at fever pitch. I got into a new pair of shorts, put on some socks and stout brogues and set out to explore the Porcupine. The hill back of the house was steep and slippery with pine needles. I climbed along the spine of the ridge to a cleared spot on the highest point. From there I could see across the water to the mainland. I shaded my eyes and made out a canoe with one occupant putting out from shore. I hurried on through the arches of the trees to reach the upper shore where I felt sure it would land.

So great was my hurry that I was upon the little house before I saw it. It was brown with green roof and yellow door and shutters like my own, but smaller, with one whole side made of glass. Behind it, a path led down the steep hill to the landing, a small dock.

The canoe was being paddled strongly by a kneeling figure in blue jeans, outside of which flopped the unfettered tails of a faded checked flannel shirt. The wreck of a man's old felt hat shaded the face.

Just as the canoe sidled up for a neat landing, the paddler looked up at me with gray eyes.

"Here," she said in a friendly voice as she handed me a basket. "Don't drop it; it's with eggs." She made the canoe fast and I followed her up the path. "I had to go ashore for matches," she was saying. "My stolen fire went out and I couldn't come stealing again without giving you the impression I was trying to scrape up an acquaintance, or that I was curious about you, which I certainly would like to, and am."

When we got to the house, she took the basket. "Sit down," she said, "while I try out my brand-new matches on a couple of cups of tea."

I SAT and watched her. Her bare feet were brown as an Indian's, her arms and hands too. Her face had a band of freckles across a snub nose. Her eyes laughed at both of us. The faded flannel shirt was without buttons, so, for decency's sake, it was pinned together with a big rusty safety pin.

When the tea water was set to boil, she looked squarely at me. "Let's smoke a cigarette apiece before we start talking polite pleasantries, and then maybe it won't be necessary," she said. So we did.

The tea was strong, with honey and rum. By the time the toast was ready to accompany the second steaming cup, I knew this was a dream every soldier has had, but I knew I was awake, more awake than I had been in quite a while.

"Now," she said, "I'll tell you all I want you to know about me, and then you can do the same. After that, we'll make rules, each for the other, so we can live on the Porcupine without treading on each other's idiosyncrasies."

"I'm all ears and eyes," I said.

"My name is Dill," she began, "same as the pickle. As you must know, Bope takes care of this little continent for the Brauns, most of whom seldom come here any more. When I want to come here, he gets out the canoe, brings me supplies and gets well paid for it. Bope is one of my oldest and most secretive friends. So if you swear I was here, he'll die swearing you were drunk and saw me in a vision. Now about rules: You can come up here if you get lonely or want a cheese soufflé, which I can make like nobody this side of New Orleans. That's all the rules I can think of for you. Now, please, how do you want me to behave?"

"Well, Dill," I said, "my name is Robert—Bob to you. I got a little shot up in the war and a doctor said, 'Go rest, young man.' That's what I'm doing. Thad Braun gave me a note to Bope, and here we are."

"I see. Well, what rules shall I observe to make you completely comfortable with a lone and unexpected female underfoot?"

"My only rule," I said, "I printed

IT'S THE NEAREST
"A COUPLE OF SONG AND DANCE MEN"
"BLUE SKIES"
"PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ"
"A SERENADE TO AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL"
"I'LL SEE YOU IN CUBA"
"A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY"
"I CAN'T REMEMBER"
"TELL ME LITTLE GYPSY"
Irving BERLIN'S
"BLUE SKIES"
"GETTING NOWHERE"
U KEEP COMING BACK LIKE A SONG
"YOU'D BE SURPRISED"
W MANY TIMES"
"ALL B
Produced by Sol C. Siegel
Directed by Stuart Heisler
Lyrics and Music by Irving Berlin

on a signboard, and your answer goes into my memoirs. That contract seems all that is necessary."

"I shall be circumspect around midday and feel free to invade your end of the island at all unspecified times."

"Good," I said, and we laughed.

SHE made me feel bright and witty, which I am not. We went out to the top of the Porcupine and watched the sun set behind the church steeple of Venusville. Then we walked back to her glass house. I built a fire and we both cooked supper. Before I knew it my watch had got around to ten o'clock.

"Go home," she said, "and sleep. I'm glad to find a little playfellow who has things to say that are worth listening to, and who dries a mean plate."

"If you'll come down for a swim on my miniature beach about eight o'clock, I'll lend you a towel and give you some breakfast," I said.

"I'll meet you under the third breaker at eight. Good night."

Next morning we met as arranged, but on top of the third breaker.

"Hi," she spat at me with a mouthful of the Atlantic.

We swam in, keeping perfect step, like the ensemble of an aquacade. She looked little in her scant trunks and the halter business.

As we walked out on the beach, she shook the water out of her hair, which curled up all over her head. "Feed me," she said, and so I did.

While my back was turned, pouring coffee, she got into a long yellow robe tied in tight with a belt.

We washed the dishes and played about, chattering away until nearly noon. Suddenly she began gathering her dried bits and pieces off the bushes and stood on my rock.

"Good-by, Mister Bob," she said bowing. "Thanks for breakfast and a pleasant morning."

"Must you go?" I said.

"I'd be a fool," she smiled, "to disregard the advertised fact that from twelve till two this rock is posted."

"Even a baby," I said, "can skip his nap for sufficient reason without getting fretful."

"I take no such chances." She was talking back over her shoulder as she walked up toward the pines.

When she got to the trees, she turned and looked down at me. She couldn't help seeing my admiration. "I'm glad, Lord Robert," she said, "to be a guest in your castle and I'd like to come down again if you'll invite me."

"Stay now," I said, hearing a kind of roaring in my ears.

"No," she said. "I have work to do. Believe it or not, I'm a working woman, and besides," she turned and started up the hill, "besides, you've got a look about you that is a leetle bit disturbing."

I ran up toward her. "Come back this afternoon," I pleaded, "when you are through with your work."

"Woman's work," she said, "is never done. Besides, I happen to know that just about sundown you have a supper engagement."

"What do you mean?"

"From what I understood," she called back, "it's a picnic supper in a canoe out there on the water with your neighbor up yonder on the hill." She pointed ahead of her toward her glass house. "The canoe leaves the dock at five forty, sharp; but if you come early, maybe you could carry the picnic basket down the hill."

THE picnic was a dilly! We paddled back, tied up at the dock, and climbed the hill. She stopped and held out her hands for the basket.

"It looks like a dismissal," I said.

"Robert," she said, "I told you that you had a look about you."

"A disturbing look, you said," I reminded her. "What kind of a look is it, and why should it disturb you?"

"It is a Spoken-For look," she said, "and that's why."

There was a pause while I looked at her.

"May I come down to swim and stay for breakfast?" she asked. There was nothing coy about it.

"Of course," I said. "I'd die if you didn't."

"Thanks."

"I think I'll die anyway." And I felt as if I were going to.

"You won't die," she said. "Go on home to bed."

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"BECAUSE I LOVE YOU"
"WHEN YOU WALKED OUT SOMEONE ELSE WALKED RIGHT IN"
"HOMESICK"
"TOP HAT, WHITE TIE AND TAILS"
"THE LITTLE THINGS IN LIFE"
"MANDY"
"ALWAYS"
"WHITE CHRISTMAS"
"THE SONG IS ENDED"
"LAZY"
MYSELF"
"I'VE GOT MY CAPTAIN WORKING FOR ME NOW"
"I WONDER"
"RUSSIAN LULLABY"
"NOT FOR ALL THE RICE IN CHINA"
"EVERYBODY STEP"
"SOME SUNNY DAY"
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"I might." Again we stood there while the stars wiggled in the sky.

"You act very much like a young man who is afraid to say so, but who would much prize being kissed good night."

"There is every reason," I said, "why I *should* act *exactly* like that young man."

"You are a great lout," she said and stood on her tiptoes as I took her in my arms and kissed her.

It was no lingering soul exchange. Neither was it a pert peck, nor yet a smart smack. It was a kiss, firm, sweet, a little tender but like all kisses with a character and a life all its own. I walked slowly down the hill.

"Spoken for," I heard myself saying, and, after a while, "Hell!" I said and went to bed.

I DIDN'T sleep at all, so had no chance of being late for our swim. Dill was sitting on the rock with her back to me, working on something in her lap. I jumped back and got into my trunks. When I came out, there she sat. The pencil and writing pad she had been at work on were gone and she was looking as fresh and serene as a young rabbit.

"Good morrow," she said. "I'm early today. I hope I didn't wake you. I had some work to do and thought I'd do it down here in the sun."

"Where's the work?" I asked. "You were writing on a pad. Presto, it's gone."

"I am sitting on it," she said. "Come on, I'll beat you to the horizon." And she very nearly did.

Breakfast was like yesterday. Afterward we lay in the sand.

"I've come to say a sort of good-by," she said.

My heart did something acrobatic. She saw it in my face and laughed a little. "Thank you," she said.

"You're far from welcome," I gulped. "What do you mean, good-by?"

"I mean," she was serious again, "that you came here for a rest from the war. When you are quiet, I can see little two-millimeter newsreels of battles in your eyes. Anyway, I think you are seeing far too many people for your own good. I'm sure you were sent here to be alone and I'm afraid I've been causing you to break training."

"You're sore because I kissed you last night," I said.

"You flatter yourself," she said. "It was I who kissed you. So," she was getting up, "I think I'll get on with a piece of work I came here to do. You see, I've got a deadline in about three weeks and I've been dawdling for a day or two."

"Please don't go," was all that I could say.

"I'm not being silly," she said, "but I do think we'd better inhabit our separate ends of this paradise. Oh, we could dine together occasionally, if you want to, but I'm not going to spoil this for you, no matter how you flatter me by saying I couldn't which you'd better say quick or I'm going to be a badly disappointed gal."

That's how Dill wanted it and that's how it was. We had happy dinners together. I was having a wonderful time. She kissed me, too, and I kissed back, but only for good night and only once each time for that. We were happy together and she made me laugh a lot.

ONE afternoon when I was lying in the sun I heard a sail flap and opened my eyes. Bope's boat was rounding the Porcupine's nose.

"You sho is nekkid, ain't you?" he said.

I allowed as how I sho was. He held up a letter, air mail and special. I took it and read.

"Does you got to go back right away?" he asked with sympathy.

"Yes, Bope," I said. "Right away."

"De soonest right away you kin git de train is tomorrow morning," he said. "'Bout ten o'clock. I'll come in de boat to git you. You be packed up and ready."

"All right, Bope," I said. "Thank you."

"No trouble, suh, no trouble atall." He pushed the tiller hard over and the boat eased off and away.

Dill was to come down to my house for dinner on the rock. I decided not to tell her until then. I would not mention my going until we sat over coffee and brandy. Then I saw her coming down the hill.

"I'm going away," I blurted out.

"I know," she said. "I saw the boat."

"Aren't you curious to know why?"

"Yes," she said, "I'm anxious, but the cocktail shaker is in a sweat. Don't you think—maybe—"

"Of course."

Dinner was forever. We both showed how sophisticated we were. We got off some pretty good cracks.

Finally we got to coffee sitting on some big cushions I had put down on the edge of the rock near the water.

"I've got to tell you," I said.

"Of course," she said.

"You said I had a spoken-for look," I said.

"And I was right."

"I got a letter."

"And high time, too," she said.

"You see," I had to explain, "her father does financial stuff for Washington. Well, he's just been told to go to Germany in a few weeks and do it some more. Because her father's got to give her away, the date's got to be sooner. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. When must you go?"

"Bope is coming for me in the morning."

"I see."

"Dear Dill," I began— "Dear Dill."

"Dear Robert." She wasn't laughing at me, not quite. "It's been, as they say, swell, and I wouldn't have missed it for a pretty. You've been a good boy, with some help from me. And now I want more coffee and one more glass of brandy. You may walk with me to my door and say good night with, if you insist, one final but chaste kiss. So heft the coffeepot, Robert, my lad, and you will see how painless the whole thing will be." That's the way it was.

At her door, I held her for a minute in the dark shadow of the pines.

"I don't want to see you in the morning," she said, and put her mouth up to be kissed. She kissed me and was gone inside.

I knew I wouldn't sleep a wink, so I took my mattress out on the rock The late sun woke me from a deep sleep. A piece of paper was pinned to my blanket with a rusty safety pin that I had seen before.

I sat up and read:

> To drag yourself up the Porcupine's back to say another and forbidden good-by would be a waste of time, Robert. I have gone. The house is locked, the key in the pocket of my friend Bope, who could be torn to little pieces and never reveal to you anything about me. Nobody else in Venusville knows me, so don't bother. Let me go, but please when you are old and fat, remember this happy week as I will when I am. It was fun.
>
> DILL
>
> How I hate postscripts, but here it is. P.S.: I can be pontifical only up to a point, so, before I go, promise that when you *are* old and fat and Washington sends *you* off on missions, that some day when you look at the sea under stars you'll remember I was foolish enough to hope for a minute that you *weren't* spoken for. And that I loved you, loved you, loved you. There!
>
> D.

I went crazy. Bope came and I all but did tear him to little pieces.

"I sho am sorry to refuse you, suh, but I jest bound to tell you I don't know," said Bope. I tried cajolery, bribery, threat. He told me nothing.

NEW YORK was New York. Naturally the first thing I did was to call Thad Braun's house. The butler was sorry, but Mr. Thaddeus Braun and his parents were still off in western Canada.

Helen and her mother seemed to find me improved. Helen and I were dined, congratulated, theater-partied, night-spotted, photographed, presented with costly gifts. Helen had stacks of linens and trousseau and stuff. Her father hinted at something remunerative for me when he should get back. I felt like the stinker of the world. But what could I do? You can't come to a girl like Helen and say you've fallen in love with a girl with a name like a pickle whom you don't know and can't find.

The day before the wedding I knew I had to tell her. I couldn't. But I had to. She was having lunch with her mother on the top floor at the Modern Museum. They seemed glad to see me. I sat and drank coffee with them. We got into the elevator to go down. Now, I thought, I'll get her away from her mother and I'll tell her.

We were getting out of the elevator on the third floor. There was

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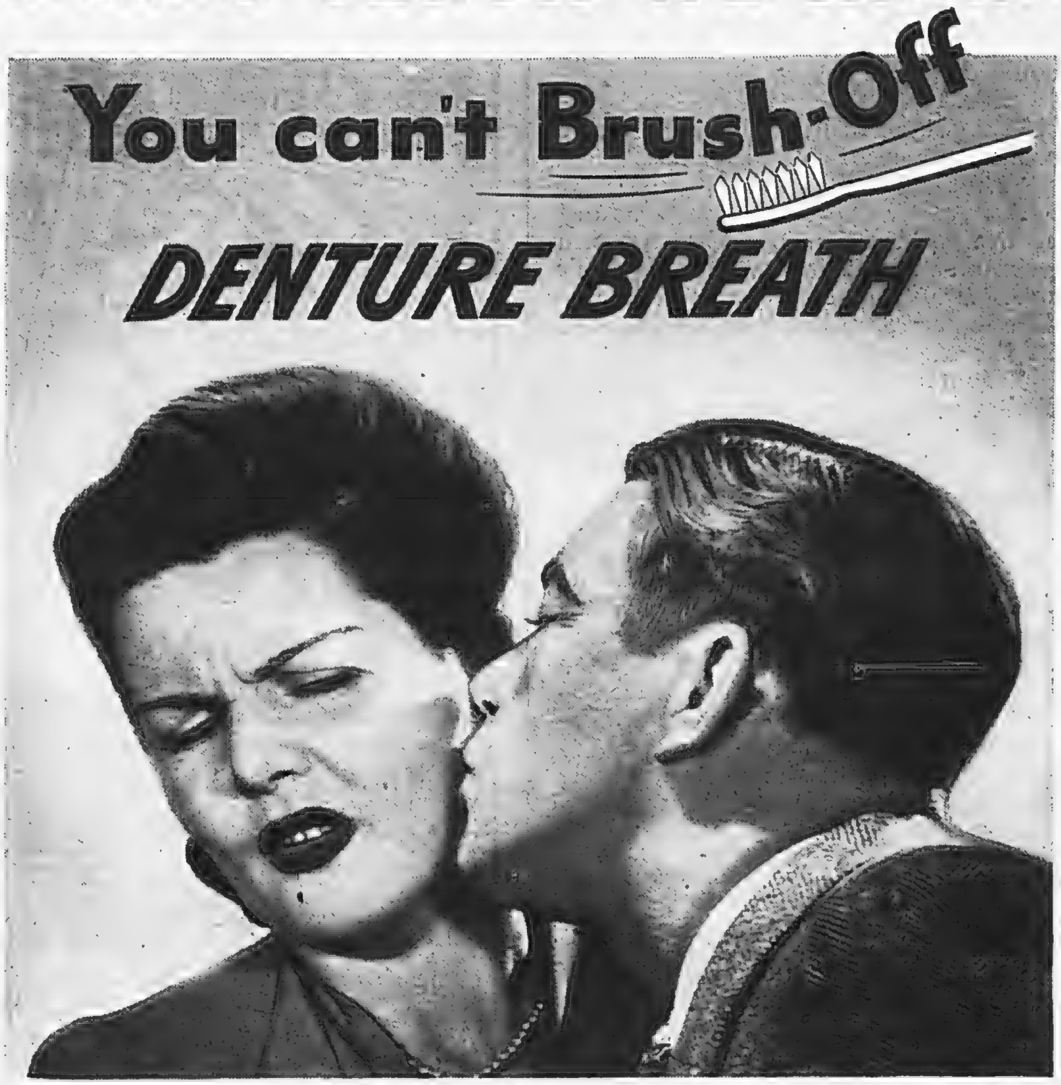

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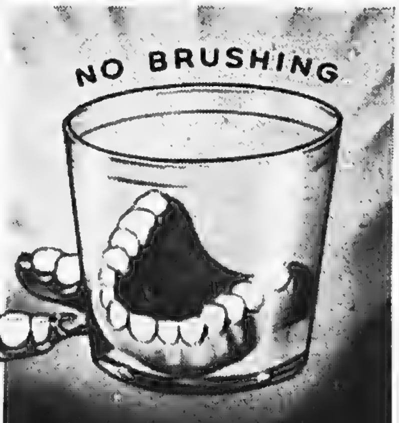

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some damned exhibition. Helen's mother had to see it, of course. She went around a corner.

"Helen," I said, "I've got to talk to you. I've got to."

"You mean without mother?" she said.

"Yes."

"I'll get rid of her as soon as we've walked through this new stuff."

"Thank you," I said.

A man was coming toward us out of the gallery. He looked at me and grinned right into my face. Helen's mother was coming back toward us. She looked as if she had been kicked in the stomach.

"What's the matter, darling?" Helen said.

Her mother stood there looking like a dying cod, pointing back over her shoulder. We rushed in.

One wall was covered with a very big canvas painted in brilliant yellow sunlight. On a flat rock over the sea lay a very big man flat on his bare stomach, asleep. The rest of him was bare too, very bare. His head was on his folded arms, his face toward us. It was me—I mean I. Unmistakably, irrevocably, it was I.

A gilt plate at the bottom of the frame was lettered in black:

NOON
by
Caryl Dillingham

Something was slipped into my hand. I couldn't have moved if it had been a raw oyster. I heard Helen walk away from me, but there I stood, gazing at my tanned body hung on this public wall for the world to look at. I could feel the ring in my hand, but I couldn't move.

I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, a man's hand.

"Well, well, well!" said a voice. "I see you took full advantage of my invitation." It was Thad Braun.

"What are you doing here?" I asked weakly.

"Same thing you are," he chuckled. "I came to see my cousin Dill's exhibition, little dreaming I'd run into two copies of a valued friend."

IN his car, he was merciful and asked no questions.

On Brooklyn Heights, we drew up before his father's rococo house. I followed him in and up some stairs and into an enormous studio. A fire blazed behind andirons.

Before it, was a high-backed chair.

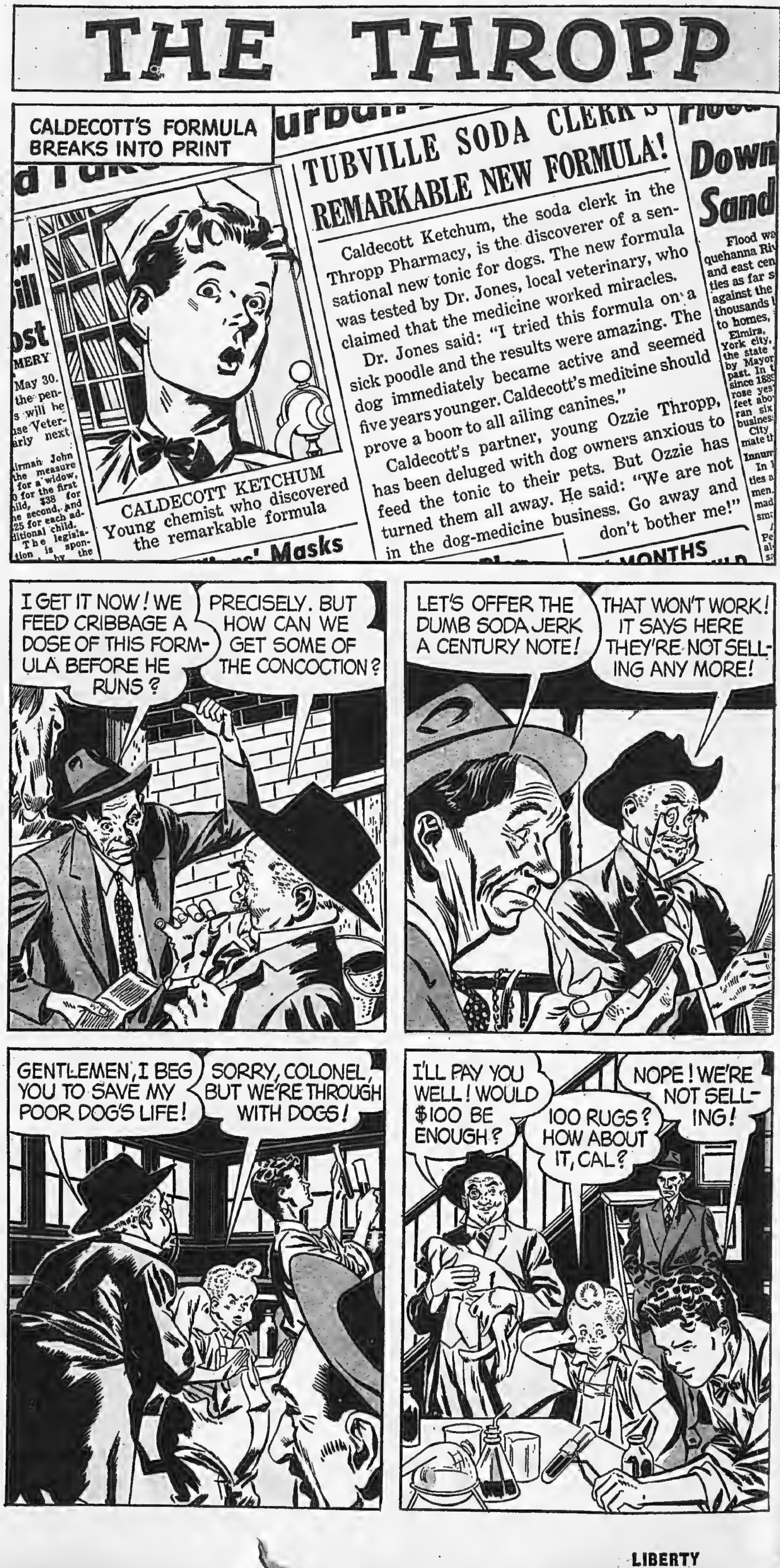
"Who's that?" said a voice I knew so well.

"It's Thad."

"Come in, you lug," the voice said, "and tell me I'm a genius." A hand came up over the top of the chair back, reaching for his.

Thad gave me a slight shove and went out the door and eased it to. I took the hand in mine. At the exact spot where the heart line met the fate line, I pressed a talisman that had never left me, an oversize rusty safety pin.

THE END


THE THROPP
CALDECOTT'S FORMULA BREAKS INTO PRINT
CALDECOTT KETCHUM
Young chemist who discovered the remarkable formula
I GET IT NOW! WE FEED CRIBBAGE A DOSE OF THIS FORMULA BEFORE HE RUNS?
PRECISELY. BUT HOW CAN WE GET SOME OF THE CONCOCTION?
LET'S OFFER THE DUMB SODA JERK A CENTURY NOTE!
THAT WON'T WORK! IT SAYS HERE THEY'RE NOT SELLING ANY MORE!
GENTLEMEN, I BEG YOU TO SAVE MY POOR DOG'S LIFE!
SORRY, COLONEL, BUT WE'RE THROUGH WITH DOGS!
I'LL PAY YOU WELL! WOULD $100 BE ENOUGH?
100 RUGS? HOW ABOUT IT, CAL?
NOPE! WE'RE NOT SELLING!

TUBVILLE SODA CLERK'S REMARKABLE NEW FORMULA!

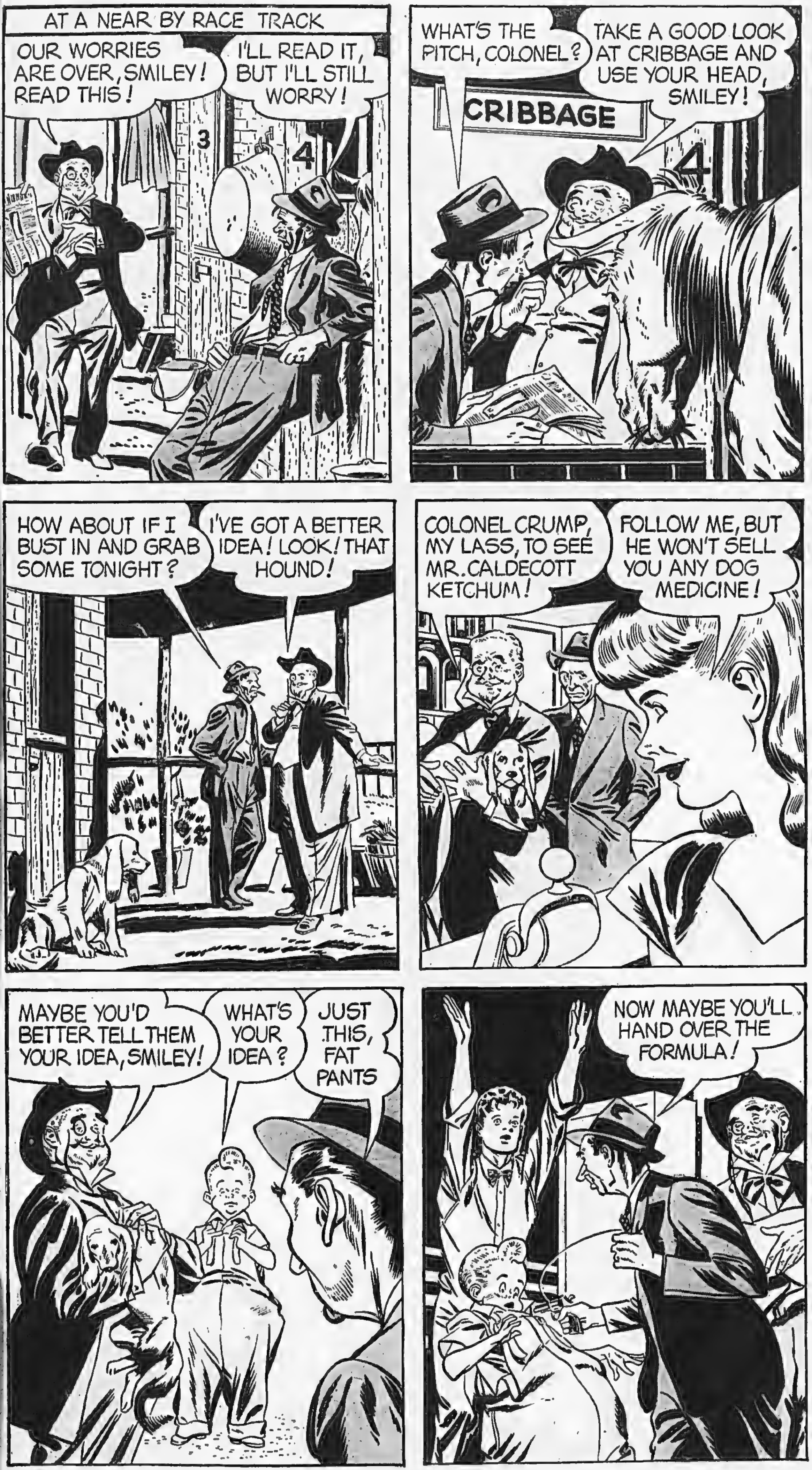
Caldecott Ketchum, the soda clerk in the Thropp Pharmacy, is the discoverer of a sensational new tonic for dogs. The new formula was tested by Dr. Jones, local veterinary, who claimed that the medicine worked miracles.

Dr. Jones said: "I tried this formula on a sick poodle and the results were amazing. The dog immediately became active and seemed five years younger. Caldecott's medicine should prove a boon to all ailing canines."

Caldecott's partner, young Ozzie Thropp, has been deluged with dog owners anxious to feed the tonic to their pets. But Ozzie has turned them all away. He said: "We are not in the dog-medicine business. Go away and don't bother me!"

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


AT A NEAR BY RACE TRACK
OUR WORRIES ARE OVER, SMILEY! READ THIS!
I'LL READ IT, BUT I'LL STILL WORRY!
3
4
WHAT'S THE PITCH, COLONEL?
TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT CRIBBAGE AND USE YOUR HEAD, SMILEY!
CRIBBAGE
4
HOW ABOUT IF I BUST IN AND GRAB SOME TONIGHT?
I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! LOOK! THAT HOUND!
COLONEL CRUMP, MY LASS, TO SEE MR. CALDECOTT KETCHUM!
FOLLOW ME, BUT HE WON'T SELL YOU ANY DOG MEDICINE!
MAYBE YOU'D BETTER TELL THEM YOUR IDEA, SMILEY!
WHAT'S YOUR IDEA?
JUST THIS, FAT PANTS
NOW MAYBE YOU'LL HAND OVER THE FORMULA!

Continued next week

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THE OLD BLUNDERBUSS

Continued from Page 30

stake in this house, to say nothing of Mamie's."

"I'm not going to be any part of it! You can't make me!" he shot at her.

"Can't I?" she stormed back at him. "If you kill Mamie and her baby by running away now when we need you, it'll be murder, my man, and don't you forget it. I'll tell the sheriff, I'll write the Chicago papers!" She pointed to the wood box. "Fill that from the shed—you'll get plenty wet."

Under her stern eyes he carried steaming water to the bedroom door, then returned to the kitchen to cram more wood in the rusty stove. He pumped water, bent his shoulders into the whirling rain to bring more wood; he peered into the oven.

Then he pulled up the wooden rocking chair to the stove, first spilling out the Maltese cat. He sank into the chair with a groan, put his feet up on the fender, and watched steam rise from his sodden clothes. Balefully he saw Mrs. Tennen bustle in, snatch cloths from the oven, and peer under the kettle lids.

"What do you do with so much boiling water?" he demanded. "Boil the baby in it?"

She looked dismayed as her eyes went from his face to the kettles. She stammered, "I—why, I don't know. Doctors always say, the very first thing, 'Get me lots of boiling water.' But—well, I never saw 'em use much of it."

"Devil of a note!" he growled as she left him and silence hung for a moment over the house. "The very devil of a note, the way birth's managed. Damned awkward business. Could have planned it a lot better myself!"

The wood box was full; the kettles were full. There was nothing now for him to do, but uneasiness and dismay at his predicament drove him to action. The sky was so black that darkness hung inside like midnight. He went to the parlor, brought back a Rochester burner, its china shade pink with roses, its nickel base shining. He grunted with satisfaction when light sprang into every corner of the room. At a new sound, he stiffened. It was a strangled yell, like a kitten in trouble.

"Devil of a note!" he whispered. He jerked around as Mrs. Tennen hurried in with a bundle.

"Now!" she said, "I'll open the oven door and you stay setting just as you are and hold him." She lowered the bundle into his meager lap.

The frantic judge tried to slide away from the bundle. "Hey!" he yelled. "I won't do it! Hold a fresh baby by myself? Take it away!"

She settled it on his lap. "He's premature and got to have lots of heat. All you got to do is set still. I've got plenty of a job cut out for me in there yet!" She dipped up a pan of hot water and left.

JUDGE WARD swallowed hard. "Gosh a'mighty!" He reached for his solace of plug tobacco, then withdrew his hand. "Maybe not," he conceded. "Maybe better not." His fingers furtively lifted a corner of the blanket to peer at a red face.

"Gosh a'mighty!" he breathed. "Looks like an old man." Fascinated, he watched the quick breathing; then, as a tiny hand moved, the judge's eyes fastened on that. Cautiously he touched it. The fingers curled about his thin forefinger; he drew a shaking breath. "Fingers!" he marveled, "and a thumb—just like a human!"

He'd never held his own babies. There had been nurses and nurseries, but he'd had no part in it. He had sired his children; after that it was women's business!

"Its name is Horace," he said, and settled himself gingerly so as to sway back and forth a little. Babies liked to be rocked. This Horace Klofield, Jr., would grow up to inherit a livery stable—perhaps be a veterinarian, if he were lucky. Now, if Judge Ward had had a boy, that child could have had any kind of future he desired—could have been President! Yet—Judge Ward couldn't seem to recollect offhand even one President who'd come from a Chicago law firm, but many had been produced and reared by just such people as Mamie and Horace. That was America.

The baby's mouth opened; a sharp yell came from the tiny mouth. The face reddened with every scream. This was awful! Maybe it wanted food. Had they thought of that? The baby was probably starving!

Judge Ward wiped moisture from his forehead. Right now there was nothing one could do but hold this baby and keep it warm. That was his job, the most important job in this house. But he didn't want it starving to death on his lap! As its cry subsided and stopped, he yelled, "Hey, Mrs. Tennen, come here!"

She didn't come! The fire was dying down. It must be built up before the room got cold. He shouted again, "Hey!"

AFTER a long time the door slowly opened. Mrs. Tennen came in. She was carrying a bundle. She lowered it to the judge's lap. "A boy!" she said, her face white with strain. "Another boy."

"Not another!" he yelped. "Not twins!"

"Twin boys," she said. Wearily she filled the stove with wood, then was gone, leaving him holding the babies!

Mrs. Tennen returned, lifted the first baby from his lap. "There!" she said. "Now you bring the other. Mamie wants to see her twins!"

"Oh, no, you don't!" he bleated. "I wouldn't carry one of these—"

"Bring him!" she said.

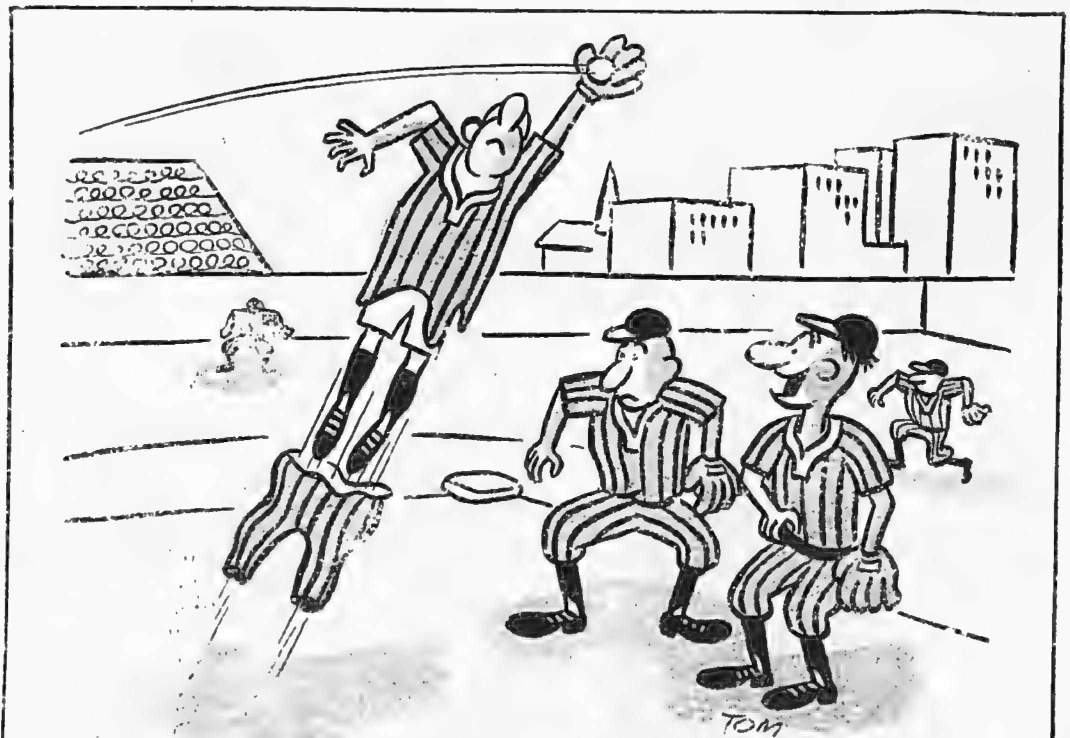
Somehow he got to his feet, held onto his bundle, and followed Mrs. Tennen into the bedroom.

He saw Mamie lying high on her pillows, her face pale, her hair damply curling off her forehead. She was looking very proud and tired. "Let me see Horace first," she said.

Mrs. Tennen put the baby down on Mamie's right arm, motioned the judge to go around to the other side.

Mamie studied the baby face deliberately, then said with satisfied pride, "Spit'n' image of Horace." She looked up at the judge, who stood there, a beaten man, holding the second son. Mamie's face held no terror. In the paths she'd been traveling she'd gone out beyond fear.

She looked up at the old judge, in her eyes the knowledge of having shared with him a common crisis. "I will name my second son Dun-



"That's why I always make sure to wear a belt with mine."

can," she decreed, as if conferring the Victoria Cross on Judge Duncan Ward. "You earned it. We couldn't have managed without you."

The judge looked dazedly from Mamie's shining countenance to the red and wrinkled face of the baby he held. This was his namesake—an important baby—it would be a remarkable man. Of the two babies, this one was much superior!

He carefully lowered it to Mamie's left arm. He said, "The storm's almost over. Since you can get along without me now, I'll drive down and bring Horace. I can't wait to tell my family and Horace that we've named the baby Duncan." For him, the first twin had ceased to exist.

As in a dimly remembered past, his mind stretched back to this morning when, captain of his soul, he'd stood on the porch irked by an empty day ahead, a day devoid of combat and complication. Turning back from the door to look again at that superior baby on Mamie's left arm, Judge Duncan Ward of Chicago felt himself strutting!

THE END

BAKA

Continued from Page 19

homeland. If you know where any of these people are hiding, it is your duty to seek them out and tell them what you have seen and heard. Tell them that it no longer serves any useful purpose to remain in the jungle, starving and always fearful. Why should they die when they can start life anew?"

Then I put it right on the line by asking him if he would be willing to return tomorrow to the jungle area where he had surrendered and talk to those Japanese. He nodded, and later asked permission to take some of the pictures and newspapers along.

Early the next morning, when the patrol arrived, all the necessary arrangements had been completed. He was to be escorted to the same area where he had first appeared and released into the jungle—alone. At noon of the fourth day—when the sun was directly overhead—he was to reappear with the others at a place to be designated by the patrol. At least, I hoped there would be others.

That was Saturday. On the following Tuesday, the G-2 language hut was jammed to overflowing when I returned from noon chow. Completely at ease and self-assured sat Yumoto, and with him were four of the most unkempt, wild-looking Japs I had ever seen. Several guards with carbines stood watch over the group.

This was the story Yumoto told:

"Last Saturday, when the Guamans left me, I took off all the American clothes and the boots and substituted my own. For three days I searched everywhere, but to no avail. I could find no one. Then, as dusk was settling on Monday evening, I took up a position behind a large boulder overlooking the water's edge. Finally a figure appeared. Waving my arms, I hailed him.

" 'Have no fear,' I called out. 'I am Japanese. See for yourself.' Then I approached closer until he saw that it was true. We sat down together and I showed him the newspapers and the pictures. He became very excited at the prospect of leaving the jungle, and wished to convey the news to his friends at once. But I convinced him that it would be wiser to wait until the following day, since it was already quite dark. Early the next morning he led me to a grove where three other Japanese were encamped. We told them the news and they, too, read the newspapers and looked at the pictures. They could hardly believe their eyes, but I assured them it was all true. They were exceedingly impatient to leave, but it was still several hours before noon. So we were obliged to wait. That is all there is to the story."

"They must have been happy to see you again," I said.

"Happy?" he returned, puzzled. "But they had never seen me before."

"And you went back into the jungle without actually knowing that they would be there?" I snapped. He nodded again and refused to change his original story.

THE other Japs were happy to be out of the jungle and they were overjoyed at the prospect of returning to Japan. They had lived entirely alone, and insisted they had not seen any other Japanese for some time. No, they had not owned any firearms. No, they had never known Yumoto-san before. And so it went, until I knew the answers even while framing the questions.

I had already accumulated sufficient information to file a preliminary report with our G-2 office, so I sent the Japs back to the barbed-wire enclosure to undergo physical examinations. As I watched their ridiculously weazened figures retreating toward the stockade gate, I found myself wondering about the conflict raging behind the confused inner workings of the minds of these *baka* Japs. Reluctantly I was forced to admit to myself that knowing the language had only removed the outer and most superficial barriers to understanding the complex mental processes of the Japanese. I had a long way to go.

Just then, little Suzuki-san, our hard-working laundryman, came bustling into the hut.

"Are those the new men from the jungle?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "They have been hiding for more than a year. They didn't know the war was over."

He didn't say anything for the moment. Then he looked up at me and smiled knowingly. He said only one word:

"Baka!"

THE END

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AUG. 24, 1946

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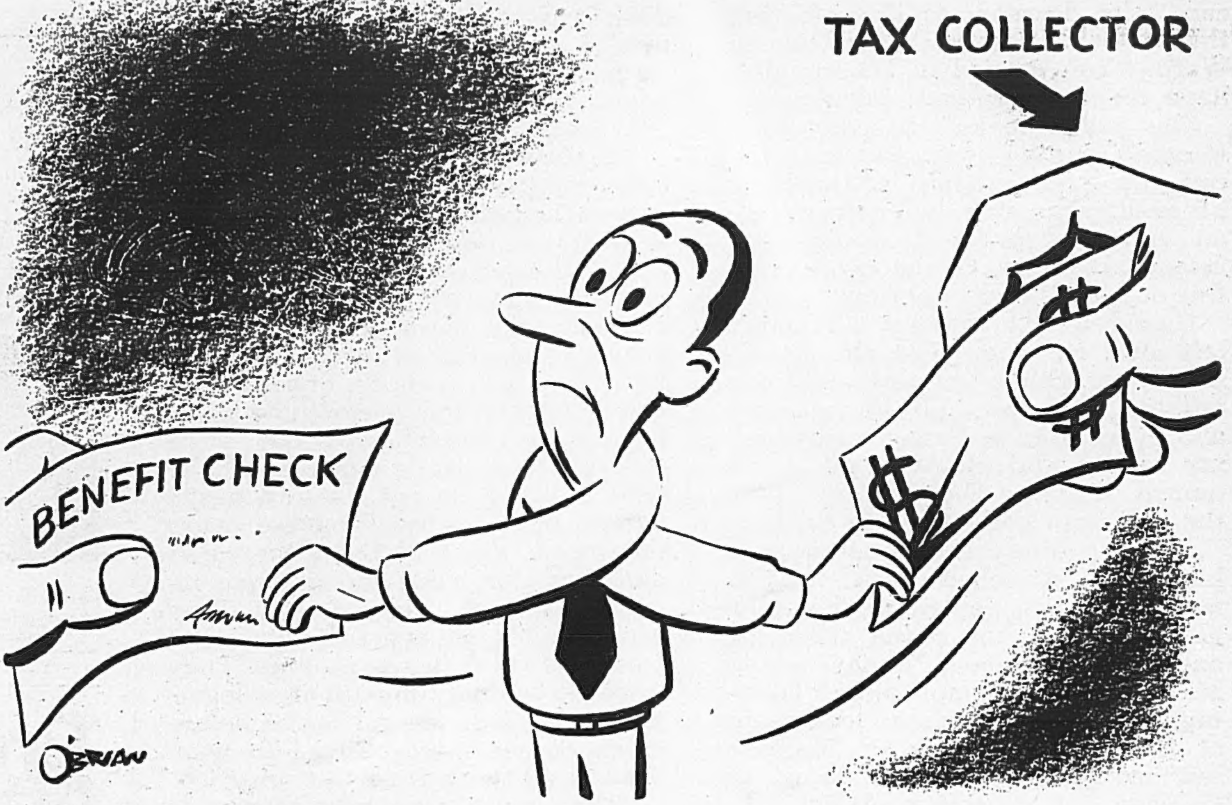

WHO WILL PAY THE VETERAN BENEFITS?

WORLD War II veterans already number somewhere around 12,000,000. Before demobilization is completed the number will likely reach close to 15,000,000. The country owes these returned service men and women gratitude and, in varying degrees, financial aid and a helping hand for the years they spent serving their country. The extent of this aid and its cost to the Treasury are certain to be great. The political potential of the veterans being what it is, this cost will be limited only by what the veterans themselves decide they want.

There are two questions to which veterans might well give serious thought. The first is, to what extent are they entitled to handouts from the Treasury; the second is, who is going to pay the bill in the long run?

As to the first, it is hard to put a yardstick against it. America *has* an obligation to her young men and women, to be sure. But they also have an obligation to America. If they do not defend their country in time of crisis, who will? Insofar as it is possible for money to make up for lost years and lost opportunities, it is fair and just that it be paid out. But the extent and manner in which it is paid out will be determined, in the final analysis, by the restraint of the veterans themselves.

As to the second question, simple logic tells us that the bulk of taxes is paid by people in their most productive years, say from thirty to sixty. All too soon, now, veterans themselves will make up most of these people. The 1940 census showed approximately 23,000,000 males between those ages. The years to come will continue to show approximately the same number. So it takes only half an eye to see that veterans will soon comprise two thirds or so of the taxpaying population. In other words, the veterans will be paying out of their own pockets about two thirds of the cost of whatever benefits they get from the government. The more government debt runs up in the meantime on their behalf, the stiffer the burden they'll bear during their taxpaying years.

No citizen, veteran or nonveteran, would curtail benefits to those who were wounded or disabled in service, or compensation to the dependents of those who were killed. Even lavish generosity cannot serve to balance the books in these cases. But in the scramble for benefits on the part of hale and hearty veterans, what will happen is what always happens. The "professional" veteran who thinks his country owes him a life of ease and idleness because he spent time in uniform will get more than his share and pay no taxes; the able, hard-working taxpaying veteran who wants to stand on his own feet will get little and pay much.

Veterans, just as much as other citizens, have an interest in preventing raids on the Treasury. The drain on Uncle Sam's pocket must be held to the minimum consistent with the obligation the country owes to the ex-members of the armed forces.

Paul Hunter

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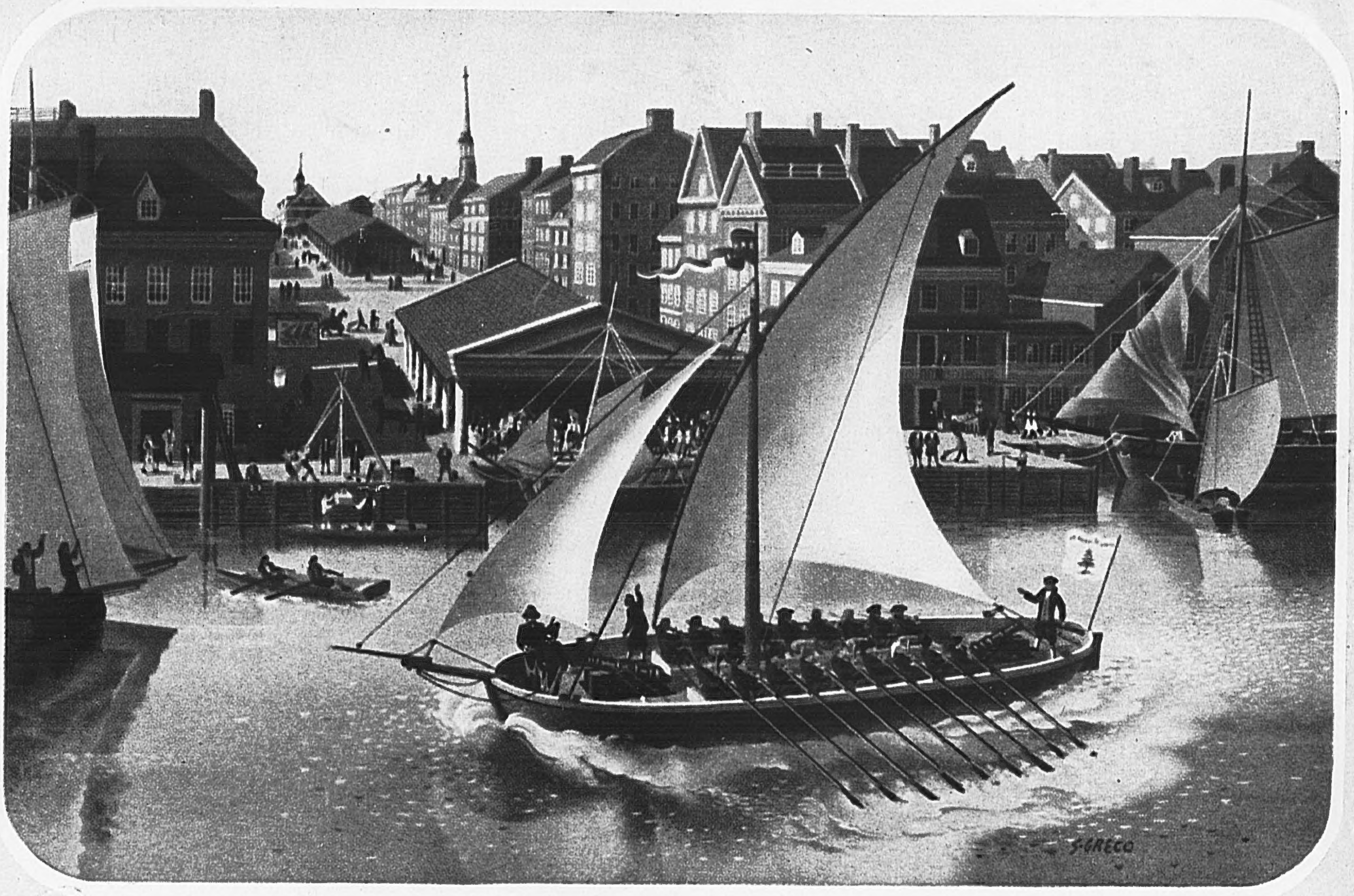

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